The Fortnightly Review

vol. — 46.

1889.

Librarian
Uttarpara Joykrishna Public Library
Govt. of West Bengal

THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. CCLXXII. NEW SERIES.—AUGUST 1, 1889.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

To those abroad who have made the Irish Question a study of theirs for years past it is wholly a mystery how Mr. Gladstone can go on complacently, week after week, repeating references to other countries, the erroneousness of which has been demonstrated a thousand times. Ever since he suddenly—over night, so to say—swerved round from the standpoint he had occupied during a long lifetime, he has been fond of making allusions to the "civilized world," by way of trying to diminish the effect of an overwhelming defeat at home. Of the severe criticisms directed against him by a mass of organs of Liberalism and Radicalism on the Continent, he has taken no heed whatever throughout these last three years. This is all the more to be wondered at as he is known to be well acquainted with the chief languages of civilized Europe.

Over and over again, Mr. Gladstone and those who take their cue from him, have quoted Sweden-Norway, Denmark-Iceland, Russia-Finland, Austria-Hungary, the Swiss Confederacy, the German Empire, and the United States of America as models of "Home Rule" institutions, and as prototypes for the correct relations between England and Ireland. During his recent tour in the West, these would-be parallels were again the burden of the song and of the magic melody with which a crowd of confiding Liberals are to be charmed away into the Parnellite hill, there to be held captive for ever and aye. Now, with all due deference to the eminent statesman who has described himself as an "old parliamentary hand," the wonder truly is that, in presence of the frequent exposition of the utter inapplicability of his alleged analogies, he should still—to remain within the rhetorical figure—harp upon the same theme. He never wearies of bringing those so-called illustrations before popular audiences which cannot criticise, and which implicitly trust, his remarks about foreign countries whose conditions of race and of language, and whose political ground-laws, he is supposed to be well acquainted with. Yet here we are driven to put at once the plain question: Does he not know, or does he purposely avoid men-

tioning, certain facts of paramount importance which destroy his would-be parallels at the very root?

The English and the Irish speak and write the same tongue. With the exception of a small remnant of people in the sister isle, who still use Gaelic, there is uniformity of language on both sides of St. George's Channel. Has Mr. Gladstone ever given a single hint to his audiences that things are altogether different in this respect in Sweden-Norway, in Denmark-Iceland, in Russia-Finland, in Austria-Hungary, and in the Swiss Republic? He has not!

Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Icelanders, all belong, no doubt, to the same Teutonic stock of which Germans, Dutchmen, and Englishmen also form part. But between Swedes and Norwegians, between Danes and Icelanders, there is still such difference of language that *they do not understand each other*—even as Russians, Poles, Serbs, Bulgars, Croats, Czechs, and other populations, though of kindred Slav blood and tongue, cannot converse together. The Swedes speak Swedish. The Norwegians, owing to their former long connection with Denmark, have adopted Danish as their literary and everyday language, although, in some remote parts of the country, the Norwegian peasantry here and there yet cling to a survival of the old Norse tongue, which is still that of the Icelanders of to-day. Swedish and Danish are as distinct from each other as Danish is from German. With such variety of speech in Sweden on the one hand, in Norway on the other, how does the parallel with England-Ireland hold good?

Again, why should the fact of Denmark and Iceland using different languages be so carefully ignored? The people of the "Island of Ice and Fire" have preserved with remarkable purity the ancient tongue in which that common literary treasure of all Germanic nations, the Edda, was written. On their part, the Danes possess a language which in a measure stands nearer to Low German dialects than to Old Norse. Danes and Icelanders do not understand each other. Is that the case with Englishmen and Irishmen?

Then as regards Russia-Finland. The Russian language is a Slav one. That of the Finns—or Suomalainen, as they call themselves—who in blood are related to Magyars and Turks, belongs to the Turanian group. Russians and Finns, as a people, do not understand each other. The same with regard to Austria-Hungary. The language of the majority of the people and the official language in Austria is German. The language of the politically prevalent nationality in Hungary is Magyar, a Turanian idiom which has root-affinity with Turkish, and even to some extent with Chinese. How can parallels be drawn between England-Ireland, the people of both of which use the same tongue, and populations of radically different language, which historically and politically have always stood apart

from each other, and which therefore are only connected by a common dynasty?

In the Swiss Confederacy, too, there is a variety of tongues. Two-thirds of the Switzers speak German. The remainder use French, Italian, or Romansch—all three daughter-languages of Latin. German, French, and Italian are legally the official languages. Every law has to be published simultaneously in these three languages. In the House of Deputies and in the senatorial representation of the cantons, every member is free to use his own native tongue. Is that a state of things which affords a fit parallel for this country?

It is remarkable that the fact of the populations of Sweden-Norway, Denmark-Iceland, Russia-Finland, Austria-Hungary, and Switzerland standing practically in the relation of foreigners towards each other as regards language, should never be alluded to by those who hold up the countries in question as enticing Home Rule examples. Educated men of the civilized world on the Continent are surprised at such systematic suppression of a most characteristic feature, which at once tells powerfully against the analogy between these countries and England-Ireland. They are not less surprised at the strange disregard of historical facts, and even of contemporary politics, which the authors and reiterators of those misleading parallels have shown ever since the campaign for the disintegration of the United Kingdom began.

England and Ireland have been politically connected for seven hundred years. The natural historical course has been, the bringing about of an ever-increasing similarity in language and in institutions. The rapidity of modern means of communication has made this an additional necessity. In the words of Richard Cobden, spoken so far back as 1848, in regard to Ireland:—"That country will soon be brought within a short day's journey of London, and need not be treated in any respect in future but as a province." Cobden, like Bright, was a Unionist in the same way that all Liberals and Radicals, with the exception of three or four men in the House of Commons, were down to 1886. Cobden would not undo, but complete, the grand work of the Legislative Union.

Now, how do matters stand historically with Sweden and Norway? Those two countries, differing in speech, have only been under the same sovereign since 1814; and this state of things, originally forced upon Norway during the Napoleonic wars, was only finally accepted by the Norwegians after they had risen with arms in hand for the reconquest of their self-government. In olden times—as every lad from a German grammar-school could explain—Norway had her own kings. Later on, with the exception of the short-lived Union of Kalmar, she was joined to Denmark under a constitution of her own. When, in the early part of this century, she was handed over to Sweden by the Allies, there were first some battles

between the Danes and the Swedes on that account, and then, also, a short armed resistance on the part of the Norwegians. In the compromise afterwards effected, Sweden and Norway remained countries practically independent of each other, only kept together by the "golden link of the Crown."

Any one following the present course of events in Scandinavian quarters knows that the tendency in Norway, since this so-called, but erroneously so-called, "Home Rule arrangement," is rather in favour of breaking away still further from the union with Sweden, slight though that union is. For Norway, as Mr. Gladstone ought to know, is not attached to Sweden under a Home Rule arrangement, nor even under the still looser federal system. "The kingdom of Norway is a free, *independent*, indivisible, and inalienable State, united with Sweden under a single king." So the ground-law says. The King resides alternately in the two different capitals. The two countries stand towards each other in a relation which is scarcely other than a "personal union" through the same monarch. The Legislatures of Sweden and Norway are independent of each other. The two nations have separate armies and navies.

Is that what Mr. Gladstone aims at for England and Ireland?

An English newspaper scarcely ever touches upon the political struggles of the various Scandinavian nations. To the reading public in Germany these struggles are continually explained through special correspondents. "The largest and most liberal autonomy"—said Mr. Gladstone, at Launceston—"has been conceded to the Norwegian people, and, singular to say, the effect is that that people, who not only seemed to be two, but were two, seventy years ago, are rapidly becoming one in heart and affection in the sense of common interests through the working, the almost magical working, of *that system which we recommend.*" (Loud cheers.) Mr. Gladstone's audiences may be forgiven for being ignorant both of the political system of Norway and Sweden, and of the real state of things there. The teacher himself, however, might be expected to know better.

Does Mr. Gladstone really recommend the system of Sweden-Norway for this country?

Has Mr. Gladstone never heard of those Norwegians who aim at yet fuller independence than the system of mere personal union, with its "almost magical working," confers upon them? Has he not heard of the nine years' bitter conflict between the Norwegian Storthing, or House of Commons, and King Oscar II.—a conflict which was only settled for a time in 1884 by the appointment of Mr. Sverdrup as Minister-President at Christiania? Sweden has nearly five millions, Norway not quite two millions of inhabitants. On the strength of his superior power as ruler of Sweden, Oscar II. was supposed to aim at domineering over the Norwegians, and setting aside their constitutional rights. This, at least, was their conten-

tion, and the king was often charged with aiming at personal government as much as Charles Stuart did. The Selmer Ministry, who supported the king, were put on their trial in Norway, and condemned as guilty of a violation of the Constitution. Even at the very moment when Mr. Gladstone lauded the perfect harmony between Norway and Sweden to the skies, a fresh conflict was raging there. Such was the tension that the monarch went in person to Christiania for the purpose of consultation. Making use of the threefold division of parties, he resolved upon compelling the appointment of a Cabinet which upheld his own views. Whilst the Radicals were ready to accept a compromise with the defeated Liberal Ministry, so as not to let the Government fall into the hands of the Conservatives, the king is said to have roundly declared that a man like Rector Steen, a firm Liberal, was for him "quite impossible." Finally, the king brought about the nomination of a moderate Conservative Ministry, with Mr. Stang at its head.

Great has been the rage of the advanced Liberals at this right royally enforced solution. Björnstierne Björnson, the eminent poet and popular leader, writes:—"If a man like Steen, who has not his equal in Norway as regards intelligence, capability for work, and progressive sentiment, is 'quite impossible' for all times to come, simply because the king dislikes him, then the king himself becomes impossible for us; for his words imply a breach of our treaty with the royal power." Even as Sverdrup had been the man of the situation five years ago, so—Mr. Björnson continues—all political life in Norway will henceforth be bound up with the name of Steen. At a mass-meeting of several thousands on July 14, when the centenary of the taking of the Bastille was celebrated, Mr. Björnson, as chief speaker, attacked the king in no measured terms, amidst thundering applause. "That Swedish-born king," he exclaimed, "asserts that we have no right to influence the composition of his Cabinet. If that is his opinion, then the danger of having a Swede for our monarch and army-leader is great indeed. Our demand will henceforth be: 'Either the fullest self-government, the fullest equality with Sweden, or the Compact will be dissolved!' We hold our beautiful land to be much too good to become Swedish. You men, into whose faces I am looking, have certainly not the appearance of Swedes! I propose to you: 'Norway for the Norwegians!' (Nine times 'hurrah!')"

"These last occurrences," says a report, "have not only diminished the number of the friends of the Compact with Sweden, but have once more made the fierce flame of a national hatred flare up, which among races so nearly akin has the appearance of madness." In presence of such events, Mr. Gladstone must excuse us for considering him not a very safe guide in Swedish and Norwegian affairs. For either he knows these facts, and then his reference to the

"magical working" of the union of hearts in the North is a strange one indeed; or he does not know them, and in that case he speaks without book on a very grave subject.

Looking at the differences in history, in language, in constitution, one can understand that Norway, which is a kind of Scandinavian Switzerland, should be bent upon converting her loose junction with the Swedish Crown into an even looser one, so that no political link whatever should remain, and at most the name of the same monarch should serve as a common figurehead, whilst even the flag would not show any trace of connection. But is that the proper example for England-Ireland? The spokesmen of the Irish League who want to "destroy the last link" may think so. Englishmen will do well to keep in memory the parallel with Sweden-Norway.

Denmark-Iceland is another impossible comparison. Irrespective of the difference of language, it must not be forgotten that the *Ultima Thule* is during a portion of the year far more effectively separated from all communication with the remainder of Europe than the *toto divisus orbe Britannus* was, in classic antiquity, supposed to be from the rest of the world. Nature, in autumn and winter, draws a prohibitory circle round Iceland. For this reason alone a separate legislature might easily suggest itself at Reykjavik.

There are some other circumstances worth noticing. From the ninth to the thirteenth century, Iceland had been an independent Republic. In the thirteenth century she was joined to Norway, and later on to Denmark, by mere personal union, thus maintaining her semi-independent status. Long and bitter have been the recent struggles of the Icelanders—a small people of but 72,000 souls—for their existence as a separate commonwealth, founded on difference of history and of speech. I can testify to the strength of those feelings, in years not long gone by, through what I then often learned from Icelandic friends.

This is very different from what Mr. Gladstone asserted, during his Whitsun campaign. At Launceston he said:—

> "You remember, perhaps, that the Duchy of Schleswig was separated from Denmark, but the Duchy enjoyed no local institutions. It was the refusal of Denmark to grant those local institutions which brought about the separation of the Duchy from the kingdom, and this at the very time when Denmark, a State territorially insignificant, was holding in peaceful and orderly relations a distant country difficult to hold by force, and only easy to hold by friendship, namely, the island of Iceland; and the island of Iceland remained united to Denmark, for it was in the enjoyment of autonomous local institutions."

All these statements could not possibly be more incorrect. It is a well-known fact that, during the recent struggles between the Icelanders and the Government at Copenhagen, the former were often nicknamed "Schleswig-Holsteiners" by their Danish antagonists—so little "peaceful, orderly, and friendly" were the relations

then. It is quite true that since the self-government of the Icelandic community has been more fully acknowledged, matters have become better. But I ask again: How is it possible to compare the geographically far-distant island of the Arctic Circle, with its special history, its ancient Al-thing, its separate language, and its infinitesimal population, to Ireland, which lies at the very gate of England, which has been under her rule for seven hundred years, which contains five millions of people, and which speaks and writes the same language as the inhabitants of London, of Liverpool, of Manchester, of Aberdeen and Glasgow do?

Let it not be forgotten, moreover, that so far from the compromise effected in 1871-74 between Denmark and Iceland having given absolute satisfaction, there is still a party at Reykjavik which strikes out for even further independence. According to the arrangement at present existing, Iceland is not represented in the Danish Parliament, and pays no contribution to the budget of the kingdom. Nevertheless, there are minor points on which bickerings are angrily going on. So I learn from a well-known friend in Iceland, who, though otherwise an ardent patriot, himself stands now by the compact of 1871-74, and who thinks the party in question is pursuing a mistakenly extreme line.

Enough has been said to show how radically inapplicable the analogy of Denmark-Iceland is to this country. But as Mr. Gladstone always repeats it, he may be asked whether Ireland, in his present opinion, is not to be represented in the English Parliament, and whether she is not to contribute to the budget of the United Kingdom? For this is the obvious and inevitable meaning of the Icelandic analogy. It is generally said that the Bill of 1886 is dead. Sometimes, it is true, it is asserted that it is still alive. The parallels taken by Mr. Gladstone from Sweden-Norway and Denmark-Iceland can only be interpreted in the latter sense. "Which way is it?" men of the civilised world abroad ask with a puzzled countenance.

As to Schleswig, it is very strange that Mr. Gladstone, of all men, should have forgotten the fact of that German Duchy having possessed a special legislature before 1863. It was not in the least, as he alleges, the absence of "local institutions" which brought about the separation of Schleswig and Holstein from Denmark. Both these Duchies had parliaments of their own. Often enough the voice of German nationality and of constitutional grievance made itself heard in those local legislatures.

Were it necessary, I might give a personal recollection on that subject. During the worst time of Danish oppression in the Duchies, before 1863, the memoranda confidentially sent to the English Foreign Office by the leaders of the Schleswig Parliament, Messrs. Hansen and Thomsen-Oldenswort, were transmitted by me to Lord John Russell; first through Mr. Dunlop, M.P., and then

directly. These memoranda had to be smuggled out of the Duchies, owing to the severity of the Danish authorities. As the leaders of the Schleswig Parliament could not dare to put their signatures to it, I had to vouch for the authenticity of the documents to Lord John Russell.

Mr. Gladstone is, therefore, in error when he tells his audiences that Denmark lost Schleswig because she would not grant local institutions to that Duchy. Schleswig had a parliament. The separation between the two countries, in 1863, occurred on quite different grounds. The Schleswig-Holsteiners in their vast majority are Germans by race and speech. On the strength of their ancient charter, they always maintained the indissoluble connection between the two Duchies and their separate constitutional character from Denmark. During the three years' war of 1848—50, when they rose with arms in their hands, they opposed the attempted incorporation of Schleswig with the Danish kingdom, but they still acknowledged the monarch at Copenhagen as their "Duke." In this sense the decrees of the provisional government of Schleswig-Holstein were framed.

It was a state of things similar to that which formerly existed between Hanover and England. Now, when, in 1863, the last ruler of the male line in Denmark died childless, a case arose similar to the one which occurred at the accession of Queen Victoria in regard to Hanover. The two different countries, different in nationality, in speech, in constitution, and in law of succession, had to go their different ways. This was the view of the Schleswig-Holsteiners themselves and of the German nation at large. Mr. Gladstone has evidently forgotten all this.

Yet he had special cause to remember it well. As late as 1878, defending himself against the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which had said that, among the party of Mr. Gladstone, distaste for national greatness had grown into a permanent sentiment and a matter of principle, Mr. Gladstone replied:—

"I simply ask at what date it was that the Liberal Administration of this country adopted the 'permanent sentiment' and the 'matter of principle' which have been their ruin? . . . Not when, in 1863, they wished France to join in an *Ultimatum to the German Powers*, and to defend Denmark with us against the intrigues which Germany was carrying on, under the plea of the Duke of Augustenburg's title to the Duchies; and when they were told by Louis Napoleon in reply that that might be a great British interest, but that it had no significance for France."[1]

These remarkable words of Mr. Gladstone have for years been often commented upon abroad, especially in that part of the civilized world which is called Germany—assuming that that country may have a slight claim to be included in this definition. It

(1) *Nineteenth Century* of September, 1878.

results from Mr. Gladstone's words that even so late as 1878 he prided himself on having joined in an invitation to the Man of December to make war, in alliance with England, for the overthrow of the national rights of the German Duchies, as expressed in and out of their parliaments, and as supported by the whole German nation, which at that time still comprised our federal Austrian provinces. What hecatombs of men would have been slaughtered had the policy recommended by Mr. Gladstone prevailed, considering that Russia would, no doubt, have joined in the fray if France and England had drawn the sword!

Fortunately Louis Napoleon, for reasons of his own, refused the offer, as Mr. Gladstone states quite correctly. Fortunately for England, I will add; for if there is one thing certain it is this, that the energy and the passions of the German nation were then roused to an extent which would have made it a tough job for a world in arms to get that nation down, even though our fatherland might have been deluged with blood. "I am now for England against the world," Mr. Gladstone recently said at Cardiff, "not I hope in arms —though I believe England is fitter to meet that condition now than she ever was; but yet I am for England against the world if need be." That sentiment might have found a practical application, on a considerably smaller scale, in the Afghan difficulty; but it did not. Happily for this country, Mr. Gladstone's intended policy of 1863 was not brought to a test. I believe I can speak of this with some degree of knowledge, having been at the time in continual contact with a number of patriotic leaders in Germany, in and out of parliament, and with popular associations there.

But now Mr. Gladstone, who formerly was ready to make war upon Germany on account of the Duchies, declares Denmark's wrongful refusal to grant "local institutions" to Schleswig to have been the cause of the separation of that Duchy from the Danish kingdom. He thus at one and the same time unwittingly passes the severest judgment upon his own former policy, and yet presents his trustful audiences with a wholly erroneous account of the question fought out between Germany and Denmark.

At Launceston, Mr. Gladstone again repeated his parallel between Finland and Ireland. "Finland," he said, "while Poland has been such a trouble to Russia, has remained in perfect and absolute harmony with Russia ever since she was joined to it under the arrangement in the Treaty at the end of the great war." How often has this misleading comparison been exposed abroad! The Poles, like the Finns, it need not be said, are distinct, not only in ancient history, but also in race and language, from the Muscovites. The merest tyro in regard to the history of our times knows that the kingdom of Poland, as constituted after the Napoleonic wars, pos-

sessed a parliament and a government of her own under the supremacy of the Czar. But did this prevent, or did it not rather facilitate, the revolutionary rising of 1830, which it took a great many battles to put down before "order was restored at Warsaw"?

Perhaps I need not mention on which side my own sympathies are in the Polish question. I believe it would be good for European security, peace, and civilization if a dividing wall could be rebuilt, by means of a Polish Commonwealth, against the barbaric ambition of Autocrats, who to this day rule as the successors, and in the spirit of the Khans of the Goldon Horde. Perhaps Mr. Gladstone is not quite of the same view. It stands on record that, ever since the latter part of the Crimean War, he has rather leaned towards the Russian Government. But when now he puts Finland and Poland as contrasts before his hearers, in order to induce them to assent to the establishment of an Irish Legislature and an Executive formed of men of well-known separatist tendencies, it is but right he should be reminded that a similar state of things in the kingdom of Poland practically gave the weapons into the hands of those who strove to recover complete independence.

Let Englishmen, therefore, remember this reference by Mr. Gladstone to Poland. The logic of politics is generally inexorable.

But what about Finland? Anciently connected with Sweden, but differing in common popular speech both from the Swedes and the Russians, the inhabitants of this principality have been under the dominion of the Czar only during the last eighty years. Their old Landtag has been restored scarcely more than twenty-five years ago. With this recent Finnish acquisition the Government at St. Petersburg had a difficult game to play; and only those acquainted with the intricacies of that game can understand both the nature of the temporary concession made to the Finns, and the final aim of Russian autocracy.

The fact is, Finland, in consequence of her long connection with Sweden, had been fully accustomed to Scandinavian culture; so much so that the Swedish language had gradually become the prevailing one, by means of immigrant settlers along the coast districts of the principality. Now it was solely with the object of weaning the mass of the Finnish people from their Scandinavian sympathies that the Government at St. Petersburg, rather in a Macchiavellian spirit, allowed Finnish nationality and literature to expand itself, and even to make war upon the Scandinavian element of civilization. The whole population of Finland is not more than 1,800,000. The Russian Empire at large has 104,000,000 inhabitants. To have a Landtag of their own, for the time being, pleases the Finns and does no harm to the Czar.

The Isle of Man (inhabitants: 53,000) not being within the United

Kingdom, has its "House of Keys." The Channel Islands (inhabitants: 80,000) being in the same position, have their "States'" representation. It does not matter in the least; and no thinking person will deduce therefrom an argument for the harmlessness of Home Rule or Repeal in Ireland, with her 5,000,000 inhabitants, her loyal minority opposed to the dissolution of the Union, her Separatist Roman Catholic majority, her traditions of '98, her "Shan Van Vocht" spirit, and the frequently expressed hope of prominent speakers of the League for the armed aid of foreign Powers.

But to return to Finland. Might not Mr. Gladstone, when drawing his picture of her "perfect and absolute harmony with Russia," have said something of the fierce strife ever going on in that principality between the two contending national parties of the "Finnomanes" and the "Svecomanes"—the upholders of an exclusive Finnish nationality and the champions of Swedish culture? There is certainly no perfect and absolute harmony between them.

Then as to the relations between Finland and Russia. From a leading man in Finland, whose name, for reasons easily imagined, I avoid mentioning, I have received an extensive communication only a few weeks ago, the substance of which is as follows. He says:—

"For the present, the fact of Finland forming part of the European East—you know what I mean!—is as yet somewhat less injurious to our country than to the Baltic Provinces on the other side of the Finnish Gulf, which in culture are akin to us. But there cannot be the least doubt that our dear neighbour [Russia] means to treat us, by-and-by, in the same way as he has begun treating the Baltic Provinces. For the nonce, he contents himself with fanning national disunion among us—a disunion which has arisen from disputes between different sections of a population which originally had been educated on the lines of Swedish civilization. One section in Finland holds the intellectual communion with the West, that is, with Sweden, to be the condition of the growth of real culture; and, indeed, this intellectual communion was formerly our protection against being overpowered by Russia. The other section seeks to use the aboriginal Finnish race as a means of creating a separate and exclusive national culture. This latter Nationalist party is fondled and pampered, just now, by the Russian Government for the sole purpose of driving out the philo-Swedish element. When this shall have been accomplished, and the direct connection with the West, that is, with Scandinavia, is wholly cut off, Russia will have free elbow-room for her own aggressive Nationalism."

The writer, a man of great impartiality, and himself above all narrow national prejudices, strongly expresses the deep pain he feels at the "extraordinary, hateful animosity within the daily political atmosphere" in Finland, which arises from three different nationalist currents, and which sadly hampers the progress of free, intellectual development. He further remarks:—"Altogether, Sweden is now in advance of us, as regards civilization, by half a century. We drag

on our existence under the curse of a retardation and of an oppression, which have been inflicted upon us by Russia since 1809." That is a different description from Mr. Gladstone's fancy picture.

The utter inapplicability of the Austrian-Hungarian parallel so often drawn by Mr. Gladstone, has been exposed abroad in innumerable articles, and the wonder again is that he should still persist in using it. On a postage-stamp from Austria proper we read in German: "*Kaiserlich Königliche Oesterreichische Post;*" on one from Hungary, the inscription is in Magyar. This difference of language seems to indicate rather a deep difference between the two countries. Formerly, Mr. Gladstone was in the habit of speaking of the "Empire of Austria" being "held together by local autonomy;" and Hungary was to him simply the analogy for Ireland. At Launceston, coming down somewhat from his previous assertions, he said: —"Hungary was granted an autonomy much larger than Ireland now requires."

This is rather too short a treatment of the struggle of the Hungarians for the recovery of their time-hallowed constitution and national independence. Why, Hungary and Austria have, all through history, been entirely distinct countries, only held together, since the sixteenth century, by the same dynasty, but otherwise standing apart! Austria proper, from olden times down to 1866, was an integral part of Germany—first of the German Empire and then of the German Confederation. Hungary always was outside the German frontier. Being saved from the Turkish yoke by German arms, she acknowledged the ruling family in Austria as her monarchs. That, again, was a mere personal, not a political union. Hungary never was represented in the old German Reichstag, nor at the Diet of Frankfort, nor in the German National Assembly of 1848—49, nor in the restored Bundestag. To Germany she was ever a foreign country.

Hungary prides herself on being, next to England, one of the oldest parliamentary commonwealths. Whilst Austria proper, before 1848, had no common legislature, Hungary had. Having endeavoured in 1849 to shake off even the Habsburg dynasty, Hungary, being vanquished with the aid of Russia, lost her old constitution for a few years. She regained it through the successive defeats suffered by Francis Joseph on the battlefield. In 1867 Hungary was not "granted an autonomy." She rather resumed that which, with the exception of a few years of reaction, subsequent upon an overthrown revolution, she had possessed for many hundreds of years.

Now, how is it possible, remembering all those differences of history, of race, of speech, of ancient political organisation, between Austria on the one hand and Hungary on the other, to draw a comparison with Ireland?

Count Beust, the very author of the compact which has resulted in the restoration of Hungarian national self-government, has done away with Mr. Gladstone's attempted analogy in a letter couched in the most merciless terms. Patriotic Germans are not especially enamoured of the whilom Saxon, afterwards Austrian, Minister who was inclined to make common cause with France in 1870, had she not been worsted in the very first battles. But when Beust criticised Mr. Gladstone's impossible Hungarian parallel, he said the simple truth and could be heard to advantage.

There is another point worth remembering. Hungary is inhabited by a variety of races. The four chief ones—Magyar, Slav, German, and Rouman—are as different from each other, in blood and language, as a Turk is from a Russian, or a Dutchman from an Italian. There have been the most violent contests between these populations at various times. Their hostility to each other, and their rival claims, deeply shook the Magyar kingdom during the revolution of 1848—49, long before the appearance of the Cossack lances. Yet Hungary proper has never thought of dissolving her Legislative Union.

To her Magyar patriots it is quite a sufficient tribulation that the adjoining territories of Transylvania (itself composed of a medley of races) and of Croatia are gifted with special diets. Hungary, in spite of her polyglot condition, has a single legislature. Municipal and county government institutions exist within her borders in the fullest manner, but she has only *one* parliament. According to Mr. Gladstone's theory of nationalities, at least four different Parliaments and Executives ought to be set up between the Carpathians and the Danube.

Whilst Hungary thus flatly contradicts Mr. Gladstone's views, every one who follows at all her relations with Austria, is aware that the compact or compromise—a very necessary compromise as it was—has by no means worked smoothly of late. Here, again, a tendency towards still greater independence, an unwillingness to make concessions for most necessary common concerns, has sharply defined itself on the Hungarian side. As one who has supported the cause of Hungarian national autonomy since or before 1848, I am sure I shall not be misunderstood in disapproving strongly of the late riotous scenes in and out of the parliament at Pesth, during the debates on the Army Bill.

The Magyars certainly know their hereditary Slav enemy. Their heart is in the cause of resistance to Russian aggression. They are fully gained, therefore, to the alliance with Germany. Yet, surrounded as they are by the ever-rising Muscovite and Panslavist flood, there have been men among them who would not hear of a law the sole purpose of which was to make Hungarian officers

sufficiently acquainted with a language in which the command must of necessity be given to the ranks of a polyglot army. Within the last few months, the streets of Pesth offered the spectacle, for weeks, of a series of riots. Shots were fired, scuffles took place, within the precincts of the Legislative Hall. Even the arrival of the Emperor-King,—of the King simply, as he has to be called in Hungary—did not mend matters. The Liberal Premier, M. Tisza, and his chief adherents, staunch patriots beyond question, became the objects of unmentionable insults. They were attacked as traitors to their country because they declared themselves ready to make an absolutely necessary concession to German Austria in the interest of Hungary herself. Jokai, the eminent patriot and writer, was treated by his antagonists in Parliament as if he were a bondsman of a foreign oppressor.

Is this, then, a picture of "perfect and absolute harmony," of the "almost magical working" of what Mr. Gladstone—very inaptly, it is true—describes as "local autonomy"? The "union of hearts" was rather wanting there. Hungary, to be sure, has a full right to her separate national existence. But when she is quoted in connection with what Mr. Gladstone calls the "Irish Demand," let it rather be as a warning to England against certain inevitable consequences of the establishment of a separate parliament at Dublin.

Switzerland also is held up as a Home Rule model for this country. In order to take this comparison at its proper value, we must not forget that the Swiss Confederacy, which contains populations with four different languages, grew up from the free compact of a number of sovereign cantons. Does the example of Switzerland, then, apply to Great Britain and Ireland?

At first, only an exceedingly small portion of sovereign privileges was given up by each canton in favour of the Confederacy. The result, under the older Constitution, as it still existed a little more than forty years ago, was a state of extreme confusion. To use a favourite expression of Mr. Gladstone's, the various Swiss cantons had a very large "allowance of autonomies" indeed. There was no fixed seat of government even for the Confederacy. The *Tagsatzung*, or common Legislature, presented a spectacle of deplorable centrifugal wrangling—the despair of all sensible lovers of Republican progress.

Finally, a treasonable League of Separatists arose—a priest-led ultramontane League, called the Sonderbund, whose leaders were countenanced by, or in conspiracy with, foreign Powers bent upon destroying Swiss independence. To this League, arms and money came from abroad.

After repeated outbreaks of civil war, the dissolution of the Separatist League was decreed, in 1847, by the narrowest possible majority of the Tagsatzung—so jealous were many cantons of any encroachment upon their sovereign rights. By force of arms the Sonderbund was then at last put down, by the Liberal and patriotic majority. Thereupon a new constitution was framed and proclaimed in 1848. It gave Switzerland far greater unity, a more effective military organisation, a popular system of education, and many other means and measures of progress.

The extreme "Home Rule" system of confederated sovereign States had brought the Alpine Commonwealth to the very verge of disruption and possible extinction. Ever since that terrible danger has been overcome, there has been, during the last forty years, a steadily increasing tendency towards a more effective Union. Considering the historical process of the formation of the *Eidgenossenschaft* out of originally independent states, as well as the physical configuration of the country and the existence of four languages there, we cannot wonder that local legislatures should continue in Switzerland even now. But the moral which her example really points is this, that the complicated circumstances which had brought about a loose federal system there, inevitably resulted in civil war, and that the constant endeavour of Switzers now is to strengthen the ties of political unity. Mr. Gladstone would lead this country into the very same path at the end of which Switzerland had nearly gone over the precipice.

When the present German Empire is quoted as a model both of Home Rule autonomy and of unity, a Liberal and patriotic German is apt to feel a degree of astonishment. Does Mr. Gladstone think it desirable to have a number of ruling princely families in the various parts of this country? Is it his idea that the parliamentary power of our Reichstag derives strength from the existence of a number of States' legislatures? He suggests that Germany has, by an allowance of autonomies, sought the exact mean between the centripetal and the centrifugal force. He even refers to Bavaria, in a triumphant sort of way, as to a country which "has not surrendered all her parliamentary honours to Berlin." What a strange reading of German history is this!

In ages long gone by, our country was a united realm with an elective ruler at its head, called the "King of the Germans." Then receiving an additional anointing at Rome, he also took the title of Emperor. His government was a restricted one as regards privileges. He had to rule in accordance with the resolutions and laws adopted by the Reichstag. There were no separate sovereign dynasties then, but only removable officials of the Kingdom or Empire. Local self-government there was in towns, in counties, and in pro-

vinces." But there came an unfortunate Home Rule movement. Taking advantage of frequent warlike complications abroad, the aristocratic officials of various provinces of Germany gradually set to work to undermine national unity as represented by the *Reich* and the Kaiser; thus setting up separate States within the Empire, and enlarging their own circumscribed governors' privileges into sovereign and dynastic claims.

In the Thirty Years' War these baneful pretensions came to a head. Is it necessary to mention the many internal struggles, the treasonable princely alliances with foreign Powers, in which the Bavarian dukes and other princes were prominent? Every dynasty was bent upon its own Home Rule. The common Fatherland was forgotten, ill-used, broken to pieces. We had then the Seven Years' War, which made national union a mere figment. At last, as a consequence of all this "allowance of autonomies," Germany, through disunion, fell a prey to Napoleon I. For years there was a French garrison at Berlin, and Bavarians and other Germans had the signal "honour" of fighting in the ranks of the French army—first, against each other, and then abroad.

We have had to go through sanguinary wars of independence in 1813—15; through a national revolution in 1848—49; through a fratricidal war in 1866—to use the word (*Bruderkrieg*) which Prince Bismarck himself has repeatedly employed of late; and again through a war of unparalleled magnitude against a foreign Power which had based its calculation upon our Home Rule divisions, before the present state of things was reached. In the internal war of 1866 we lost ancient provinces of ours, which had been part of our Empire and of our Confederacy, amounting in territory and population, comparatively speaking, to the whole of Ireland and Scotland, with a good bit of North England to boot. What an alluring example for Englishmen!

Fortunately, German national sentiment, so strong already in 1848—49, counteracts the insufficiency of the condition of the present reconstituted but territorially much diminished Empire. The Bavarians themselves fought splendidly against France in 1870—71. Yet, in the beginning of the war, there had been a proposal of "armed neutrality," made by a considerable party in the Chamber at Munich—a proposal mainly put down by an enthusiastic popular manifestation before the House of Parliament. Those who recollect that significant occurrence will find Mr. Gladstone's reference to the "parliamentary honours" of Bavaria rather curious reading.

Let us assume, under similar conditions—that is, if England were engaged in a tremendous war close to home—a proposal of armed neutrality in an Irish parliament. Where would the popular manifestation be found to put it down?

Civil war in Switzerland, civil war in Germany, civil war in America has been the uniform result of the large "allowance of autonomies." In each case a more effective union had to be established after the victory over the Separatists. Mr. Gladstone, who once made the famous declaration concerning Jefferson Davis, has special cause to understand what the much-lauded Federalism of which we hear now a great deal from speakers and writers of his party, is apt to lead to. Having failed to see the United States broken up into what, after 1860, was often jocosely called in England "the Dis-United States of America," he is ready to present this country with a constitution, or a series of constitutions, containing the germ of a similar danger. Could there be worse infatuation than that England should accept such a scheme!

Of course the analogy between the geographically small United Kingdom, and the vast American Republic—which extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the northern Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, over an area nearly as large as Europe, with the most different climates, and with populations of most varied descent, including four millions of negroes—is utterly untenable on the face of it. Out of originally separate and independent colonies, the United States have risen by free combination. Immense tracts of territory, inhabited by savage tribes, have had to be conquered, and they are not fully colonised even now. Even a Mormon community was set up in an oasis in the desert, shut off for a long time from contact with the outer world. To compare such a country, such a Continent, with the United Kingdom, is surely to tax the patience of political students.

It is quite true that after the Union war, States' legislatures were restored in the South, which in itself forms an immensely vast area. That section of the United States prided itself during and even after the War, on the title of "the solid South." It proposed to mark itself off as such from the North. Now, suppose this solid South were to ask for a single Parliament, with a separate Executive, in the same way as the Parnellites ask it for Ireland, what American statesman would make the concession?

The question was put by me, not long ago, in London, to one of the most prominent American statesmen, who now occupies a high place in President Harrison's Government, and who is in favour of the "Irish Demand." Very significantly he avoided giving an answer. The fact is, a separate parliament and executive for the "solid South" would be tantamount to a coming new attempt at disruption. To grant such a demand would be treason to the United States.

Let us pass on to some other forced and impossible parallels drawn by Mr. Gladstone. At Launceston he said:—"You remember the separation of Holland and Belgium. That was not caused by

local autonomy. Belgium was governed from the Hague; and local autonomy would possibly have saved Belgium for Holland."

This is another strange misreading of historical facts. The majority of the Belgians are Low German in race and speech, kindred to the Dutch, but were estranged from the latter through difference of religion; the Dutch being mainly Protestants, the Flemings of Belgium Catholics. The Revolution of 1830 was, however, chiefly effected by the Liberal French-speaking Walloons of Belgium, who in their turn were somewhat estranged from the Flemings, and who hated Holland on the ground of a difference of race and language. The military aid given by the French Government—itself the recent issue of a revolution—finally helped in the total overthrow of Holland. It will be seen at a glance that, in such a complicated state of affairs, Dutch concessions would have been of no avail. Mr. Gladstone very cautiously, therefore, says:—"Local autonomy would *possibly* have saved Belgium for Holland."

But what have been the fruits of the separate constitution of the Belgian kingdom? Ever since its existence there have been the bitterest contests between the Liberal party and the Catholic party, as well as contests in matters of language; the mass of the Flemings being oppressed, in this, by the Walloon minority. Of late years the struggle about language has become most heated—so much so that *l'Union fait la force* (the Belgian device) scarcely seemed to be a reality. Gradually the Flemings have obtained some redress as regards the public use of their speech; but the internal struggle between two different races, not to mention other contests, is by no means over. Any concession made by Holland could not have altered this condition. The analogy of deeply-rent Belgium is, therefore, again a very unfortunate illustration.

What shall we say of Mr. Gladstone's assertion that the most terrible revolution ever known in history—that of 1789-93 in France—was the result of the "suppression of local institutions," and that, for the same reason, four forms of monarchy have since failed to assure her political stability?

As if England herself, with all her previous local institutions, had not gone through a series of revolutions and counter-revolutions, or Pretenders' attempts, during more than a hundred years from 1640 to 1745! The kings of France, no doubt, had upset many ancient privileges of communities. But of statutory "parliaments" there were plenty before 1789. Nay, the kingdom was mapped out into the "Provinces of the Five Great Farming Estates," the "Provinces reputed as Foreign Ones," and the "Provinces treated as Foreign." By internal customs' duties, by difference of weights, of measures, even of coinage, the several provinces were quite distinct from each other. There was a perfect wealth, or rather a

chaotic confusion of local institutions. And this, as many a French historian has shown, and not the absence of local institutions, was a main reason of the great Revolution. Clearly, Mr. Gladstone has read French history upside down.

Where is the Frenchman who would once more split up his country into separate States with different Parliaments and Executives? He would be regarded as a traitor to his nation if he did. Bureaucratic centralization has certainly been the bane of France for nearly a hundred years. That exaggerated centralization was the result, in the first instance, of sanguinary internal strife; each party, as it rose to power, wishing to maintain itself by means of a strongly organized administration. At the same time the system was maintained as a means of rapid military aggression abroad. It is only now, in the Third Republic, that a reforming movement has begun.

That movement for the extension of local government in France merits all praise. But what has local self-government in villages, towns, and counties to do with Mr. Gladstone's idea of going back to ancient divisions of "nationality," of setting up separate parliaments and executives in Ireland, in Scotland, in Wales—perchance even in other parts of the, at present, happily still United Kingdom? He would fain undo the whole course of English history. Where is the Frenchman who would follow him in that? Any one knowing the electoral map of France is aware that in the west—the old headquarters of the Vendéean insurrections—the reactionary, Royalist, and Imperialist parties have even now their main seat. To give that portion of France a separate parliamentary representation would be a means of fomenting civil war. Let Englishmen, therefore, take care that their own western Vendée shall not be so organized, lest it become the seat of actual civil war!

Ireland is an island; hence she ought to have a parliament of her own: so we often hear. Neither France, in the case of Corsica, even though the population of that island is more Italian than French; nor Italy, in the case of Sardinia and Sicily, will hear of the argument. France even includes the members for Algeria within her Legislature at Paris. Sicily has a history of her own, a population and a popular language distinct in much from that of the mainland; and autonomous, centrifugal, separatist tendencies have often enough shown themselves there. All this makes patriotic Italians only the firmer in insisting on the strict maintenance of the Legislative Union.

Mr. Gladstone knows this well enough. He has also had occasion to hear, during his late interview at Naples with the representative of the *Riforma*, the organ of the Italian Premier, what the Italians think of his Irish policy. He was told that "Italian Liberals, who were amongst his warmest admirers, entertained feelings of uneasiness and fear on account of his propaganda for Home Rule,

which, if carried, would make Ireland a tool in the hands of the Pope and of every enemy of England." During a controversy in the *Riforma*, in which he himself took part, only some months back, he was reminded that Home Rule writers and speakers in Ireland have a hundred times attacked the men who established Italian unity and freedom as the "worst criminals" on earth. In the presence of Archbishop Walsh, the patron of the League, Garibaldi has been designated as "one of the most contemptible characters in history—the infamous Garibaldi." The deputation in question was introduced by the late Mr. Gray, M.P. In a leading article of *United Ireland*, edited by Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., all the Italian patriots were spoken of, only in May, last year, as "the revolutionists and assassins who have helped to rob the Holy Father of his temporal authority."

Such outrageous language has been frequent enough also in the *Freeman's Journal* and in kindred Irish papers. It is a pity that among Gladstonians—who are so ready to denounce Liberal Unionists, although the latter only hold the opinion Mr. Gladstone himself expressed throughout his life up to 1886—not one should have had the courage to say a word against the reactionary, anti-Italian tendencies of their present allies, but that, on the contrary, men like Mr. William O'Brien should have been extolled by them as the greatest "champions of freedom" the world has ever produced. This seems to me a degradation of Liberalism.

Italian Liberals are startled to find that Mr. Gladstone should wish to establish a special State structure, a separate Parliament and Executive, for those very enemies of Italy and of intellectual progress, not a few of whom acknowledge even now that if they had sufficient arms and a fair chance, they would make war to-morrow upon England. Surely, New Italy also belongs to the civilized world, and her voice might seem to be entitled to a hearing. If Mr. Gladstone wishes to quote on his side some of those abroad who are still influenced by the traditional hatred of England, or who, perchance, yet hope to use outlying "nationalities" within the British Islands in the way they were formerly used against her, or who will not forget and forgive the policy of the governing classes of this country during the American Union War, he may do so. The true friends of England in the civilized world will stand by the cause of her Legislative Union, as the means of preserving her strong and beneficent parliamentary power, of maintaining her position in the world, and of insuring the progress of intellectual culture throughout these Islands.

KARL BLIND.

DOWNING STREET *VERSUS* CHARTERED COMPANIES IN AFRICA.

MUCH has been heard of late of the return to the old system of exploiting and governing new countries by means of chartered companies. Within the last few years we have seen this method adopted in Borneo, and in Africa the Royal Niger and the Imperial British East Africa Companies are well-known examples. From time to time we still hear rumours of new projects to occupy, under similar favourable conditions, districts in Africa as yet left commercially waste and desolate. Under these circumstances it may not be out of place to consider what has been achieved in the interests of Britain by the ordinary Governmental machinery and what by chartered companies. For the purposes of my paper I propose to restrict myself to ground with which I am familiar, namely, West and East Africa, where I have seen, in a manner, the two methods at work side by side.

In the beginning of 1885 I was asked to undertake a mission of some Imperial importance to the Sultans of Sokoto and Gandu, in the Central Sudan. Apart from the fascination which such a journey into the heart of the country had for me, I looked forward with no small pleasure to a study of the results of our occupation of the West Coast settlements, which a coasting voyage to the mouth of the Niger would afford me. Imbued as I was at the time with the current ideas regarding our mission on earth as a civiliser and elevator of savage races, that for political foresight, watchfulness, and activity in foreign parts we stood ahead of all competitors, while our character for commercial energy could not be questioned, I could not but anticipate the sight of interesting illustrations of the wide-spreading results to ourselves and to Africa of the action of our national genius and character.

My illusions and day-dream-fed ideas were soon dispelled. As place after place was visited, and merchant, missionary, and Government official alike interviewed, the fact was borne unwillingly in upon me that here in West Africa was a glaring and conspicuous failure in our self-imposed mission of civilisation. Our political influence and our trading relations were alike confined to the deadly coast-line. The natives were being spoiled and ruined by a system of government utterly unsuited to their degree of development, and instead of acquiring any of the virtues of their "white brethren," they showed an enormous aptitude for their vices. Apathy of the most pronounced type reigned supreme equally among the officials and the merchants, and yet they were undoubtedly the same sort of men who had conquered and now governed India, and who had carried British

commerce to the uttermost parts of the earth. The apathy that thus held sway over our countrymen became all the more striking when contrasted with the feverish energy displayed by the French and Germans. The latter were scouring the sea with their ships, eagerly looking out for unoccupied lands, and promptly taking possession of them when found with but scant formalities. The former added to activity at sea an even greater activity on land, and expedition after expedition was pushing with phenomenal enterprise far into the heart of the land. Merchants of both nationalities were not only working with might and main to develop and exploit the resources of their own particular possessions, but were competing with marked success with British merchants in the latter's own ground, and showing ominous signs of ousting them from their commercial supremacy. The result of all this was that our political influence was lessening and being restricted with marked rapidity, while our commerce was declining at an equally alarming rate, with a corresponding improvement in the political and commercial position of the French and Germans.

One would naturally say that the horrid climate of the West Coast settlements is the cause of this apparent deterioration in our national character, but that our rivals, whom we do not usually credit with an unusual amount of stamina, do not seem to suffer in the same way. The real cause is not difficult to discover. It is neither more nor less than Downing Street. From the Gambia to the Gaboon there is heard nothing but one great cry, that Downing Street has betrayed us to the foreigner and ruined our commercial and political position in West Africa. It is a cry which proceeds from officials and merchants alike. Almost unanimously they lay to the charge of Downing Street—(1) the stoppage of the natural and necessary development of our influence and power; (2) the strangling and ruining of our commerce in these parts; and (3) the retarding of the true development of civilisation among the negroes.

Let us take up these points separately. First of all let us consider the political results of Downing Street rule. If we examine the map of West Africa for a moment and note the geographical situation of our settlements of the Gambia, Sierra Leone, Cape Coast Castle and Lagos, if we further take into account the work done by our explorers, and the almost complete monopoly we had thirty years ago of the trade of these regions, we cannot but throw up our hands in despair when we compare what might have been, nay, what ought to have been, with the actual state of things which now obtains. If ever there was a region marked out as peculiarly a British heritage, it was that one embraced between the Atlantic and the almost complete curve formed by the rivers Gambia and Niger. Fifty years ago it would have required the

minimum of trouble to have secured the whole of it from possible interlopers. At that time we had no rivals in Colonial enterprise. What are the realities of the present? Nothing more nor less than that we are practically confined to the coast region, to strive and fester among its deadly swamps, our governors given the old woman's task of palavering over petty disputes between various tribes, and our merchants degraded into barterers of gin, rum, tobacco, gunpowder and guns, by means of which the "civilization" of the negro goes on apace.

The French have annexed the whole of the country to the north of the Gambia, leaving us the river truly, but a waterway with no country to develop. Still further and with even more far-reaching consequences, they have rounded the headwaters of the Gambia, and with magnificent enterprise struck south till they have grasped within their exclusive sphere of political and commercial influence the whole of the upper basin of the Niger, shutting in Sierra Leone from all advance into the interior, and cutting off all hope of its ever being anything but a petty settlement.

Further south the same thing has been going on. France and Germany have been energetically securing entrances to the interior. It is enough for them if they can get the smallest loopholes, or a few yards of coast-line, for the coast-line, which to us has been everything, is to them of no account except as a means of admission to the interior. Give them but a point to plant a flagstaff and it speedily becomes the apex of an angle of indefinite dimensions. Grand Bassam, Great and Little Popo have gone in this way to the French, and Togo-land to the Germans. The last blow to our position in West Africa would have been accomplished but for the splendid enterprise of the Royal Niger Company, then unchartered and trading under the name of the National African Company, who, undertaking the work which should have been the Government's, made scores of treaties with every tribe from the mouth of the Niger to Lokoja, at the confluence of the Benué with the main river. Still further, discovering some German designs in the Central Sudan and the middle course of the Niger, they resolved to forestal them. I shall always consider it my proudest boast that I was the happy instrument of carrying this truly Imperial enterprise to a successful issue, and was able to flourish my treaties in the faces of the Germans moving up the river as I was going down, leaving them without a yard of ground between Timbuktu and Lokoja, or on any part of the Benué, to plant a flag. But for the National African Company the middle zone of the Niger at this day would have been lost to us, as has the upper basin already, and practically have become German, though as a measure of our degradation it would still have been described as coming within the sphere of English influence.

It may be imagined that our authorities on the spot must have been singularly to blame for having allowed us to be thus ousted in every quarter. Not in the least. The blame belongs to Downing Street alone. The authorities on the spot had their hands tied by all sorts of absurd regulations. They were entrusted with no independent power of action. Still worse, they were ordered on no account to extend their sphere of action inland. Downing Street thought it knew better how to govern and what was good for West Africa than the officials on the spot, so that nothing whatever could be done without their being consulted, and hence the system which has blighted and irretrievably ruined our position in the African tropics. For the last twenty or thirty years Downing Street has developed the policy of treating West Africa with indifference and contempt, and as an incubus, the sooner got rid of, or, at least, the smaller kept the better. Tribe after tribe might come on bended knee and implore to be taken under our protection and saved from the French. To one and all the same reception has been accorded. Their requests have been treated with indifference, or they have been put off for the time, received some cast-off uniforms, some guns and ammunition, and cases of gin, and with a pat on the back have been sent home, to fall a prey to our rivals.

As little use was it for our merchants or officials to bawl from the housetops a warning cry for instant action. They were but voices crying in the wilderness, to which the Government paid as little heed as does the Bedouin to the mirage. Of no more avail have been the despatches of the various governors, describing French or German designs. Their warnings or demands for instruction and liberty to act were either pigeon-holed or answered too late. For over twenty years Downing Street has stood calmly by and watched the Gambia being transformed into a French river in all but name. It has seen the gradual isolation of Sierra Leone from the interior, and raised not a finger to stop it. It has permitted Germany to seize the Cameroons, to expel our traders and missionaries, and to establish itself in Togo-land, in spite of our incontestable priority of rights. In no case can it urge ignorance of what was going on or plead inability to act. Every step of the way has been marked by showers of warnings, remonstrances, pleadings; but, Sphinx-like, Downing Street has looked calmly across the waters, unmoved by what to it was a petty turmoil.

The cause of this extraordinary policy has undoubtedly been, to a large extent, through Downing Street making the fatal blunder of mistaking sleep for death. Because, forsooth, England has been content to trust in its Government doing the best under all circumstances for the honour and advancement of the Empire, and therefore has not always paid heed to what was going on in such regions as West Africa, Downing Street has mistaken that trust for absolute

indifference or weariness of the whole affair, and, acting upon that idea, has betrayed the trust reposed in it—sold us, in fact, to the enemy.

This policy of crippling all natural expansion is no doubt also largely traceable to that new school of so-called Liberal politicians who have so little read their national history and so utterly failed to grasp the secret of Britain's greatness that they advocate the stoppage of all foreign enterprise and our complete withdrawal into our own islands. Accustomed to grub mole-like underground, they are incapable of the eagle's flight, or of comprehending what he sees from his imperial standpoint. It seems incredible that men can be found so stupendously ignorant, so shortsighted, men who presumably have passed the School Board standards, who can advocate such a retrograde policy—men who can virtually ask us to give up our leonine character and become a flabby invertebrate creature like a snail, which never dares leave its shell out of reach of its tail. Yet undoubtedly there are politicians who would ask us snail-like to restrict ourselves to our island shell, never venturing out of touch of it, and ever ready on the slightest alarm to slink back into our hidingplace till the storm had past.

And what after all is foreign enterprise to our corporate existence but what exercise is to the human body? Does not the latter keep everything in a healthier condition, make the blood course with fuller life through the veins, clear the brains and make a man feel how glorious life is, and what possibilities there are latent in him? Exercise inspires one with a fuller confidence in oneself, and, more than all, it develops a desire for more exercise—a wish to grapple with difficulties, be it to scale a mountain or swim a river.

So it is with our national life. Our foreign enterprises, political or commercial, are our exercise out of doors which keeps us as a nation in healthy life, with far-reaching, beneficial action and reaction in every phase of our common existence. Of what use would our geographical position have been to us if it had not been made use of for action abroad, and without such action where would our greatness have been? What happened to Greece and Rome when their foreign enterprises ceased? and what, in later days, has been the result to Spain and Portugal since they have stayed at home? What, on the other hand, has been the influence upon Germany since it crossed its frontiers and started out on its new life of enterprise?

It matters not, however, to us for the moment what has been the origin of our African policy. It may have been that sleep was mistaken for death, or that the nation's trust was betrayed, or, finally, that the new snail-policy had been adopted: the fact remains the same, that through the fault of Downing Street, whether in itself or as influenced by the new school of politicians, the greater part of that enormous region marked out by the rivers Gambia and Niger, which should and would have been wholly ours but for Downing Street, has now fallen into the hands of other powers. The worst is that

this is not an isolated case of the criminal and long-continued folly of Downing Street in its dealings with Africa. East Africa in recent years presents an example which still stinks in the nostrils of all who love our country and our country's honour. Think for a moment what we had done and the position we had acquired in East Central Africa. For over twenty years our explorers have wandered over its wide expanse, revealing its great lakes, its mountains, and its rivers. Hardly a bit of exploration worth speaking about has fallen to the lot of any other nationality. Thousands of our fellow-subjects, Hindus, Banyans, Parsees, had swarmed across from India and settled themselves in every coast town and village in the Sultan of Zanzibar's dominion. They gave a new impetus to the life of the country, and stimulated its development. With their money Arab traders were fitted out to gather the products of the interior. Absolutely the entire trade of the whole of East Central Africa passed through their hands and was the result of their fostering care. Hundreds of thousands of pounds, and scores of precious lives had been freely given by our missionary societies to plant Christianity and develop the brighter side of civilisation throughout the length and breadth of the land. At the remotest points would be found a missionary, in the wildest tribes an outpost of Christianity. Everywhere was this precious leaven in the sodden mass of barbarism. Politically, too, our position was absolutely and unquestionably paramount. Arabs and negroes alike regarded us as their natural protectors, and as belonging to us. They were quite aware that Seyyed Bargash was merely the mouthpiece of Sir John Kirk. So complete was this feeling of belonging to Britain that the announcement of Britain's having formally taken possession of the country would not have caused the slightest remark. Zanzibar was in every sense except that of name a British dependency, ruled by one of our consuls, its taxes farmed by a British subject, its commerce entirely our work and completely in our hands. Its exploration had been wholly due to our travellers, and any attempt to introduce a higher civilisation had been the work of Englishmen. On the other hand up to 1882 there was absolutely not a trace of a German interest. There was not a single German subject located on the mainland. Yet in the face of all this, however incredible it may appear, the moment two or three German adventurers had, in violation of the rights of the Sultan, made some bogus treaties with some about equally bogus chiefs—at most headmen of villages—and Germany had suddenly discovered she had rights and interests in these parts and stepped in to support them in Bismarckian fashion, we scuttled from the place like a miserable cur before a lion. Downing Street, which of course stands for the Government of the day, not seeing its way to back up the Sultan and protect our rights, set about currying favour with Germany by betraying the one and throwing overboard the other. As if the cup of our shame and humiliation could

not be too completely filled we proceeded further to help the Germans when the natives, exasperated by the outrageous treatment of their new masters, rose in arms and drove them ignominiously from the mainland. Downing Street sent our men-of-war to assist —indirectly—in the destruction of our fellow-subjects' property and the bombardment of the towns which they had done so much to create. This of course would have been too much for even the most long-suffering of people but that they were momentarily blinded by a judicious application of the magic anti-slave-trade dust, of which there has never yet been a more unscrupulous use. We have now an opportunity of seeing the ruin and havoc wrought by this policy in East Africa. Our honour trampled in the mud, our fellow-subjects, thousands of them, irretrievably ruined crying in vain for redress; our political prestige destroyed; our missions ruined; an enormous impetus given to the slave-trade on land; rising towns laid in ruins and bespattered with native blood; a flourishing infant civilisation dashed to pieces: these are some of the glorious deeds we have to record in the history of the times.

If we would seek for a parallel to this, we have but to go a little further north, and consider what kind of an earthly hell has been the result of Downing Street or Governmental policy in the Egyptian Sudan, or to go further south and read the history of the Cape wars, and note the frightful amount of bloodshed, British and native, which has resulted from the invertebrate policy and ignorance of local conditions and necessities that has marked every step of Downing Street action.

Enough, however, has been said to show what an unmitigated evil Downing Street has been to Africa, viewed from the political standpoint. Let us return once more to West Africa, and consider this malign influence from the commercial standpoint. I have already advanced the charge that Downing Street policy has done its best to stifle and ruin the trade of the West Coast settlements. The policy of inaction and restriction of our political influence to the very smallest limits possible which I have described could not but react upon their commerce. Commercial apathy could not but follow political indifference. Hence the fact that as yet our merchants continue to stew and die among the pestilential swamps and malaria-breeding zone of the seaboard. Government has distinctly refused to precede the merchant and secure a position for him in the interior. As distinctly has it made clear that it will not back up any independent commercial enterprise, or take steps to ensure the enjoyment to the promoters of the fruits of such enterprise. Still worse, not content with allowing France to shut us up in a strictly limited space, such as Sierra Leone or the Gambia, the Administration has done its best to yet further restrict commercial development by practically encouraging the formation of a cordon of petty native tribes round the European settlements through which all trade must filter.

Through this cordon the English trader must not pass. The Administration has such a tender regard for the "rights" of the natives and is so blind to the real interests of the country that it does all it can to protect the existence of this blighting influence, with the result that while the towns of Sierra Leone and Lagos present interesting examples of conservatory-nursed civilisation, all outside is steeped in the deepest barbarism, untouched by a ray of genial light. To this state of things is due the frightful prevalence of the gin traffic on the one hand, and the absolutely undeveloped resources of the country on the other.

The Government absolutely refuses to spend a penny on any experiments to test the country's capability of growing plants of a useful character or to see how far such plants as it has, could be turned to profitable account. As little does it attempt to form roads into the interior for the better development of its resources. And yet, comparatively speaking, enormous sums are raised and spent on the salaries of an astonishingly large host of officials. The consequence of all this is that absolutely nothing is done. With an administration inactive—bound down, as it is, by Downing Street red tape—and private enterprise made impossible, and the natives practically encouraged to keep European trade out, what wonder, then, that there is a diminishing trade or that that trade is of the most deleterious and iniquitous character for the most part? Merchants, if not allowed to develop a trade useful to the country and beneficial morally and physically to the people, will make the most of a bad business, and trade on anything that comes to hand and is in demand. That for the most part means gin, the most characteristic of our British exports. The gin trade is associated in the minds of the natives with the Christian, as the slave-trade is in ours with the Mohammedan. It is that which, under our wise British rule, soonest raises a brisk trade and is most profitable to the trader. British rule is, indeed, largely supported by it. The warehouses along the coast are filled with it, the very air seems to reek with the vile stuff, and every hut is redolent with its poisonous fumes. If you go outside such towns as Sierra Leone, which form tiny conservatories of civilised growths artificially kept alive, you will not see the slightest evidence that the natives have been influenced for good by such trading relations as we permit our merchants to have with them. Quite the opposite, in fact. Thanks to our system of administration, our delicacy in dealing with the rights and liberties of our "black brethren," and our drastic discouragement of legitimate trade, the country is sinking to moral and physical perdition. The resources of the country remain undeveloped and the land is uncultivated. Sunk in brutality and vice, without their parallel in the interior, the people will not work beyond what is necessary to supply themselves with the wherewithal to satisfy their cravings for drink. Before this all-conquering appetite, the only one fostered on the

coast, they have sunk deeper and deeper into the slough of their natural and acquired depravity. Our West African settlements, instead of being bright jewels in the Imperial crown of Great Britain, are at this day standing monuments to our disgrace. Our Government has done all it could—unwittingly, it must of course be admitted—to suppress all habits of industry. It has made sure that no healthy tastes, no varied wants should be aroused. The result is now seen in the fact that our two centuries of intercourse with the West Coast negro have transformed him into the most villainous, vicious, and despicable being in the whole of Africa. I speak but the plain truth when I say that, if the map of Africa was tinted according to the moral and physical status of its various peoples, it would show an ever-increasing depth of colour as the Coast settlements were neared—the result of the slave-trade in the last century and the gin traffic and other causes traceable to our Downing Street policy in the present.

After what I have said on the results of our intercourse with the negro, it is unnecessary for me to dwell at any length on the third point of my charge against Downing Streetism in West Africa, namely, that it has retarded the true development of civilisation among the nations. Apart, however, from the brutalising effect of the only trade which our merchants have been able to carry on, we have made the mistake of attempting to govern the negroes on lines utterly unsuited to their stage of development. If you can imagine what would be the result of acting with a boy of ten as if he had the same rights and privileges as an adult—as if he was quite capable of taking a position among his elders on a footing of equality—you will have an idea what sort of offensive creature our method of rule has made the West Coast negro. And yet the illustration is weak, for the boy, though he would be spoiled and ruined body and soul and made incapable of all healthy development, has yet the making of the man in him in his own lifetime, while the barbarian negro has not the power of rising to the level of the civilised man either in his own lifetime or in the second or third generation.

The consequence of his being treated as the European's peer has been only to spoil him and retard his natural development whilst covering him with a ridiculous veneer of civilisation, which makes him the most offensive jackdaw in peacock's feathers ever seen. Till he is made to understand his true position he will make no real or satisfactory advance, and we perform for him but a sorry service in stuffing his undeveloped brains with ideas which he can only misunderstand and misapply.

Well, it may now be asked, what would have been my remedy for all this mismanagement in the past and what the cure for the future? With no uncertain voice I answer, that a chartered company would

have prevented the one, and a total reorganisation of the administrative machinery and policy—since a chartered company is now perhaps impossible—will ensure the other.

I do not doubt for one moment that if the West African settlements had been in the hands of a chartered company not only would the whole of the Niger and its tributaries have been in our hands, but every square mile between it and the coast. Every bit of it would have been explored, and our merchants, instead of being confined to the seashore, would have planted their stations over the length and breadth of the land, and the vegetable and mineral wealth of the country would have been developed and used. Much has been said and written against the iniquity of granting charters to private individuals or companies, as being little more nor less than monopolies. The arguments of such critics may hold good in Britain, but in Africa it is not so. There are but two ways to administer and develop the resources of such regions as Central Africa, viz., either the French method, in which the Government does everything, acts as pioneer, makes roads and railways, establishes markets, experiments on the products of the country, &c., or else chartered companies. Private individuals cannot do it, for it demands enormous outlay and long-continued experiment with the certainty that if successful others who have spent or risked nothing step in to reap the benefit, if not to oust the one who sowed the seed. It may be all very well to object to chartered companies when no sacrifices are required and no risks are to be run, when the returns are immediate and the profits certain. No government would grant privileges to private individuals under such circumstances. In tropical Africa, however, no such conditions exist. Enormous difficulties from the climate and the natives have to be faced and vast sums of money spent in treaty-making, road-making, administration, exploration, experimenting, &c., work which could not be done except by a powerful company, which must have some guarantee that it will not be deprived of the fruits of its enterprise.

Again, under a chartered company the administration is carried on at the very cheapest rate by practical men of experience, not forced like a British Government to appeal for money to Parliament, and to face the by no means disinterested attacks of the Opposition. A continuous policy can be carried on which the natives soon learn to understand and adapt themselves to. More than all, a chartered company is enabled to maintain an effective control over the traffic, and stop what is deleterious to the natives and harmful to the country, and therefore to the company itself. No chartered company would ever, I am convinced, encourage the gin traffic or even tolerate it to any extent, for it means, if nothing else, the diminution of the working and producing power of the people it controls. As little would it encourage tribal wars and consequent stoppage of trade by permitting the sale of gunpowder and guns.

But let us pass from the region of theory to actual facts. Let us consider for a moment what has been the result of corporate action among the merchants trading on the Niger and now forming the Royal Niger Company.

Only a very few years ago the commerce of the Niger was in the hands of a number of independent trading houses, with antagonistic interests and no common line of action. The Government left them severely alone to push their own way and hold as best they could whatever they themselves secured. The usual results followed such conditions: they were doing their best to cut each other's throats, and to make a trade in the cheapest and safest way for themselves. No money could be laid out in the hope of a future return lest a rival or new-comer should reap the profits. They were content to give what was asked for and take what was offered. Needless to say the trade had become almost entirely one of gin and guns for palm-oil and a little ivory. It was no choice of the merchants—they would gladly have substituted something more legitimate—but their inimical interests rendered common action impossible.

Such was the state of things which obtained when a new and important factor appeared in the Niger commerce. I refer to the arrival of Sir George Goldie on the scene. He, like the others, saw the disastrous results to the merchants and natives alike of the conditions under which the trade was being conducted. Happily, however, for the houses concerned and the future of the Niger, he had all the ability to grapple with the difficulties of the situation. He at once addressed himself to the task of harmonising conflicting interests and transforming eager rivalry into common action for the common good. Out of this was developed the United African Company. About the same time, however, a new danger arose to British interests. A powerful French company entered the lists, and proceeded to flood the country with gin in opposition to the restrictive policy instituted by the new company. This threatened to be fatal alike to the policy and interests of the latter. But again Sir George was equal to the occasion. The United African Company became the National African Company, with a capital of £2,000,000, and forthwith the French Company was bought out, and the National African and England reigned supreme.

Not a moment too soon, however. About that time the tropical African bubble was puffed up into view, dazzling the world with its iridescent hues, and the scramble for it commenced among European nations. Everybody knows the history of it, and how, while Downing Street slept, countries which should have been ours fell into the hands of the Germans. Happily, on the Niger there was a far-seeing, Argus-eyed watchman over British interests. Sir George Goldie was not asleep, and while working with great energy and resources to secure and solidify our position on the Niger, he

was preparing for future eventualities, a thing almost unknown in the hand-to-mouth policy of Downing Street. There could only be one way, he foresaw, to keep the foreigner out of the domain which rightly belonged to Britain, and that was a Royal Charter, and for that he worked. Already he had secured by treaty the sovereign rights and commercial privileges of the whole of the Lower Niger, and by dint of persistent nagging, persuaded Downing Street to proclaim a protectorate over that region. But there still remained the important semi-civilised sultanates of Sokoto and Gandu, which formed the Central Sudan. For these it was known that the Germans were aiming. An expedition was already on foot. Our Government would take no independent action, though it was to save the whole of the middle course of the Niger and the territories at the back of Lagos, and Cape Coast Castle, from our rivals the Germans, who would have made unscrupulous use of their position. The National African had already not only spent all their yearly profits, but had dipped into their capital in their praiseworthy efforts to secure the lower parts of the river, and now they were again called upon to make new and greater sacrifices if they were not to be shut out from the interior.'

But they did not hesitate for a moment in carrying out their self-imposed mission. 'They did me the honour to offer me the task of thwarting the Germans; and though still suffering from the effects of my Masai-land expedition, their offer appealed to me in such trumpet tones that I did not hesitate for a moment to accept. In three months and a half from my leaving Liverpool I had reached the mouth of the Niger, steamed up in a launch to Rabba, on the confines of the kingdom of Gandu, raising a caravan of one hundred and fifty men, and making up loads *en route*, and had travelled overland to Sokoto, the capital of the Fillani empire of that name. Treaties were soon concluded with the sultans of both the Empires of Sokoto and Gandu, which secured to us the most absolute political and commercial supremacy over the entire Central Sudan, and I was back in England within seven months of my leaving it, having passed the German expedition on its way up the river, with nothing left for it to do but see the thoroughness and completeness of the reverse it had sustained.

'And then, with a wisdom which will, one hopes, be a little less tardy in asserting itself in future, Downing Street gave the National African a charter, and permitted them to assume the style and title of the Royal Niger Company. Thus rendered mistress of the situation, the latter have not lain idly on their oars. Rendered safe from external aggression, they have devoted themselves to the development of the resources of the country. The gin traffic has been taken in hand, absolutely interdicted where it at present has no real hold, and burdened with enormous duties and every possible restriction where it has become established. 'The sale of gunpowder

and guns has been entirely suppressed, I believe. On the other hand, law and order have been established on the simple but effective lines required by the circumstances, the lands on either side of the river are being rapidly explored, and trading relations opened up with tribes hitherto cut off from direct intercourse with Europeans. The mineral resources are being inquired into, and the vegetable wealth tested, so that with each year some profitable articles of trade are added to the list of the company, making them less dependent on the palm-oil and shea-butter which have so far been the staple products of the Niger. Altogether, this great region presents a fair example of what can be done in the face of enormous difficulties by private companies when left untrammelled by Downing Street.

Comparing thus the results of the work achieved by Downing Street on the coast throughout a period of over two hundred years with what has been done in less than twenty years by private corporate enterprise, we cannot but conclude that the best thing that could happen to the West Coast settlements would be for Downing Street to hand over the functions in which it has so conspicuously failed to a chartered company. Unhappily that is next to impossible now. The situation has become too complicated and too difficult to deal with in that way. The most that can be hoped for and the least that is absolutely necessary, if these parts are not to continue in their present blighted state, is the adoption of a new line of policy which will invest the local administration with more extended powers of free action, the giving of the merchants more to say in the councils of the settlements, and an entire reversal of the absurd policy which is hampering the real progress of the negro by putting him on a level he is unfitted to maintain. The negro requires to be taken energetically in hand, as does the wayward child who has yet to learn what is good for it and who, only after years of discipline, may hope to pass from leading-strings to independent action. For years read generations as applied to the negro.

If further illustration were wanted of what chartered companies can do, I might refer to the Imperial British East Africa Company, whose first yearly report tells a tale of work and progress of which they have a right to be proud. It is only five years since I explored for the first time the greater part of their territory, and yet we now hear of piers, roads, and telegraph lines as in course of construction, and of railway lines projected into the heart of the country, and all on the faith of a purely prospective trade and profits. Could private competition have effected these things, or would Downing Street have moved a finger to perform them? There can be only one reply. In chartered companies alone is there hope for the development of British influence, commerce and civilisation in Africa.

JOSEPH THOMSON.

GOUNOD'S VIEWS ON ART AND ARTISTS.

I.

GOUNOD is not a difficult subject. To quote his own phrase, in that picturesque imagery of words which is his speciality, his "soul stands behind a pane of crystal glass," and the man who cannot see it must be blind. He is open-hearted as all rich natures are. If a man is reserved his reserve is generally due either to timidity, which is a weakness, or to design, which is a vice. The author of *Faust*, on the contrary, finds it a necessity to be frank, and he satisfies this necessity all the more freely because he feels sure of his authority over the minds of others, and of his power to win their hearts. He loves to quote that magnificent saying in the Bible: "Whoso loveth his life shall lose it; but he that loseth his life shall find it." If any man ought to find much, certainly Gounod should, for few men have sacrificed as much as he.

As will be expected, he does not keep all his ideas for his compositions. He has such a stock of thoughts that he has no need to economise them in conversation. Besides he is a delightful man to converse with. To the attractiveness of a subtle intellect trained by a sound early education, he unites a rare gift of natural eloquence, an expressive and original manner which lends remarkable piquancy to his talk. To call him a gossip would be not only disrespectful, but also inappropriate. A gossip uses meaningless and frivolous words. Gounod's talk is as distinguished by the depth as by the brilliance of the insight which characterises it. Still he does talk endlessly, especially when the subject is one of those which rouse him, and when his companion knows how to keep the ball rolling. For he has nothing in common with those gentlemen to be found everywhere, who do not converse but only hold forth; interesting they are, no doubt, and even amusing, but at the same time overpowering; such, for instance, according to the verdict of his contemporaries, was Lord Macaulay. Gounod never lectures, and never preaches. He has in the highest degree the rare quality of knowing how to listen. You utter a remark, raise an objection, or suggest a doubt, and he is up at once, following the clue that you have indicated, and exerting all the vivacity of a youth and the earnestness of an apostle, modified by the kindliness of a lovable nature, to convince you of his views. This is partly due to his habitual courtesy, but much more to his open-minded sincerity;

for he thinks that every argument is worth consideration, and that every idea deserves to be examined.

Nor need one fear that he will dwell too long upon one subject. His ever lively imagination supplies him with infinite change, and he flies from one to another with perfect ease and grace. He prefers discussions on philosophy and morals, supported by very remarkable disquisitions on the Scriptures, with which he has a perfect acquaintance. He has never forgotten the teaching of his masters at his Carmelite school in those days, now half a century ago, when he was studying with a view to taking orders. Still, he by no means despises artistic questions, and though not one of those musicians who can talk of nothing but music, this is the subject to which he can most easily be drawn. Those who know him intimately could produce a voluminous and delightful collection of his talk on all kinds of topics. Meanwhile, pending the production of this tribute to his honour, it may be of interest to the readers of this Review to learn a few of his ideas on various subjects, taken down as he uttered them and faithfully transcribed by one of his habitual companions.

II.

A topic of frequent and lively discussion is this, Have great performers, instrumentalists or singers, the right to be called artists? Here is what the man who has had more to do with them than any one else thinks of this matter:—

"An artist must of necessity put his personality into his work. To thrill the impersonal soul of a public that is indifferent or is thinking of other matters, *blasé* if not ignorant—that is to say, whose sensibility has had its edge taken off by an excessive refinement or else has never been aroused by culture—it is not enough to use the mechanical notes of a well-trained parrot accurately repeating a lesson learnt by heart. If a singer does not put into his execution a portion of his own sensibility, then neither the natural qualities of his voice nor the skilful devices of his art will be able to arouse our sensibilities, however magnificent may be the idea of which he is the interpreter. What we call artistic sentiment or artistic intelligence is not easy to define; still, it is a most important element, for it is simply this which distinguishes a painter from a photographer, a Rembrandt from a sign-dauber. 'Ars est homo additus naturæ,' says Bacon; and no better definition of art has been found up to the present day. We may say that the performer is, or ought to be, 'Homo additus arti.'"

And he quoted *apropos* of this from Augustine's quaint dialogue *De Musica*, which, though little known, is a most interesting treatise. Gounod's view is that the interpreter of music works hand in hand with the composer, just as the artist works hand in hand with

nature. The work created by the composer's sensibility and imagination has to be recreated by a different sensibility and a different imagination—an intelligent reflection, so to speak, of his own—by being presented in life-like form before the public. Too frequently the interpreter fails in his task, and plays false to the author, by distorting the thought which it is his mission to translate. But when he is a man equal to the task, he is a most valuable ally of the creator. Gounod, who never forgets a kindness, is always ready to acknowledge what he owes to the three women who, by good fortune, have come across his path—Pauline Viardot, Madame Meislhan-Carvalho, and Gabrielle Krauss. He relates with pleasure how in 1851, when he was attending the rehearsals of *Sappho*—his first public appearance as a lyrical composer—the aria of the third act, "Take a dying woman's blessing," seemed to him to be transfigured as it came from the lips of Madame Malibran's famous sister. The melody that he had conceived in his heart, and brought to birth with his tears, had been assimilated by a heart worthy of his own; and the intensity of the pathos in that page was heightened by the sensibility of the singer.

But this collaboration of the performer with the composer is only complete when the fire that animates the former is kindled by the creating mind. The reason why all composers take such pains to direct the study of their productions is not only to make sure that scrupulous accuracy is observed in the translation of their thoughts, but also to galvanise their expounders by this initial spark, by means of which they in their turn transmit the current of electricity to the public. With his ready wit, his copious diction, and his power of expression, Gounod is inimitable in his criticisms on the character of the part that is being rehearsed. The dullest musician would find it impossible not to execute his task properly after hearing the master explain its meaning in language glowing and picturesque, and yet admirably pointed, while his accuracy of expression, his perfect clearness, and his penetrating warmth of manner are aided by his angelic patience.

One piece of advice which he is for ever giving to his interpreters, and which certainly gives rise to astonishment until one accurately grasps its meaning, is this, "Above all, my children, no sentiment, I implore you, no sentiment." The words must not be taken literally; for listen now to his own explanation of them:—

"True sentiment in music is simply intelligence and sincerity of interpretation. Nothing is more ridiculous or more artificial than that false sentimentality, that pretentious hunting after effect, that exaggeration of refinements, that pushing to excess of contrasts, which make grand passages sickly, weaken rhythm, retard movement, emasculate style, and enfeeble thought—in a word, utterly destroy the character of a work. What is required in execution is not

sentiment but expression—accurate and honest expression, the outcome of restrained feeling and internal responsiveness, that artist's intuition, which we vainly endeavour to define."

As regards singing in particular, I once heard him say to a young girl who meant to go on the stage, and who, while gifted with natural abilities, as well as careful training and intelligence, spoilt them by a thick and heavy utterance :—

"The musical voice is better and better the more nearly it approaches to spoken words. A purely vocal *note*, however beautiful, must be varied and made distinct by *words*, which alone supply expression, dramatic sentiment, warmth, and life. A pure, clear, and distinct utterance is the first law of the art of singing."

Two anecdotes will show precisely what Gounod means when he says to the expounders of his works, "No sentiment." One which I heard from himself goes back to the production in 1858 of *Le Médecin malgré lui*. Meillet, the baritone, was rehearsing the part of Sganarelle. He finished one musical phrase with one of those vulgar *rallentendos* so familiar in the traditional Italian opera, which, however, made absolute nonsense of the theatrical situation. "No, no, no!" cried the master, "that is all wrong! Why on earth do you go to sleep over this cadence?" "To produce an effect," replied the singer. Gounod proceeded with all his energy to explain the scene—and indeed to hear Molière explained by Gounod, both essentially French in their genius, was the perfection of lucid commentary. At last the fellow said quietly, "So you don't want the *rallentendo*. Just as you please; I only did it for your sake. We shall produce no effect, that is all." To this day Gounod, as he thinks of the man, bursts out into that delightfully open, childlike laughter of his.

I was an eye-witness of the other incident at the time when *Sappho* was revived at the opera in 1884. The incidental *rôle* of the Shepherd was entrusted to one of those third-rate tenors whom our French theatrical slang calls "grandes utilités," and whose artistic pretentiousness is on a level with their own mediocrity. This individual strained every effort to put into a passage which he considered too simple for himself everything which the composer had not put into it; false points, misplaced subtleties, and incongruous vocal effects. In vain did Gounod endeavour at every rehearsal to drive into the dullard's narrow brain the true meaning of the pagan chant in honour of sensuous pantheism. At last, despairing of success, he jumped up in the tiny stage-box whence he was supervising the rehearsal, and half vexed, half in jest—for his anger is never serious—he shrieked at him: "My good friend, would you oblige me? Do sing that passage like a brute."

Gounod is very quick in judging a singer's artistic capacity even

before hearing him sing. "I look into his eyes," he says; "you can always see the voice in the eyes."

If you have not seen the author of *Faust* at rehearsals, you cannot have any idea of how much may be learned in half an hour by those who fancied they had nothing to learn. Nor is it extraordinary that a great musician should be the best of teachers. The result is that people impose on his good nature as well as his kindness and courtesy, on his dislike to say no, on his desire to inspire affection which makes him affectionate to others. Professional and amateur performers flock to him in crowds in order to profit by the noble teaching and lucid conceptions which he displays about his art, to such an extent that the greater part of his time is spent upon them. He laments over it, and blames himself for it, "for," says he, "it is quite right to give oneself away, but it is a crime to squander oneself." In his momentary indignation—never more than skin-deep—he cries out jestingly: "People come to me for everything! One of these days I shall have to supply pots of blacking or nurses. Yet the duty of a pear-tree is to bear pears, and of a musician to produce music, and not to constitute himself a registry office. An artist is bound to give to others what he has in his soul, what he has received from nature, not as a free gift to gratify his personal feelings, but in order to transmit it to others in the best form that he can find. He ought to send the rays of his soul on to other souls, but not spend his life in writing letters and receiving visitors. All that I ask God to give me in Paradise is a tiny corner of perfect peace, where I may devour counterpoint to my heart's content."

III.

Another artistic question on which opposite opinions are held is that of "originality." Yet who can fail to agree with Gounod's views about it?—

"Originality is the *sine qua non* of the artist. Whoever aspires to the rank of artist should take for his motto that charming line of Alfred de Musset:—

'Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre.'

If the glass is large, so much the better. But the first article in the artist's code is not to do violence to his talent; to look for inspiration in his own heart, and not to ask others for advice except in matters of technical production, is the first and only law to which he should conform. Essentially a creator, he fails in his duty if he degrades himself to the position of a copyist."

Still, we must have a clear conception of "originality," difficult as it is to define and almost always used in a wrong sense. Gounod often expresses his regret for this.

"Every day we hear young persons saying of their productions: 'I com-

pelled myself to write with originality.' My unhappy friend, don't you know that the moment compulsion or effort comes in, originality is gone? The very essence of originality is sincerity, and sincerity is not a matter of will, nor to be found by hunting after it. When the artist works hand in hand with nature, it is his personal feeling which gives to his work of art its character of originality. People are always confusing originality and fancifulness, yet the two are absolutely distinct. Fancifulness is an abnormal, a morbid condition; it is only mental derangement in a modified form, and deserves to be treated as a pathological case; it flies off at a tangent, as is admirably expressed by its synonym, eccentricity. On the other hand, originality is the clearly marked line which connects the individual with the common mind-centre of the universe. Since a work of art is the offspring of the universal mother, Nature, and a distinct father, the Artist, originality is simply and solely a declaration of paternity."

While Gounod requires above all things that the artist should possess this originality, which he so admirably defines and so fully possesses, he does not, of course, deny that certain artistic organisations require to be carefully adjusted.

"Just as on a tree there never are two leaves perfectly alike, so in human beings one never finds two absolutely identical persons. But the human kingdom, like other kingdoms, comprises a certain number of infinitely subdivided species, among which the different intellectual temperaments are distributed. Every artist is a descendant of one of his predecessors, which does not, however, mean that he imitates him."

Does Gounod mean, then, that the artist must despise the teaching and the examples of those masters from whom, under pretence of doing independent work, the living are always ready to detach themselves, with a strange desire to make havoc of the traditions of the past? Some years ago, when an energetic attack was being made in France against sending to Rome those successful candidates at the Institute who gained the State grants, and particularly against sending musical students, Gounod expressed his views on the matter in the following language:—

"What strikes me at the outset in this denunciation of the Roman School is that it is only the outcome of a desire more or less frankly expressed, and which sums up very fairly the whole programme of its opponents: 'No more teachers. Let us learn to fly with our own wings.' No doubt this is the real meaning of the phrase 'Modern Art.' In the same way let us say, 'No more education, no more ideas got by experience and handed down to us; that is, no more capital, no more patrimony or inheritance, no more of the past, no more tradition, no more intellectual fatherhood!' This lands us in simple, spontaneous generation, for there is no middle position; we must either have teaching, or we must have knowledge by intuition. Observe that those who extol this system are precisely the persons who are never weary of speaking of the 'school of the future.' The future! What right have they to appeal to it, when to-morrow they will themselves be a portion of this past with which they will have nothing to do? Genius, I am told, is not got by teaching; either you have it or have it not; no one can bestow it upon a person who has it not; none can take it away from the man who has it. Agreed: for this is indisputable. But equally true is the saying of a great artist (Ingres), who was well

qualified to speak on the subject, that there is no art without science. No, no; no one communicates genius because it is incommunicable, because it is an absolutely personal gift to its possessor. But what is capable of being communicated and transmitted is the language by means of which genius finds expression, and without which it is only dumb and powerless. Were not Raphael, Mozart, and Beethoven men of genius? Yet did they therefore hold themselves entitled to reject with scorn the traditional teaching which not only initiated them into the practice of their art, but also showed to them the right road to lead them safely to their goal, saving them thereby a considerable loss of time in hunting after a certainty which generations of experience had guaranteed for them. Truly it is plaÿing with common sense when people attempt to dethrone history by force of false conclusions. One might as well say that the orator and the writer need not learn anything about their language, their grammar, or their dictionary."

Gounod does not believe in facile art in spite of having himself produced with such lavishness and facility; his only faith is in a work which is the result of industry. Still, he holds that there are two kinds of industry. The one is the scholar's who, while he listens to his teacher's instructions, assimilates to himself the practical methods: "he is learning to learn." Once in possession of the intellectual tools fashioned for him by instruction, man no longer finds the elements of study from without but from within; labour becomes "meditation before the altar of the soul." He will still look for examples in masterpieces, but solely in order to see how they are built up. His inspiration he will find by studying his own heart, and it is in this self-communing that the artist's industry consists. "We must look neither wholly within nor wholly without," Gounod is never tired of repeating, and therein lies the secret of his artist's calmness. He admits no co-operation, save that of Nature alone:—

"In a word, the Real by itself is simply a servile copying, but the Ideal by itself is the meandering of a will-o'-the-wisp. A work of art, therefore, is the result of uniting imagination and reality; it is at once finite and infinite. The artist finds in Nature the thought which, quickened by contact with his soul and brought to being by the force of his intellect, leaps from him in an artistic form. No stranger's hand ought to take part in this labour."

What Gounod says in conversation in the manner above quoted has been expressed by him in an academical lecture under the form of language which, though abstract, is still perfectly clear in meaning:—

"The progress of intellectual development consists in passing from external and tangible realities to feelings, and from feelings to reason. St. Augustine sums this up admirably in one of those pointed and luminous expressions so frequently to be found in his writings: 'Ab exterioribus ad interiora, ab interioribus ad superiora' ('From without to within, from within to above')."

The whole spirit of Gounod is in these words; his elevated thought, the breadth of his artistic views, his exquisiteness of form, even down to a quotation from the Fathers on whose writings—a healthy and strong sustenance—he fervently nurtured himself for many years of his youth.

Assuredly Gounod understands the value of education. He knows what it costs to become a master in one's art, and how before taking his turn of usefulness as an inspirer of and a model for others, he was obliged by hard study, untiring patience, and perfect humility to take example by others himself. Yet he will maintain that the very fire which forms the creative faculty exists unseen in certain beings who are under some mysterious dispensation of fate; contact with others makes it flash out, hard work sets it glowing, and yet it is always a spontaneous fire kindled by nature's hand and not by man's. "Only those who know can be taught," is a favourite phrase of his, recalling thereby the saying of his first teacher, that master of counterpoint, Reicher, when he said to Madame Gounod, who had brought to him her son, then thirteen years old, in order to consult him about the latter's capacity, "This boy knows everything; he has only to be taught it." Following out this idea, Gounod is fond of using the well-known expression of Socrates when he compares himself to a man midwife, one who helps others to give birth to that which is within them.

In his eyes, then, "education is not a creative but a fertilising element." He allows that one genius may assist others to the birth; but he refuses to admit that a genius has the capacity of producing another in his own image. So far as he is personally concerned, he absolutely denies the supposed influences which, if one is to believe the majority of his biographers, certain musicians are said to have exercised upon him. He acknowledges his indebtedness to them for "musical vibrations" experienced over and over again by his artistic organisation. Among the powerful impressions which showed him his work in life, three stand out conspicuously, three that he has never forgotten, and which make up the true history of his vocation. The following account of them was given to me from his own lips. The first takes us back to his childhood. In the winter of 1825, when barely seven years old, he was living with his parents in the Rue des Grands Augustins, that old and gloomy district on the left bank of the Seine in which his infancy was spent. One evening his mother took him to the neighbouring theatre, the Odéon, where Weber's *Freischütz* in Castil Blaze's atrocious translation was being then played for the first time in France under the title of *Robin des Bois*. In those days it was the custom to disarrange, under pretence of arranging, the lyrical masterpieces of Germany, and goodness knows how many crimes of treason to art were then committed by managers without faith and librettists without conscience. One musician went so far as to "adapt" *Don Giovanni* to the stage of the opera. In this imperfect rendering, *Freischütz* was indifferently performed by singers whose names have

passed into oblivion. Yet at this performance the future author of *Faust* experienced his first artistic emotion, a "simple sensation," as he says—

"For at that time of life the power of reflection has not yet come into existence. Just as rays of light are doubled in intensity when reflected in a mirror, so feelings are all the deeper and keener in proportion as the man possesses the faculty of introspection. Therefore it is a mistake to believe that sensibility becomes blunted as years advance; it only becomes finer and more delicate, provided, of course, that the intellectual powers remain intact. That is why love in early youth is imperfect, being then purely external and superficial, and not enlarged by the crystallisation wrought in a soul when it is fully developed."

To go back to the sober little lad, taken to the theatre as a reward, say, for some good copybook writing, and who, stirred to the depth of his semi-conscious child soul, was filled with a kind of religious ecstasy and plunged into speechless adoration. This listening to what is probably the purest of lyrical dramas was a happy initiation into the splendours of music. The fantastic scene when the magic bullets are being cast probably caused him some alarm; he does not, however, remember it. What especially caught his attention was the hunters' chorus. "Are they going to fire?" he asked in terror. But the calmness of the music dispelled his fear, and he listened with rapt attention; not a single one of the exquisite details of the orchestration escaped his ear. Some time afterwards, when he took up the score for the first time, all came back to his memory as clear and precise as if he had heard them the day before. From this fact we can judge how keen the sensation must have been at a time when the faculties of conscious reasoning are non-existent. Sixty-five years have since passed, and this instinctive admiration that the child felt has only become strengthened in the man of mature years and thought.

"The crystal clearness of Weber, his delicate sense of the picturesque in nature, the grandeur of his conceptions, the thrilling harmony of his expression, and the simplicity of the methods whereby he attains the refined grace of outline and of absolutely pure modelling, lit up, so to speak, by mysterious gleams of light—all these are merits rare enough at all times, and more so nowadays than ever before, and must be highly appreciated by every soul that loves beauty in its noblest aspects."

Such is the judgment pronounced by the author of *Roméo* upon the author of the *Freischütz*.

Six years later, the student, whose industry and good conduct had earned him a special holiday, went to the Théâtre Italien to hear Rossini's *Otello*, sung by those two incomparable "stars" Rubini and Marie Malibran. The artistic seed sown by nature in the child's breast which had already quivered under the charm of

Weber's music had slowly developed by unconscious workings within. By this time, his was a true artist's soul, vibrating in harmony with the heart-strings of the great singer. It is no longer a question of a vague awakening of sensibility due to the grace and picturesque turn of a melody; the dramatic utterances of a voice of gold thrilled this virgin heart of his still a stranger to troublous feelings. The effect was overpowering, the impression indelible. On his return to school the student dreamt of nothing but the woman to whom he owed this ineffable delight.

"I was in love with her," he says; "yes, positively in love; for under an absolutely innocent and unconscious form I experienced all the intoxication of love even so far as to be jealous. I was madly jealous of the composers who had her as their interpreter; and one fixed idea took possession of my mind, namely, that I might be in time to write an opera for her to sing."

It was no use for him to hurry, for unfortunately he was too late. Fortune, however, provided a solace for him. The premature death of the famous Malibran cheated his hopes; but twenty years later her sister opened the path to glory for the unknown beginner. Everyone knows what Pauline Viardot's affectionate devotion did for Gounod, when she was at the zenith of her talent and her fame, and he remembers it with real pleasure. The actress is interesting enough to deserve this passing notice.

From that day forth the lad was overpowered by a feverish haste to have done with his classical studies in order to devote himself to music. In the following year his vocation was irrevocably fixed. He was not fourteen years old when the performance of *Don Giovanni* at the Théâtre Italien acted as the spark that electrified his artist's temperament. Everyone knows Rossini's saying about Mozart. Some thoughtless inquirer asked him who in his opinion was the greatest musician. "Beethoven," was the immediate reply. "What of Mozart, then?" "Oh, Mozart is not the greatest, he is the only musician in the world." Quite unconsciously, young Gounod expressed the same thought in a different shape when, after this memorable performance (January, 1832), in the midst of his enthusiastic outburst, his mother, who was herself a musician of rare ability, asked him if he was really fond of this kind of music. "Oh, mother," he replied, "this is not a kind of music, it is Music." Henceforth the child's vocation was not to be gainsaid; it was irresistible, a torrent let loose that could never flow back to its source. "If they had tried to stop me from studying music," he said once when recalling these recollections of long ago, "I should have fled far away to America and have hidden myself in some secret spot where I could have worked after my own fancy."

IV.

I have already mentioned the lively criticism to which the institution of the Academy of France at Rome has been subjected by very distinguished personages, notably—to quote only musicians, for their opinions are the only ones that concern me here—by Berlioz, Saint-Saëns, and Georges Bizet. No doubt it is a question of temperament, and possibly these critics are right from their standpoint. Others differ from them, and Gounod has shown his deep interest in the matter by writing the following lines in favour of the Villa Medici:—

"The objection is taken that numbers of eminent artists have not been students at Rome. This is perfectly true, and allow me to add that a journey to Rome does not of necessity make one come back superior to the rest of the world. But what is the right inference to draw? That Rome does not perform the miracle of giving what nature has withheld? Obviously it does not; it would really be rather too convenient if we could obtain genius at the cost of a journey which is within everybody's reach. But this is not the point at all. The point is—given an artistic nature—Does not Rome exercise an indisputable and incalculable influence upon this nature by producing nobility of thought and artistic growth? Is it to be said that the artist is wholly wrapped up in the technique of his art? Surely mechanical work is not everything in Art. Surely it is possible to find a skilful manipulator who is a commonplace artist, a consummate rhetorician whose lips are at the same time untouched by the fire from the altar. Is eloquence to be put on the same level as cleverness? Is there to be no difference between a man and a machine? We forget that the artist exists underneath the artisan, and that the artist must be touched, enlightened, enraptured, and transfigured until he comes to love passionately that incorruptible beauty which wins, not a momentary success, but an everlasting empire in the shape of those masterpieces that have been the torches to light and guide man in Art from ancient times to the Renaissance, and on to our own century, and will continue so to guide him for ever and ever. Can we ignore, or pretend to ignore, the unchangeable laws of nutrition and assimilation which govern the growth and perfecting of every organism? Nay, if a musician requires nothing but music, I shall not stop merely to ask why he is to be sent to Rome, where he has nothing to do but gaze at the frescoes of Raphael and Michael Angelo in the Vatican, on the hill that is the temple of all the oracles; I shall want also to know what is the use of his reading Homer and Virgil, Tacitus and Juvenal, Dante and Shakespeare, Molière and La Fontaine, Pascal and Bossuet—in a word, all the great masters of human thought. What is the good of them all? They are not music. True, they are not; but they are Art, ancient and modern, immortal and universal, and it is on this Art that the artist—not the artisan—must nurture himself; from it he must get his health, strength, and life. How, too, can we express the inestimable value of that retreat, that quiet nook far from the fever and bustle and constant preoccupations of daily life?—how speak of its silence, wherein we learn to listen to the heart-beats of our soul? Think of the deep loneliness, the vast expanse of the horizon whose magnificent lines seem still to exercise the magic power of lifting our thoughts up to the level of the great events which they have witnessed! Think of the Tiber—solemn stream which, over all the horror of the crimes that it has engulfed, images the peaceful look of the Campagna over whose bosom it glides along! And then Rome herself—Rome the triple-crowned—whose brow has received from the hand of the ages the august dia-

dem of the Supreme Pontiff, whence the unfading light of Everlasting Truth sparkles and shines over the whole world. What a height, what a harmony, what a surrounding for those who know how to look within themselves! Let us, then, at any cost, in spite of and against all opposition, keep up this wondrous School of Rome, on whose records are to be found the names of David, Ingres, Flandrin, Regnault, Duret, Hérold, Halévy, Berlioz, Bizet—who, I take it, are not names that justify the contemptuous pity which is applied to upset a dynasty now more than a century old. With all our might, let us defend this sacred retreat which shelters the artist while he is developing his powers far away from the premature worries of daily wants, and which arms him as well against the seductions of money-making as against the cheap and worthless triumphs of an ignoble popularity that will vanish with the morrow."

Faithful to his youthful love, Gounod still talks with enthusiasm of his three years of student life spent at the Villa Medici half a century ago. ROME!—capital letters and a whole page of notes of exclamation would not suffice to express to the eye the full ring of his voice when he utters the name. Rome!—Palestrina, and the San Sistine Chapel, the Last Judgment, and the Dispute of the Blessed Sacrament, the Roman Campagna with its large melancholy horizon, the aqueducts of Claudius, and the blue Sabine hills—Rome, that introduces us to beauty in all its forms, to poetry, to love, and to light! "To see is to enjoy," says Gounod; "our life after death will be simply the power of seeing everything. Rome gives us a foretaste of this." The Eternal City in 1840 was not the same as it is in 1889. Then she was Pontifical Rome, the metropolis of Christendom, covered with churches and convents that towered above the ruins of paganism, a city where the majestic processions of Holy Week trampled under foot the tombs of Pagan gods, covered as they were by the dust of ages and the ashes of martyrs; a city noble above all others, in which a dead civilisation cast its splendid shadow upon the waning magnificence of a Power shorn of its ancient brilliance—the Urbs, the city of the Cæsars and the Popes, with far more poetry and majesty than the ordinary capital of a constitutional state, such as the caprice of modern politics has made it. What an enchanted spot, what a magical abode for the soul of a gentle and enthusiastic artist like the young musician who reached it with his heart overflowing with love, his head full of dreams, his imagination haunted by those delightful, those vague visions of the ideal which are revealed to budding genius!

V.

There are three dominating notes in Gounod's character as seen in an hour's conversation with him: he is all love, calmness, and youthfulness. "Love," he exclaimed one day, in one of those fits of self-abandonment in which he indulges very readily among sympathetic companions, "I am absolutely full of it, and that is why I have crammed such handsful of it into my operas." His sterner critics do indeed blame him for having "crammed" so much

even into his oratorios. They are quite right to notice it; but they are wrong when they take him to task for it. It is all to be found in the gospels; the author of *Faust* and of *Roméo* has preferred to see the love and the poetry in them, and his ecstasies are rather emotional than mystical. The task he set himself in the *Rédemption* was not to create a musical symbol of the Christian religion, but to depict the treasures of love, of pure tenderness, of unspeakable gentleness, which the Son of God carried in his heart; he aimed, as he has told us, at "affecting us with the sight of a human drama, the most pathetic and the most magnificent of all, because it is ennobled by the divine element in it."

Gounod is the musician of love, and he lays claim very proudly to this title. Love is his essence, his *raison d'être*; he bathes in it, he breathes out love at every pore. "To-morrow I shall be seventy years old," he said to me a year ago, on the 16th of June, the day before the anniversary of his birthday. "Well, in spite of its being the special passion of youth, I have never, until the present moment, thoroughly understood the intensity of Love. If I were a painter I would draw an absolutely perfect likeness of him; I have a vision within me, an intuitive knowledge of him, because I am in direct and constant contact with him."

I trust that it will be understood that Gounod uses the word "love" in its most exalted and widest sense. He has explained his own meaning:

"Love," he says, "is all that makes man; friendship is one form of it, love in the sense of passion is another, while the love of God is the source of every kind of love. Love of God and of one's country, love of mother and of wife, of art, of one's neighbour—in their essence these are but one and the same feeling. The love of others exhibits itself in brotherhood, the love of art in industry, the love of one's country in self-sacrifice, filial love in respect and tenderness, the love of God in adoration. As for the other kind, that of which Dan Cupid is the lord, it is a complete blunder for gloomy people to picture him as an agent of perdition. Why should this wrong be done to him, the source of all life, the father of human beings, the essential condition of existence and of the continuity of the race? When the Creator divided the human race into two sexes—sections, halves, which make together one whole—He doubtless had His reasons for doing so, and it is not for us to discuss them. Those who hold that things are badly ordained should blame Him and lay their complaints before Him. Granted that this love that springs up between persons of different sex has its baser side, that is no fault of ours: it is thus that we have come out of the hands of the Divine craftsman. All that we can do—and this is our duty—is to purify the troubled depths of love by idealising it, to make the working of the heart and soul combine with the workings of the flesh. And in truth the only love that deserves the name is the outcome of the combination of these three elements—the only true, the only lasting feeling."

Friendship, which is but one species in universal love, is well known to and practised by Gounod; he adds to it an indefinable tenderness which he borrows from love itself and which gives to it light and

warmth. He said once of one of his dearest friends, the painter Hébert, his comrade at the Academy of France, in Rome, a half-century ago, "We still love each other just like two lovers; nothing is wanting, even down to lovers' quarrels and reconciliations." Being by nature as open-hearted as he is affectionate, Gounod literally gives his tenderness in return for that which others show to him. Some of those "prophets of evil" who are crazy to break their toys in order to see what is inside them, maintain that this characteristic of his is a subtle piece of design, sourly declaring that his outbursts are treacherously commonplace and anxious to put you on your guard against disenchantment. They may be right. "I want people to like me," Gounod frequently declares, and an unconscious coquetry makes him strive to please others—or should we not say that he strives after nothing at all, but pleases naturally, because he has the gift of attractiveness, and the taste to make use of his gift without any effort or affectation? Some persons come into the world like porcupines, and are proud of their bristling attitude; Gounod was born to charm others and finds his pleasure in so doing. As for the charge of being commonplace which is brought against him, every lovable nature is exposed to that. One day when he was complaining of being overwhelmed by the invasion of visitors, some one asked him, "Why don't you shut your door against troublesome people?" "That is what every one tells me," he replied, "only, every one thinks that every one else is 'troublesome,' and while giving me this excellent advice, every one means me to make an exception in his own case. How am I to get out of it?" Man is the most egotistical of all creatures, and it is the desire to monopolise to his own private profit the charming society of the Master which is bluntly expressed in the bitter remark about his being "commonplace." Gounod is quite aware of it, and prefers to lay himself open to blame by being amiable to all rather than to escape this reproach by reserving for a chosen few his delicate politeness, his caressing affability, and his wide benevolence. As for saying that he likes best the person whom he has seen last, the remark is pointed but absolutely inaccurate, as I can testify myself. However, I will not enlarge on this matter, which is not part of my subject.

The moral and artistic calmness of Gounod is the result of the perfect balance of his faculties. His serenity is never disturbed either by the internal ferment, whence come his flashes of inspiration, nor by the external effervescence which his keen and excitable nature displays in outbursts of enthusiasm or shrieks of irritation, violent outbreaks of delight or utter discontent. Like all men he knows what bitterness and deception and pain are, but with doubt he has nothing to do. Whatever he knows he knows absolutely; what he does not know never troubles him because he is convinced that he

will know it one day—"that day when he shall have reached the fount of all love, of all sacrifice, of all apostleship, when he will be clothed anew in the garments of perfect beauty, truth, and goodness, when he will take his part in the final and universal communion." A friend, who had not this happy frame of mind, once exhibited in his presence that vague disquietude about the unknown, that horror of the life after death which tortures persons of wavering faith. His answer to this sort of Hamlet-like soliloquy was uttered with a smile: "Never mind, we shall soon know all about it. True, I can preach patience to you without much trouble, as my hour is nearly come, much more nearly than yours. Yet, after all, yours will come too; all will be explained, light will be shed upon all things, and you will see that the unknown is not so very formidable—I am convinced that you will."

VI.

A subject on which it is exceedingly interesting to make the author of *Faust* talk is the judgment that he pronounces on other masters of his art. This is easy enough so far as the dead are concerned; but about the living he is—and rightly so—exceedingly reserved. Neither his position nor his character would save him from the stupid charge of jealousy so lightly flung by persons who measure the minds of others by their own insignificance. He rightly dreads, while he despises, the traitorous innuendoes of men who, either from pettiness of soul or affectation of scepticism, find all their delight and renown in disparaging what is great. "What have I done to make you angry with me?" asked the glow-worm of the toad. "You glitter," replied the other. The fable is eternally true. But Gounod is by no means disinclined to express his opinions about the dead. How far his "adoration" of them goes is well known. The word is not too powerful to express the devotion with which he worships that master—"in whom profound knowledge of methods was combined with exquisite grace of form, who excelled in all the manifestations of human sensibility, to whom the comic was as familiar as the sublime, whose masterpiece is the brightest star that ever shone in the heaven of musical art"—in short, Mozart. In a lecture delivered on October 25th, 1882, at the Academy of the Fine Arts he sang the praises of the master in language that seems rhapsodical and poetical but was far too feeble in his opinion to express the warmth of his admiration:—

"Who, like Mozart, has traversed the immense scale of human passions? Who has touched their far-distant limits with such unswerving accuracy, equally proof against the ineptitudes of false grace and the brutalities of lying violence? Who else could thrill with anguish and horror the purest and the most eternal forms? . . . Oh, divine Mozart, didst thou lie indeed on the bosom of infinite Beauty, even as once the beloved disciple lay on the Saviour's breast,

and didst thou draw up thence the incomparable grace which denotes the true elect! Bounteous nature had given thee every gift: grace and strength, fulness and sobriety, bright spontaneity, and burning tenderness, all in that perfect balance which makes up the irresistible powers of thy charm, and which makes of thee the musician of musicians, greater than the greatest, the only one of all—Mozart."

The predilection of the author of the *Redemption* and *Mors et Vita* for sacred music is well known. He first caught the taste for it at Rome, while studying Palestrina, whose strict severity did not discourage him because he felt all the fervour and faith of a neophyte, in religion as in art. In the hard work at counterpoint to which he devoted himself while he lived under the shadow of the Sistine Chapel he obtained that skilfulness of manipulation, that thorough knowledge of method, and that ease in the arrangement of parts without which no one can be a great musician. Thus his gratitude to his old Roman master equals his admiration of him. 'The first work of importance which he wrote was a mass after the style of Palestrina, which was performed in 1842 at the Church St. Louis des Français in Rome. Almost half a century later the musician, then at the zenith of his fame, went back to the fancies of his youth by writing in the same "high-priestly" style the *Joan of Arc* Mass. When he develops his theory about religious music, he expresses with fervour his admiration for this austere, impersonal, and mystic form.

"When Christ entered Jerusalem," he says, "and the people cried out as he passed, 'Hosanna to the Son of David!' his disciples said to him, 'Master, bid them be silent;' but He replied, 'I tell you, if these were silent the very stones would cry out.' Well, a choral mass ought to be symbolic of these words, it ought to be a building of hewn stones, massive, grand, imposing, stern, and solemn. This is what Palestrina thoroughly understood, and it is this that makes him immortally a great artist."

The same train of thought leads Gounod to hold Jean Sebastian Bach to be a colossal musician. "The whole of music is in this man," is his saying, and his phrases of admiration for the author of the St. Matthew Passion music are interminable. I only know one French artist who understands Bach as well as Gounod does—I mean Charles M. Widar, one of the most graceful and most distinguished of the composers of the younger school. Both have already done much to make the French public familiar with the severe and imposing work of the old Cantor of Leipzig; and it is to be hoped that their efforts will bear good fruit.

It is commonly said, and has been repeated in everything that has been written about Gounod's early years, that during his journey in Germany in 1843 he was fascinated by the genius of Robert Schumann, at that time at the height of his fame in his native land, but as unknown in France as the favourite musicians of the Pekin

Court are at the present day. Gounod not only denies this, and maintains that the author of another *Faust* had no influence whatever upon his musical career, but also asserts plainly that he never felt for Schumann that intellectual sympathy that comes from mysterious kinship between two souls. He acknowledges and admires the power and originality of Schumann's talent; but this acknowledgment is the result of reasoning, not of that unreflecting self-abandonment which is the sure sign of artistic relationship.

Of Mendelssohn, whom he knew in Leipzig, and from whom at the very outset of his career he received a friendly welcome and valuable encouragement, Gounod cherishes an affectionate recollection, while he pays to his talents a well-deserved tribute of admiration. But between these two artistic natures, each remarkable on very different grounds, there are absolutely no points of contact; a great gulf separates the scholarly stiffness of the Berlin composer from the generous warmth of the French musician. I have already given Gounod's criticism on Weber. I will merely add the following praise of the fantastic element in the *Freischütz*, so accurate in its profundity and so picturesque in its form: "It is a kind of music which one would not like to meet in the dark." I pass on to faithfully transcribe what he says about the other great masters:—

"Beethoven is the greatest epic writer among musicians, the greatest philosopher, and the greatest apostle. The Pastoral Symphony is a confession of pantheistic faith, the symphony with choruses is the universal gospel of socialism. This Michael Angelo of music is of all musicians the man with the widest reach, by which I do not mean that he soars higher than all the rest, but that in his flight he takes in the largest space, and covers with the shadow of his immense pinions the greatest stretch of earth. . . .

"Glück is the greatest tragedian. He is a Greek, a true son of Æschylus and Sophocles. He was born with the peplus on his shoulders and the cothurnus on his feet. His work is like ancient statuary with drapery at once magnificently rich and simple, graceful and noble. His is grand art, kept constantly at the same high level of pathos. . . .

"Next to the limpid clearness of Mozart, to the breadth and height of an opera like *Don Giovanni*, Rossini is the clearest of musicians, and the most capacious and highest of lyrical writers. To a fertile imagination he unites an infinite variety of tones, and his work may be summed up in two very different masterpieces of character, the *Barber of Seville* and *William Tell*. . . .

"Meyerbeer is a master, but he is not a genius. The musical material, the dough, so to speak, which he kneads, is of secondary quality; in his field tares are mixed with good wheat. His inspiration is often brilliant but never absolutely pure; it may be likened to a monster diamond which is not of the first water. Still he is capable of magnificent flights, as seen in *Le Prophète*, even more than in *Les Huguenots*, although the latter opera is more popular than the former—a fact which, no doubt, is the reason why artists are inclined to prefer the former."

Apropos of this, I may add parenthetically that indiscreet people often ask Gounod which he prefers of his two masterpieces, *Faust* or *Roméo*. Usually he escapes by pleasantly replying, "I like *Don*

Giovanni better." Still, to any one who is on familiar enough terms with him to drive him into a corner, he admits a secret tenderness for the opera that contains the immortal duet of "The Lark." Possibly his predilection for the younger child of his genius is slightly influenced by the fact that the popular vote is given rather in favour of the elder, dear as they both are to his heart and mind. At another time he will declare that he prefers his first dramatic production, *Sappho*, to all the rest.

His judgment upon Berlioz is made specially interesting by the fact that in 1859 there devolved upon the author of *The Damnation of Faust*, who was then the musical critic of the *Débats*, the task of estimating the talent of the musician who had just composed a new paraphrase of Goethe's poem, and at a single stroke had suddenly soared to a conspicuous height. *Faust* found in Berlioz an enlightened and impartial critic; the bitterness of the man gave way to the conscience of the artist: Gounod's view of Berlioz is that his is

"A musical nature that lost its balance. He is a fanciful, a strange creature; he suffers and weeps, he despairs or goes frantic. The passionate side of things grips him like a vice. He has been called 'the Jupiter of music,' but he is Jupiter who often capsizes, a god who is the slave of his passions and his rage. Yet withal he has masterly qualities; marvellous in his colouring, he handles his instrumentation, the painter's brush of the musician, with a touch both certain and powerful. Then again, in the midst of wonderful pages comes carelessness or awkwardness of management that betrays his late and defective training in technique. In a word, his was an imperfect genius."

Georges Bizet, that artist of the first rank whom France lost all too soon, Gounod treats as a "charming musician, whose music, showing the highest order of intelligence, while profoundly subtle and delightfully delicate, wraps itself about the drama, clothes it and fits to it with a marvellous precision." Bizet's nature is very different from Gounod's; the writer of *Carmen* and the writer of *Faust* have nothing in common but their talent. In one point there is an analogy between them, that is, in the fate that befell their respective masterpieces on their first appearance. Like *Faust* twenty years before, *Carmen* was at first only a half success, so hotly criticised on its first night that it was almost overwhelmed. Gounod was one of the few spectators on that evening who understood this exquisite work, and he persistently defended it against the general ill-will or indifference. To those who, in the green-room or the lobby of the Opera, criticised or ridiculed it, declaring that the music was as obscure and eccentric as the subject was odious and immoral, he replied in that tone of profound conviction which, for a moment at least, convinces the most obstinate, "But listen, listen to it; it is charming, a marvel of colour and of composition. You will see; it is impossible that such music should not one day succeed." Foreigners have taken it up; and

Carmen, enthusiastically welcomed in Italy, did succeed just as *Faust*, of which Berlioz had written: "It is the work of the future," succeeded in Germany. From these two facts a twofold conclusion may be drawn. First, that the old proverb is sound which says, "No one is a prophet in his own country;" and secondly, that great artists are still, after all said and done, the best judges of works of art.

I know what my readers are still looking for. In this sketch of the most eminent personages in the history of music, there lacks one name which is on every one's tongue, and about which Gounod's views would be especially interesting. But although Wagner is among the dead, the French composer will only express a very guarded opinion about the high priest of German music. "I have a perfectly plain opinion, but I prefer not to utter it" is his remark when the conversation turns upon this stormy subject, which has so powerfully excited the passions of artists that it is almost impossible to treat it calmly. By refusing to discuss Wagner he saves himself from the risk of drawing down on his head the thunders of both opposing camps. Once he was tempted to write an essay on this burning question; and I have reason to think that he did begin to put this project into execution. Then he changed his mind, hid away his manuscript in a drawer, and allows no one to speak to him about it. It will be found again one day. Meanwhile, when any one succeeds, with infinite difficulty, in loosening his tongue on the subject of his illustrious brother artist, this is all that can be got from him:—

"Wagner is a wonderful prodigy, an aberration of genius; a visionary haunted by all that is colossal, he cannot estimate aright the powers of his brain. With no sense of measure or of proportion in his mind, he flies beyond the limits of human observation, and face to face with his prodigious endeavours, his gigantic labours, and his overwhelming expenditure of talent and hard work, one feels tempted to quote to him the cruel remark of Agnes to her lover Arnulphe—'Horace in two words would make more of it than you.' The true sign of genius is the sober employment of one's means proportioned to the wealth of one's ideas. Now, compare Wagner's excessive use of crashing chords, his extravagances of harmony, with the simple construction in the scene of the Commandant. When the Emperor Joseph II. said to the author of *Don Giovanni*, on the first night of its representation, 'Your opera is very graceful, Herr Mozart, but it has a huge quantity of notes in it,' Mozart could with justice make this proud reply, 'Not one too many, sire.' No one could say the same of Wagner."

Though Gounod does not care to give to the public his estimate of the author of the Tetralogy, he is more communicative when the topic is what is now known as "the modern school," or "scientific music,"—phrases which have no deep meaning, and which many people repeat without attaching to them any precise idea.

"Art," Gounod says, "is happiness. This tortured music which is produced nowadays under the pretence of being scientific or modern does not make me happy. It is not a fountain that flows, free and pure, nor is it grace and beauty,

nor is it love. These musicians have talent, abundant talent, all the talent that you choose, but they have never bowed the knee to any altar, not to plastic beauty, nor to eternal love, nor to great masters, nor to God. Therefore, they will beget no offspring, for never having been sons they cannot be fathers. Why, too, "scientific" music, "modern" music? What is modern to-day will be ancient to-morrow; the ancient of to-day was modern yesterday—ineffable twaddle! Scientific music! Do the folks who use the phrase know that no music is good unless it is scientific, that is to say, properly constructed? If so, all good music is scientific, and the unscientific are the persons who talk this rubbish."

There is another phrase which annoys Gounod. Some one mentions to him a new work, which is labelled, "interesting music." "Ah, heaven preserve us from interesting music!" he exclaims, with a kind of half-indignation modified by his good-natured kindliness; "there is only one kind of music—beautiful music. If it is not beautiful, it is not music. Heaven deliver us, too, from those pedants of theorists, those pretentious mediocrities who have picked up the rags of incompetence in order to make a flag for themselves, and who raise such a fuss over their hollow, empty productions, absolutely void of fire, brilliance, sincerity, or generosity, heartless, soulless, formless, jointed skeletons without flesh or blood." Then suddenly calming himself, "After all, perhaps I am in the wrong myself; perhaps I am a reactionary. Yet in any case, whatever is thought of my music, it must and will always be acknowledged that it is myself, my flesh and blood, bones and sinews. If it is liked, the reason is that it is true, earnest, sincere, alive. If all other qualities are wanting, these cannot be denied to it; and these are worth something. Remember the saying of the great Catholic writer, Veuillot, about Alfred de Musset, 'At least he has shed tears.'"

Gounod has expressed in a more serious style in the preface to the eleventh volume of the *Annals of the Stage and of Music* the opinions thus familiarly expressed in private conversation:—

"Ought we to set up unchangeable uniformity as an artistic dogma? Assuredly not, for nothing is so varied as truth; and, furthermore, truth only can admit of variety, for the very good reason that spontaneousness never copies either itself or any one else, but has its strength within itself, ever sincere and ever freshly renewed. Convention and monotony belong only to preconceived ideas. This can easily be shown by examining the line that modern music has taken during the last twenty years in France. In almost every representative composer there is an amount of musical skill, almost of sleight-of-hand, that is positively startling as compared with what is displayed by most musicians of the preceding generation. Yet, we ask, whither does this lead us? The moderns maintain that they are emancipating us from formulas, while they are unaware of the fact that they are putting in their place others, whose oppressive emptiness is already seen through and through. They talk to me of the 'progress of Art.' It is a meaningless phrase. True, the artist makes progress; but Art never progresses at all. Art is not like Science, whose province consists in the successive and accumulated dis-

covery of the laws of Nature. Art rests on two elementary facts, always and everywhere the same—on instinct or sensibility, the seat of feeling and expression, and on technique, which is always capable of growth, and therefore varies in each individual composer, but not in Art. This is the reason why the same period of time can show a collection of great masters who differ considerably from each other without of necessity being superior to each other. Are not all the essentials of Art combined in *Don Giovanni*? Do we not, side by side with the exquisite and incomparable charm of pure music find in it the most accurate, the most perfect, and the most sustained expression of the truth of life, of human truth, and, as a consequence, all the psychological profundity that can be required in a drama?"

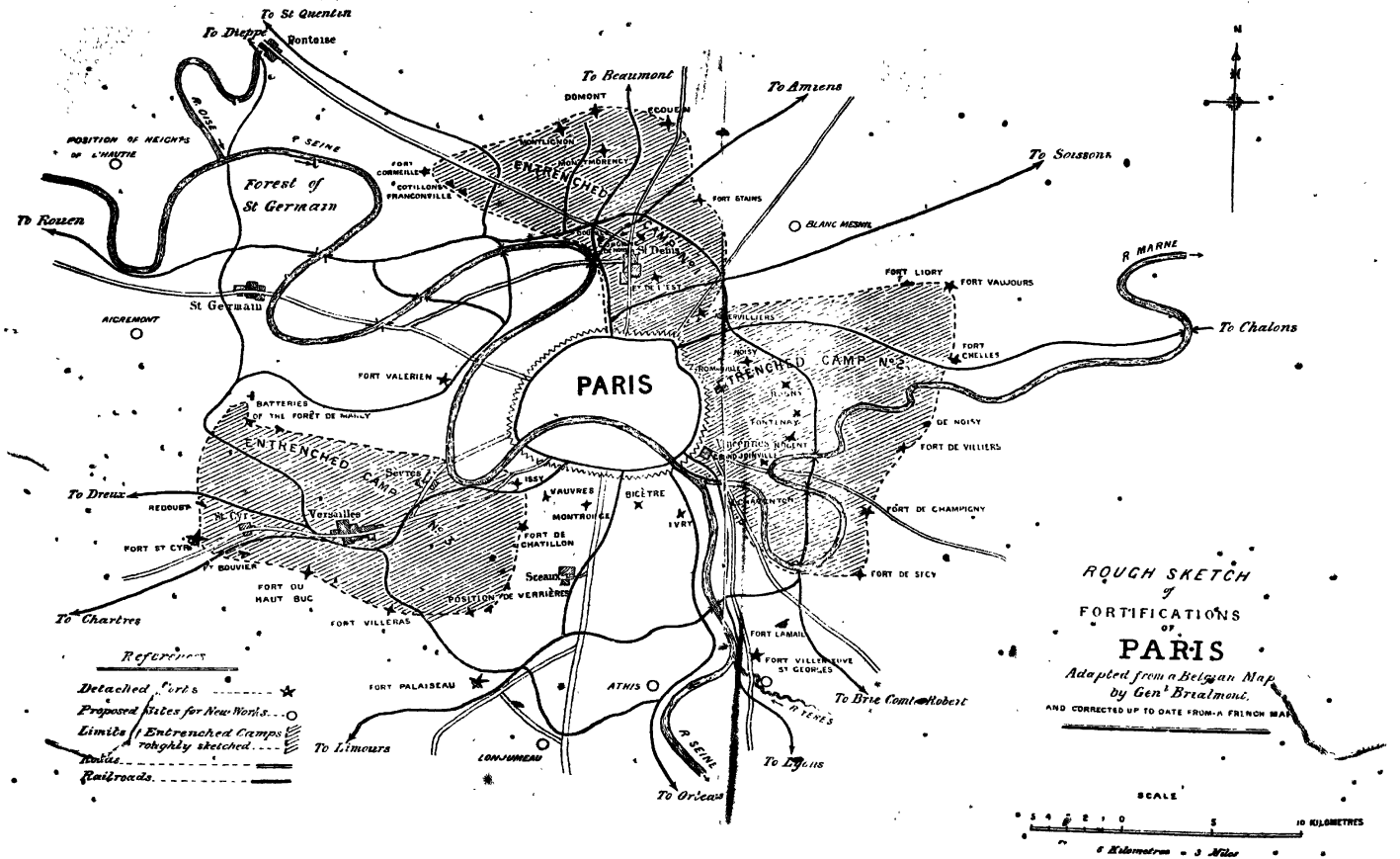
But while Gounod is merciless towards the empty claims of those far too numerous incapables who substitute systems of dogma and arrogant conceit for the ideas of genius which they do not possess, he is quick to recognise the merits of his successors. He denies the reality of so-called modern art, but he does not undervalue modern artists. Bizet is an instance of this; and every one knows how highly Gounod thinks of M. Saint-Saëns. Towards beginners, freshly turned out from their school of training, he displays the greatest interest, and lavishes on them every encouragement that is in his power. But the advice that he gives them is invariably this: "Listen to your heart, govern it by your reason, and do not overload yourself with cumbersome systems. Inspiration and counterpoint are the true musician's only baggage." This is what Gounod has always acted upon himself; and he has succeeded well enough to induce others to follow in his footsteps.

MARIE ANNE DE BOVET.

THE FORTRESS OF PARIS.

PARIS, upon which the eye of the world is just now fixed, has, as the capital of France, a political and strategical importance possessed in a like manner by the capital of no other European State. *Paris c'est la France* is not the expression of an idea but the assertion of a fact, the truth of which has been repeatedly testified to by the events of history. Even the military genius of Napoleon, which shone forth so brilliantly in the campaign of 1814, was unable to avert the political consequences which followed the occupation of the capital by the allied armies. Although the Emperor placed himself with 100,000 men across the communications of Blucher and Schwartzenberg, cutting them both from their base of supplies, the French people refused to support him any longer, and the capitulation of Paris became the signal for his own abdication. We do not find similar consequences to have necessarily attended the fall of other European capitals. The Prussians did not yield to the Russians in 1760 when Berlin fell into their hands, nor the Austrians to the French when Napoleon entered Vienna in 1805, and again in 1809, nor the Spaniards when Joseph Bonaparte was proclaimed king in Madrid in 1808, nor the Russians when Moscow was occupied in 1812. The exceptional position of Paris is owing to the government of France being so completely focussed in the capital, that its occupation by an enemy's force must inevitably lead to a collapse of that splendid system of "decentralised centralisation" which was constructed by Napoleon, and which wholly depends upon the control of the departmental administration by the Ministry of the Interior. Left to himself, in his own department, the ordinary French *préfet* would be helpless without the support of the Minister at Paris, and even the energy of a Gambetta failed to accomplish the task of governing France when communication with the capital had been cut off by the investing cordon of the German armies.

Apart, however, from these purely political considerations, which are alone sufficient to give Paris great military importance, the situation of the place is undoubtedly at a point of enormous strategical vantage: It lies at the meeting of the waters of the Seine, the Marne, and the Oise, the valleys of which three rivers are the main arteries of approach for armies advancing into France from the eastern and northern frontiers of the country. The valley of the Seine leads direct to the famous "gap of Belfort," which lies between the southern Vosges mountains and the Swiss Jura; the valley of the Marne to the *trouée* between the northern Vosges and


To St Quentin
To Dieppe
Pontoise
To Beaumont
To Amiens
To Soissons
R OISE
R SEINE
POSITION OF HEIGHTS OF L'HAUTIE
Forest of St Germain
To Rouen
DOMONT
ECOUEN
MONTLIGNON
MONTMORENCY
FORT CORMEILLE
COTTILLONS
FRANCONVILLE
ENTRENCHED
FORT STAINS
BLANC MESNIL
St Denis
ST OUEN
ST LEU
R MARNE
To Chalons
FORT LIORY
FORT VAUJOURS
ARGENTEUIL
FORT CHELLES
ENTRENCHED CAMP No 2
MONTFERMEIL
MONT FORT
FONTENAY
BERGERES
ROSNY
DE NOISY
FORT DE VILLIERS
FORT DE CHAMPIGNY
FORT DE SUCY
St GERMAIN
AIGREMONT
FORT VALERIEN
BATTERIES OF THE FORET DE MARLY
PARIS
ENTRENCHED CAMP
To Dreux
REDOUBT
St CYR
Versailles
FORT ST CYR
St BOUVIER
FORT OU HAUT BUC
To Chartres
ISSY
VAUVRES
MONTROUGE
FORT DE CHATILLON
BICETRE
IVRY
Sceaux
POSITION DE VERRIERES
FORT VILLERAS
FORT LAMAIL
FORT VILLENEUVE St GEORGES
To Brie Comte Robert
R YERRES
FORT PALAISEAU
ATHIS
To Limours
LONJUMEAU
R SEINE
To Orleans
To Lyons
Reference
Detached Forts
Proposed Sites for New Works
Limits of Entrenched Camps roughly sketched
Roads
Railroads
ROUGH SKETCH of FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS
Adapted from a Belgian Map by Gen.l Brialmont.
AND CORRECTED UP TO DATE FROM A FRENCH MAP
SCALE
5 4 3 2 1 0 5 10 KILOMETRES
6 Kilometres = 3 Miles

the Ardennes; and the valley of the Oise to the direct high-road through Belgium. It is by these valleys that every invasion of France has hitherto been made, and an examination of the lines of railway and roads which now lead from the frontiers show that the same conditions which existed in the days when Cæsar invaded Gaul, no less than in 1814, 1815, and 1870, still exist in 1889. Time has not removed these valleys, though it has improved the communications along them, and we may be certain, should another invasion of France take place, that Paris will be approached by one or other of these valleys, or, what is quite likely, by all of them simultaneously.

The above considerations have led the French, since the war of 1870—71 to fortify their capital on its present colossal scale, for which there is no previous parallel in military history, nor any existing parallel in other European countries. It is not intended here to enter into technical engineering details, but a general idea of the Paris fortifications may not perhaps be uninteresting to those who intend visiting the French capital during the course of the summer holidays.

Paris is now girt by a triple belt of defences. There is in the first place the old enceinte, twenty miles in perimeter, which completely encircles the city, and was constructed in 1840. It remains as it was built—a simple parapet and ditch, broken at intervals by bastions chiefly adapted for musketry defence, with here and there emplacements for guns. The demolition of the enceinte has been frequently proposed since the construction of the new forts, but it has recently been finally decided to retain, and even strengthen it, as a permanent line of inner defence. Outside the enceinte are sixteen detached forts, likewise constructed in 1840—42, and placed at distances varying from one to three miles from the walls of the town. It was with this enceinte and these detached forts that the French held the Germans at bay for four months during the winter of 1870—71. Since the war another circle of forts has been added at distances varying from four to six miles from the inner line of forts. Should the German armies ever again approach Paris they would find all the positions they took up in 1870 already occupied by French defensive works. These works are arranged in three main blocks. Versailles on the south and south-west, Vincennes on the east, and St. Denis on the north, have been converted into three vast entrenched camps, each of which is capable of sheltering an army of 150,000 men. The perimeter of the works already covers nearly seventy miles. On the north-west the natural defences of the country are so favourable to the defenders, owing to the obstacle afforded by the quadruple bend of the Seine, that the construction of new works on this side has been postponed till the completion of the

forts on the south and east sides of Paris. Works have, however, been projected for the heights of Hautie and Bas Breteuil, in order to cover the approaches to the forest of St. Germain; and when these and other works near Lonjumeau have been completed the perimeter of the new line of forts will be increased to 150 kilomètres, or about ninety English miles.

During a recent visit to Paris the writer of this paper took the opportunity of visiting the positions of these new works, which must be full of interest to the military student. His inspection was facilitated by the admirable railway communication which exists between the forts themselves, and likewise connects them with the town. There are two circular railways traversing Paris, one of which, the Ceinture (well known to English tourists who winter in the south of France), runs immediately round the enceinte. The other and exterior line, starting from Versailles, is carried completely round the city between the two circles of forts which have just been described. From this line railway offshoots lead right up to the forts themselves. Admission to the interior of the forts is out of the question; no foreigners and few Frenchmen are allowed inside. Much, however, can be learnt from an outside view, and without trespassing on "terrain militaire interdit." The works are all of the same type, and contrast strangely with those built by M. Thiers in 1840. The bastion front has been replaced by the polygonal trace. Earth parapets 30 to 35 feet thick, 20 feet high, ditches 40 feet wide and 30 feet deep, enormous earth traverses placed athwart the ramparts to cover the guns, powerfully armed caponiers in the ditches—these are the chief noticeable features of the newly constructed forts. Not a vestige of masonry can be seen except in the *revêtements* of the ditches. From the outside nothing is visible in the interior except the muzzles of the guns, which appear to just reach over the parapet. No embrasures are anywhere cut, the guns all being mounted *en barbette*. The huge traverses which cover the gun emplacements from enfilade fire are a striking contrast to the gingerbread structures which answer for traverses in the forts of the Portsmouth and Plymouth defences. In some of the larger forts revolving iron cupolas, having the appearance from the outside of gigantic umbrellas, have been placed at the exposed salients in order to sweep the approaches to the works. Each of these cupolas appeared to contain four guns—two for each flank. In many cases the ingenuity of the French engineers has enabled a double tier of artillery fire to be brought to bear on positions outside. It has been stated on excellent authority that the total amount expended by the French in fortifying Paris and the frontier since 1870—71 has reached the enormous sum of

£135,000,000[1]; and, after seeing the forts round Paris, it is quite easy to believe that this figure is below rather than above the actual cost incurred in constructing these stupendous works of defence.

The weak part of the scheme is undoubtedly to be found in the large area which the defences cover, and which require a correspondingly large garrison to protect them. Accepting the estimate of Colonel Denfert (the defender of Belfort), who lays down 1,200 men per kilomètre of defended ground as a minimum necessary strength, this would bring the numbers of the garrison up to 180,000—a large force to keep idle behind entrenchments at a time when every fighting man will be worth his weight in gold at the front. Colonel Denfert's estimate, moreover, is only based upon the necessities of passive defence, and takes no account of the mobile troops which would have to be maintained for sortie purposes and keeping open communications. This difficulty was foreseen by M. Thiers, Generals Changarnier, Billot, and other opponents of the extension of the Paris fortifications, when the Military Commission of 1874 proposed them to the Chamber. In their anxiety to prevent any part of the defences being dominated by ground outside, the French engineers have not known how or where to stop. One work has led to another. Even now finality has not been reached, and at a time when war may break out any day there still remain two dangerously large gaps in the line of detached works, the delay in defending which it is difficult to account for. One of these gaps, about eight or nine miles wide, lies to the south of Paris, between Fort Villeneuve St. Georges (an isolated fort dominating the Seine valley) and Fort Palaiseau, which is a powerful work situated at the east angle of the entrenched camp of Versailles. The other gap, and a far more dangerous one, has been left between Fort Stains and Vaujours, in the open plain to the north-east of St. Denis, through which the traveller passes on his way by rail from Calais to Paris. Three main lines of railway lead from the eastern frontier of France direct to this gap, which is fully nine miles wide. According to a French authority (Lieut.-Colonel Hennebert) it is proposed to place a system of works at Blanc Mesnil, but a long day both by rail and on horseback in this section of the defences has convinced the writer that owing to the nature of the ground, which in this case is favourable to the attack, this corner, even when artificially protected, must always constitute a weak spot in the Paris defences. The fact of the existence of this vulnerable point is of course well known to the German staff, and has been made the subject of open discussion both in the French and German press.

(1) *The Balance of Military Power in Europe.* By Colonel Maurice, R.A. To this sum must now be added the £20,000,000 which M. de Freycinet obtained from the French Chamber after only two hours' debate last December.

Such is a brief description of the fortifications of Paris, which, incomplete as they still are, would even now render a close investment of the place, as it was invested in 1870, a matter of sheer impossibility. According to the calculation of a recent German writer, twenty German army corps (about 600,000 men) would now be necessary for an investment which was maintained throughout the winter of 1870—71 by a force which never exceeded 236,000. What action the German staff would probably take to meet this altered condition of affairs it is beyond the scope of this paper to discuss. It only remains to say that the new fortifications of Paris have not been made without much opposition both on military and financial grounds. When, however, the last word has been spoken against them, it is impossible not to feel that the experience of the past is a justification for their erection. In that terrible struggle for which the French are preparing with such admirable fortitude, and which, as far as France is concerned, must be a struggle for national life or death, the fortifications round Paris, enclosing as they do three entrenched camps with vast stores of war *matériel*, will be a tremendous source of moral and material strength. The commanders of the field armies, upon which after all the fate of the country will depend, cannot fail to find their hands strengthened for offensive operations when they know that they leave behind them in their citadel-capital an impregnable national stronghold, for the safety of which they need have no anxiety, while they go forward to meet their enemies at the front.

THE GREAT SERVIAN FESTIVAL.

THERE is something peculiarly touching in the spectacle of a whole people celebrating, after a long lapse of centuries, the memory of a great national disaster. We are accustomed to commemorations of great victories, of national triumphs, of declarations of independence, of revolutions undertaken with success. Not many months have passed since we celebrated the deliverance of England from the Armada; a few weeks ago America recorded the uprising of the New World against the tyranny of the Old; to day France is signalizing, on a scale without precedent in the history of the world, the birth of liberty in modern Europe. In the festival, which has just come to a close, Servia, once more free, looks back through the night of four centuries of oppression to the sunset of her greatness and her freedom on the field of Kossovo. From the date of that fatal battle (June 15/27, 1389), in which the Servian Czar Lazar, together with the flower of his nobility and almost the whole of his army, perished, down to the beginning of the present century Servia remained under subjection to Turkish rule, though for a time she retained a nominal freedom under her own despots. The fact that the total subjugation of the country was not accomplished after Kossovo has led some among the Servians to regard that battle as a Pyrrhic victory for their conquerors, and to talk of its result with unbecoming pride. I have heard certain of them speak in the same way of Slivnitza. But the majority of the nation, with better sense, acknowledges the reality of the defeat, none the less reverencing the memory of those who fell fighting for their faith and their country against the fanatical invader.

It is not, however, with a mere sentimental interest that the Servians look back to Kossovo, just as Frenchmen might regard Agincourt, or Scotchmen Flodden Field. Turkish rule in Servia was still a hideous reality at the beginning of the present century, and there are many Servians still living who can remember the impalement of their fellow-countrymen on the heights of Belgrade. Twenty-seven years ago that city was bombarded in time of peace by the Turks, who still held possession of the citadel. It was in 1804 that George Petrovich, the gloomy stern peasant, whom his countrymen called "Kara George," or Black George, led the villagers of Topola against the Turks, and liberty again dawned upon Servia. But Kara George, compelled to purchase Russian protection at the price of a convention which practically transformed Servia into a Russian government, was deserted by his

faithless ally, and fled across the Save into Austria, leaving his country a prey to the vengeance of the Turks. The final recovery of Servian independence dates from Palm Sunday, 1815, when Milosh Obrenovich, the swineherd of Takovo, set up the national standard beneath an oak near the church of his native village. Milosh, who met with the usual fate of all rulers in the Balkan countries who incur the displeasure of Russia, was obliged to abdicate in 1839; but the Obrenovich dynasty nevertheless took root in the country, and, except for an interval of sixteen years, during which Alexander Karageorgevich, the son of Black George, occupied the throne, it has retained uninterrupted possession of the supreme power. The young King Alexander I. is the great-grandson of Ephrem, brother of Milosh the swineherd. It must always be remembered, to the credit of Servia, that she worked out her deliverance under Milosh unaided and alone.

"Happy the people who have no history." In one sense of the word the Servians have no history, or at least no written record of events worthy of that name; and yet it can hardly be said that the retrospect of the past is a happy one. A few chronicles preserved in the monasteries, some biographies of kings who were regarded as saints, and an essay on general history by Raïch are almost the only Servian sources of history extant. Even these were written in the liturgical language, unintelligible and practically unknown to the people. But the popular imagination and the popular love of song has made up for the deficiency of authentic records. The Servian *pesmas*, or heroic songs, are the real annals of the nation. They form a national epic of the highest interest and value, thoroughly indigenous, untouched by external influence, and containing at least the outlines of historical facts, while affording a vivid picture of the life, the manners, the ideas and the aspirations of former generations of the Servian race. Composed soon after the events they narrate, and in a style suited to please the audiences of the day, they have much of the fresh spontaneous charm of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; and though no Servian Homer has arisen to weld them, like the old Greek rhapsodies, into a harmonious whole, they continue to furnish the simple, half-educated peasantry with a life-like and fairly connected idea of the heroes of olden time and their achievements. There are few peasants who cannot recite half a dozen or more of these primitive lays to the accompaniment of the *gouslé*, a kind of one-stringed violin made of sycamore wood and played with an arched bow. Every event in Servian life which brings the people together—the village festival, the wedding, the *slava*, or patron saint's day—furnishes occasion for the recitation of the *pesma*, as well as for the dancing of the *kolo*, or national dance; wandering minstrels go from village to village, and

the *haidouks*, or brigands, in their winter lairs pass the night in singing the exploits of mighty men of old, many of whom were adepts in their own particular trade. And so it is that every Servian peasant is familiar with the names and deeds of those who fought and fell at Kossovo—the good Czar Lazar, his wife's father, the brave Youg Bogdan, his brothers-in-law the nine Yougovich, and his two sons-in-law, the nobly-descended traitor Vouk Brankovich, and the low-born but valiant and handsome Milosh Obilich, the Scaevola of Servia and the darling of the popular legend. Perhaps there is no people in Europe more familiar with its ancient folk-lore. "Littérairement," says Emile Montégut, "il n'y a pas en Europe de peuple plus intéressant. Par lui nous pouvons pénétrer le mystère des poésies primitives."

It would be impossible to realise the significance of the Kossovo festival to the Southern Slavs without some slight acquaintance with the legends which have interwoven themselves with the memory of the greatest catastrophe in the history of the race. Kossovo was to the Southern Slavs, and more especially to the Servians, what Mohácz was to the Hungarians and Ceuta to the Spaniards The great Czar Dushan, who had extended his rule from the Adriatic almost to the gates of Byzantium had died thirty-three years before; and his empire perished with him owing to the disputes of its feudatory princes. In about twenty years' time Lazar, who had married Militza, a descendant of the ancient dynasty of the Nemanich, succeeded in obtaining the allegiance of many of these turbulent chiefs; but it was owing to their dissensions and treachery that he eventually lost his kingdom and his life. When Czar Lazar had reigned more than twelve years, the Sultan Murad I. arrived with a vast army upon the plain of Kossovo, in Old Servia, a district which still remains under Turkish sway. The Sultan sent a message to Lazar demanding tribute, and the Czar received the letter while feasting with his voivodes in his castle at Krushevatz. He asked for their counsel, and Vouk Brankovich advised submission. "The Turks," he said, "are to the Servians as three to one; fight we may, but conquer we cannot." But Milosh, the Czar's other son-in-law, interrupted him with fiery indignation. "We will not give our land away as women might," he said; "let us meet Murad on Kossovo, and die the death of heroes." The Czar and his voivodes applauded these words, and all made preparations for battle. An estrangement had already existed between the brothers-in-law, and the success of Milosh led to the quarrel on which turns the whole tragedy of Kossovo.

In the Servian legend, as in all national traditions, women play a prominent part, and indeed are generally the cause of all the mischief that happens. The Czar's two daughters had quarrelled over

the merits of their respective husbands, and the wife of Brankovich had spoken of Milosh as "a peasant's son nurtured on mare's milk," emphasising her words by striking her sister, whose face she wounded with the diamond ring on her finger. Milosh, finding his young wife weeping in the garden, somewhat illogically attacked Brankovich, whom he flung to the earth, breaking two of his teeth. The good Czar reconciled his sons-in-law for the time, but Brankovich cherished schemes of revenge. Finding that battle was decided upon, he persuaded the Czar that Milosh had held traitorous parley with the Turks, and had agreed to desert him during the conflict. On the night before the battle the Czar gave a banquet in his tent, and drank to the health of Milosh as "the bravest man in his army," at the same time reproaching him for his intended perfidy, and handing him the golden cup to keep as a memorial of himself. Milosh, deeply wounded in feeling, swore to the Czar that he would give him a proof of his loyalty, and strode in indignation from the tent. That night he rode over to the Turkish camp and demanded an interview with the Sultan Murad. The Sultan offered his foot to the giaour to kiss, but Milosh rushed upon him and stabbed him mortally with his dagger. He then leaped upon his charger and cut his way through the Ottoman host. "Turkish heads fell," says the song, "even as the ripe corn falls in harvest," until the Turks, at the suggestion of an old woman, threw their sabres and bossed shields beneath the feet of his horse; the good steed fell, and Milosh was made prisoner. Meanwhile the day had dawned, and Czar Lazar, sadly anxious for the fate of his son-in-law, rode forth to battle. The Empress Militza had besought her husband that at least one of her brothers, the nine Yougovich, might be left with her during the day, and the Czar had granted her request. At daybreak she hastened to the gate of Krushevatz, and as the nine brothers came forth, each at the head of nine thousand men, she threw her arms around their necks and implored them one by one to remain. It was all in vain, and when the last of her brothers had passed onwards she fell fainting on the pavement. Soon after the Czar rode by, and seeing the unconscious form of his wife he wept, and bade his page, Golubin, get down from his charger and bear her gently in his arms to the castle. The page did as he was commanded, but he could not endure to remain away from the fray, and hastening to the battle-field he fell by his master's side at Kossovo.

The legendary tales concerning the battle itself are numerous and highly poetical. Before the combat was joined, St. Elias, in the form of a grey falcon, came flying from the holy city Jerusalem, bearing a message to the Czar which offered him the alternative of choosing the earthly or the heavenly kingdom; if he chose the former, victory would attend his arms, if he chose the latter, he and

his whole army would perish. The Czar chose the heavenly kingdom, "for the kingdoms of earth are but fleeting, and the kingdoms of heaven everlasting;" and he and his soldiers received the Holy Communion from the Patriarch and twelve bishops on the field of battle. During the fight prodigies of valour were performed on both sides, and the exploits of the heroes are even more marvellous than those of the Homeric chiefs. The nine Youguovich each routed seven pashas before they were slain. Duke Stephan cut off the heads of nine pashas, and Ban Strahinya swept off twenty Turkish heads with a single stroke of his sword. But the fate of the Servians was decided by the withdrawing of Brankovich at the head of twelve thousand of the bravest warriors. The Christian army was annihilated, and the good Czar Lazar slain. His corpse was borne into the tent of Murad, who was still breathing, though at the point of death. Milosh, who was doomed to be beheaded, lay bound in the tent. The Sultan's son, Bayazet, asked for his father's dying wishes; but I will quote the Sultan's reply, as well as the concluding lines of one of the poems, from a translation by Madame Mijatovich:—

"To his son said, then, Murad the Sultan:
'Bury Milosh's body beside me,
But lay beneath my feet the Czar Lazar,
That the Raya be ever thy vassals!'
Then spoke out the bold Obilich Milosh
(Lying bound there in sight of the Sultan):
'I beseech thee, O Murad, great Sultan!
Let not thus our dead bodies be buried;
Let the two Czars lie in death side by side,
Let me lie at the feet of Czar Lazar!
His true knight was I ever in this world,
His true vassal I would be in that one.'
When the brave Murad, that great Sultan, heard this,
With his last gasping breath breathed he faintly:
'So be it, O Bayazet, my dear son,
Let us lie as said Obilich Milosh.'"

Such, in the briefest outline, is the legend of Kossovo, which recalls to the Southern Slavs, and more especially to the Servians, the memory of a heroic past. To them the episodes of the great Turkish invasion are but as the events of yesterday, for the national history has slept through a trance of four centuries, and the present generation can almost remember the time of awakening. It is thus that the battles of Aughrim and the Boyne and the peace of Limerick appear more recent events to Irishmen than to Englishmen, because Ireland under the Penal Code had no history for a century. Resembling the Irish in their power of imagination, in their attachment to song and legend, and in the peculiar tendency to melancholy which pervades their national literature and music, the

Servians are also, like our fellow-subjects, enthusiastic political dreamers. The tide of national sentiment which ran so high during the great festival naturally flows in the direction of Panserbism; but the agents of Russia have been busily turning it into the channel of Panslavism, although the Northern Slavs cannot claim a share in the glories of Kossovo, and Russia had no part in the liberation of Servia. *Sic vos non vobis*, we may say to the Servian Chauvinists who have danced to the Muscovite pipe on this noteworthy occasion. For the last thing that Russia will ever permit is the re-establishment of the empire of Stephan Dushan.

The rays of the morning sun had just begun to gild the battlements of the venerable fortress of Belgrade when I started for Krushevatz, the ancient capital of Czar Lazar, in order to attend the Kossovo celebration. It was a relief to depart from Belgrade, the most backward, the most *triste*, the most malodorous, the most dusty, the most unwholesome of Balkan capitals, where fever from within and malaria from without contend for the mastery over each successive visitor. It seems astonishing that a city which occupies a magnificent commercial site, and from which Budapest can be reached in six hours and Vienna in twice that time, should be so hopelessly distanced in the race of civilisation by remote Bucharest and newly-liberated Sophia. My *compagnon de voyage* was M. Mijatovich, whom many English friends will remember as Servian Minister in London, and who is generally regarded by his fellow-countrymen as the most learned man in Servia. A special train conveyed the invited guests to Stalatz, a little road-side station in the Morava Valley. The compartment we occupied was shared by M. Zankoff, once Bulgarian Prime Minister, now Bulgarian exile and conspirator, who spoke much as we journeyed onwards of the disinterestedness and omnipotence of Russia, and of the necessity for Prince Ferdinand to make a speedy departure from Bulgaria if he did not wish to provoke a "catastrophe." His sentiments were echoed by M. Gabrielovich, a fine old man of ninety-four, who had once been Regent of Servia, and who discoursed with all the energy of a man in the prime of life. We travelled through a rich undulating country, in which pleasantly wooded hills alternated with golden corn-fields, and reached Stalatz early in the afternoon. We were now in the heart of Servia, and it was evident that we had already passed the confines of civilisation. A number of vehicles of every conceivable description, including several of the springless wagons used by the peasantry, was in waiting to convey us to Krushevatz; and it fell to my lot to share a carriage of fairly modern type with M. Zankoff. We followed the course of the "Servian" Morava as it winds amid lovely scenery through a fertile valley; the harvesters were already at work in the wheat-fields, and the tall maize-plants were waving in the gentle

breeze. In a couple of hours we entered the streets of Krushevatz in a long procession, of which, thanks to the excellence of our driver, M. Zankoff and I were at the head; and I blushed to think of what my Bulgarian friends would say if they could have witnessed our joint appearance in this extremely public fashion.

Krushevatz, a town of some five thousand inhabitants, lies picturesquely situated among rich pastures, overlooked by ranges of blue mountains. At the western end stands all that is left of Czar Lazar's castle, a single ruined tower. The streets, which were prettily decorated with flags, festoons, and branches of trees, were already filled with a motley crowd, mainly composed of peasants, though here and there one could discern many faces and costumes not belonging to the country. In the centre of the town there was a large triumphal arch, bearing several mottoes and inscriptions, distinctly irredentist in character, and composed without much regard to Austrian susceptibilities. The most suggestive of these ran as follows:—"The Servian race does not fear misfortune, because the Great Slav Mother protects her children." "Woe to the brother without his brother, even as to the pigeon that has strayed from the flock." There were also the usual loyal mottoes, such as "Long live Alexander I.," and others expressing the hope that the Servian race might be united under the young king. The names "Bosnia," "Herzegovina," "Syrmia," "Croatia," "Batshko," "Zeta" (Montenegro), "Slavonia," "Macedonia," and "Dalmatia," appeared in large letters, with dates attached referring to revolutions which have taken place in those countries. Dalmatia is indeed fortunate, for she owes her inclusion in the future Servian Empire to a lucky accident. It so happened that M. Suknaroff, a distinguished Bulgarian, arrived at Krushevatz a little before most of the visitors. He found the name "Znepolye," the district around Küstendil in Bulgaria, posted up on the arch with a suitable date. He remonstrated so effectually that a painter was sent to erase the name and to paint in another. *Some* name had to be substituted, and the lot fell upon Dalmatia. Whether the date was altered I do not know, but that did not matter. A stroke of the brush was sufficient to divert the national aspirations from an easterly to a westerly direction. Happy Dalmatia! This will be pleasant reading for her sympathisers, and above all for Professor Freeman, with whose recent utterances concerning the Hapsburgs in South-Eastern Europe I hope to deal on a future occasion. To persons of his way of thinking it will appear eminently reasonable that Servia should claim any or all of the above-mentioned districts which belong to or are occupied by Austria-Hungary.

But some interesting questions arise as to the other names exhibited. Is Servia to be given to Zeta or Zeta to Servia? Is the

Prince of Montenegro to oust a national dynasty which has reigned for nearly three-quarters of a century? The "only true and sincere friend" of the Czar is a foreigner; his son-in-law, Prince Karageorgevich, has at least the right of a pretender; and is a Servian. How will Russia adjust the claims of father-in-law and son-in-law? The Russophil Servians cannot say; it will be settled "somehow;" the Obrenovich dynasty must disappear. Russia, in fact, has not shown her hand, and they must be content to wait for the present. As to Macedonia, an incident which occurred later at Kralievo shows how Russia regards the Servian claims on that country. A Servian Radical and Russophil, who spoke with inspiration, delivered a violently irredentist harangue at a banquet in presence of M. Persiani, the Russian Minister. He gave a list of the countries to which Servian aspirations extend, but did not mention Macedonia. Some of those who were present cried out, "Macedonia," but he refused to take the hint. The fact is that Russia regards Macedonia as an appendage to her future Bulgarian province, and the Servians must cherish no illusions on this point. It was unfortunate that the brush was not also passed over Macedonia, and some Austrian province, say Istria, substituted in its stead. For Austria has received so many buffets during the last few months that an extra cuff or two would not signify, whereas Russia says, "Hands off" from Macedonia. There were also sins of omission. "Bulgaria" did not appear, though that country formed part of Czar Dushan's empire. Since King Milan's abdication, Russia has been encouraging the Servians in hostility to Bulgaria, and some of them talk airily about a *revanche* for Slivnitza. It is amusing to hear it asserted that if Austria had not intervened after that battle the Servians would have made a triumphal progress to Sophia. If another fratricidal conflict takes place, the result, assuming fair play, cannot be a matter of doubt to any one who knows the two armies. But even if Servia *should* win, the spoils of victory would not be hers. It would be *Sic vos non vobis* again.

King Alexander arrived about half-past five in the afternoon, accompanied by the Regents Protich and Belimarkovich. M. Ristich was reported to be ill and did not appear. The King, who has not yet reached his thirteenth year, is a pleasant, bright-looking little fellow, with a winning smile and a face that sometimes lights up with a peculiar animation, though at other times it wears an absent and distracted expression, such as one might expect in the case of a boy who spends the whole of his time in the company of grown-up persons. King Alexander has no playmates; a drive along the dusty roads near Belgrade or a walk in the palace garden are his only recreations. The rest of his time is spent with his tutors, who instruct him in Latin, English, French, German, mathematics and music. For mathematics he has a remarkable taste; and when he

was but four years of age he used to puzzle his father's ministers with problems which they could not solve. The Kossovo celebrations must have brought some relief to the monotony of his existence; but even during these days the enormously long church services and the continual round of ceremonies must have somewhat taxed his strength, and more than once he looked very weary. I wonder how many English school-boys, who talk lightly of being "as happy as a king," would be able to endure a week of King Alexander's life.

The series of celebrations began with a funeral service in the cathedral, which lasted until late in the evening. I did not attend it, but retired early to rest. The window of my room overlooked a modest little *café* which bore the name of the "Gospodin Gladstone," and a picture of the eminent statesman with a most amiable expression hung over the door, while groups of peasants sat below and sipped their *komoritza* beneath the smiles of the grand old man. Mr. Gladstone's name is still venerated by the Christian populations of the Peninsula. On the morning of the following day—the five hundredth anniversary of Kossovo—the streets presented a most interesting spectacle as vast crowds of peasants in holiday dress streamed in from the surrounding country. A full choral service was celebrated in the cathedral at nine o'clock. The building is small, and there was only room for a limited congregation; but I was one of the fortunate, or rather unfortunate, few who obtained admittance. The service, which was inordinately long, was conducted by Archbishop Michael and the lately restored Bishop Hieronymus of Nish, both prelates wearing magnificent vestments of black and silver with jewelled mitres. The ritual was most elaborate, including endless ceremonies; and occasionally the curtain of the altar-screen was drawn in order that the congregation might not see the more mysterious parts of the performance. Books, relics, and images were handed round to be kissed; there was a constant putting on and off of vestments; an embroidered cloth was shaken over the Archbishop's head to illustrate the quaking of the earth at the Resurrection; and there was a continual waving of candelabra with lighted candles, much to the detriment of the carpet. Then Archbishop Michael administered the Eucharist to the young King, who, though evidently tired, followed the proceedings with the deepest interest. A procession was then formed, and we walked to where a platform had been erected in the open space in front of the cathedral. Here another requiem was celebrated in presence of a vast crowd, which stood bareheaded beneath the burning June sun; and the Archbishop, turning to the young King, delivered a commemorative address remarkable for its tone of loyalty. He chose for his text the words, "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine

everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended;" and spoke eloquently of the former glories of the Servian race and its constancy to the national idea through centuries of misfortune. He invoked a blessing upon the souls of the heroes of Kossovo, and especially upon that of Milosh Obilich, and held up Vouk Brankovich to everlasting execration. As it was stated by London newspapers that the Archbishop avoided mentioning King Alexander's name, and that the omission gave rise to much comment, I subjoin a translation of the conclusion of his address:—

"May the memory of the heroes of Kossovo kindle the patriotism of us their posterity; may their example teach us to love our people and our Sovereign, and to scorn and execrate traitors. May we rally round our young ruler, King Alexander, and never permit a traitor to arise in our midst. Ye immortal heroes aloft in the heavenly kingdom, thou great Czar Lazar, and all ye who have fallen on the field of honour for the Cross and your country, look down upon your descendants, who implore your mediation before the heavenly throne, and beseech you to help them that the Servian Empire may again be renewed, and that all the dismembered portions of our race may be united. (A murmur of applause ran through the assembly at these words.) Peace be to your ashes, ye heroes! May repose be granted to you in the Servian soil (Kossovo still belongs to Turkey), which has been saturated with your blood! May your righteous and patriotic souls live evermore in the enjoyment of perpetual felicity, world without end! Amen."

After this one must either conclude that the Archbishop's political views have been much misrepresented, or else that if he is, as is generally said, a partisan of the Prince of Montenegro, he must be the very type of a consummate traitor. It was a touching sight to see the young lad listening to this harangue, delivered by one who was his father's worst enemy, and whom he has always been taught to regard as bitterly hostile to his throne and his dynasty.

During the service funeral volleys were fired by the troops, and a march past took place at its conclusion. There is good material in the Servian soldiers, but they are deficient in smartness, and inferior to the Bulgarians in physique and military bearing. In the afternoon the foundation stone of a monument to the slain at Kossovo was laid in the central piazza of the town. The king, preceded by the archbishop and clergy and followed by the regents and ministers, walked to the spot, and was received with cries of "Zivio!" by the crowd, which had now reached enormous proportions. It was interesting to see the peasant women straining to catch a glimpse of their young sovereign, and to note the motherly expression of their faces. There was, of course, a long religious service, and the stone was plentifully sprinkled with holy water by the Archbishop before it was laid by the King. The silver trowel used on this occasion had met with an adventure. It was brought from Belgrade in a Gladstone bag on the previous evening by one of the officials, but a passenger who came in the same train took the bag in mistake for

his own. It was by the merest accident that the official overheard this person complaining in an inn that he had lost his bag, and so the trowel was recovered in time for the ceremony. An oration, this time delivered by a layman, concluded the day's programme; but as the evening wore on the crowd of peasants in the streets showed no diminution. They strolled about, or sat round tables in the open air, enjoying themselves in their own quiet fashion, and drinking sundry beverages peculiar to the country. There was no drunkenness, no horseplay, no loud laughter, no practical jokes; nothing, in fact, to remind one of a London crowd. It would amaze these simple people to see how the festive Briton disports himself on Lord Mayor's Day or on the road to the Derby. If they could witness Regent Street at midnight they would expect a descent of fire and brimstone before they could put up their quaint brown umbrellas.

Next day the king laid the foundation-stone of a powder-factory in the neighbourhood of the town—by no means, I should say, an unmitigated blessing to the district—and in the evening he presided at a cold collation, which was served to about two hundred guests, in a kind of shed. Many speeches were delivered, and one of them found special favour with the audience. M. Plato Kulakovski, the editor of a Warsaw journal, dwelt upon the sympathies of Russia for Servia. He spoke in Russian, and most of those present, not understanding what he said, thought that the Czar's health had been proposed. Loud cheers followed, and an officer of high rank, who sat at the king's table, left his seat and ordered the band to play the Russian national anthem, which was sung by the whole company. It was an audacious act to interfere thus with the programme approved by the Government, and the officer was informed that he would be called to account for what he had done, but he replied that he did not care what punishment he received, as it was time that the world should know what was the real feeling of Servia. After the king and most of the invited guests had left, a number of peasants came in and seated themselves at the tables. One of them arose and proposed the health of King Milan and his speedy return to Servia, remarking somewhat naïvely that he himself, too, was father of a boy of twelve, but that he did not think his farm would prosper if he handed it over to his son at present. His words were applauded by the others. The incident was of no importance, but taken in connection with what had happened shortly before, it confirms my impression that the reaction in favour of Russia is mainly confined to the official and mercantile classes. The distribution of Russian gold has hardly reached the peasants. They are taught by their priests to look up to Russia, but ecclesiastical influence is on the wane with the spread of education. All they want is light taxation; if possible,

no conscription; security of property, and, above all, the independence of their country. These are the blessings for which they look to the present Radical Government. And some of them are beginning to complain that their millennium has not yet arrived.

The proceedings had hitherto been of a mournful character, such as befits a commemoration of the dead; but our spirits began to rise in anticipation of joys to come. At Krushevatz we were sad; at Kralievo we were to make merry and rejoice. The dawn of the following day found us *en route* for the latter town. The weather, which had broken on the previous day, had mended again, and the country looked fresh and charming after the rain. I found myself seated with two friends in a primitive kind of wagon, which, however, was much more comfortable than it looked. The road was crowded with every kind of vehicle, but our driver, a prince among Jehus, was equal to every emergency. He sometimes displayed his talents in a way that was rather alarming; as, for instance, when he galloped his team down a hill in order to overtake a rival charioteer, and only pulled up when within a few feet of a ravine at the bottom. He rarely used the whip, but drew from a copious vocabulary as the occasion required. The Servian tongue is rich in expletives; and I may observe parenthetically that the Servian ladies, like the Roman matrons of old, make use of a phraseology exclusively their own. The men, as a rule, only swear, but the women curse. The imprecations of a Servian housewife in search of insects are, I am told, absolutely appalling. Our horses were in excellent condition, and surprisingly intelligent and willing, whisking their tails and pricking their ears as they mended their pace at the slightest word from our skilful Automedon. When he wished to stimulate their energies, he said, "Death and ruin to you;" when he wanted to coax them, he said, "Little boys."

The road to Kralievo lies through a country of surpassing richness and beauty watered by the Morava, and surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains. On either hand were vineyards and golden cornfields, and tall luxuriant maize-plants, with great gourds thriving beneath their shade. Flax, too, was abundant, and here and there green pastures were visible, sheltered by walnut trees and pleasant coppices of oak and chestnut. On the hill-sides we could see villages nestling closely amid groves of plum trees, the low red-tiled roofs being almost wholly concealed from view; and, in some cases, the houses were so widely scattered apart that one could hardly define the limits of the rustic community. For the Servian peasant likes to have his domicile in the centre of his little estate; and perhaps he is none the worse off for not being too near to his neighbour's dwelling. As we advanced, the scenery became wilder and more romantic, until we entered the little town of Trsténik, which we

found gaily decorated with flags and garlands of flowers. We crossed the Morava by a bridge, which had been transformed into a kind of sylvan arcade by means of green boughs; and ascending a beautiful wooded valley we came in sight of the monastery of Lubostin, standing in the centre of an amphitheatre of lofty hills. Here we were received by Archbishop Michael and the Archimandrite Duchich, a splendid specimen of the Church militant, who had more than once exchanged the gown for the sword, and had led an insurrection in Herzegovina with conspicuous bravery. We inspected the ancient Byzantine church, which contains the sarcophagus of the Empress Militza. Numerous mediæval frescoes adorn the walls, but one of the figures has been almost destroyed by the peasants, who have taken away portions of the plaster to serve as charms.

At Lubostin there was a scene which, more than anything I have ever witnessed, recalled visions of the golden age. It was a magnificent summer day, and the rays of the noon-tide sun were streaming brightly through the foliage of the noble walnut trees which surround the monastery. Some thousand peasants in holiday costume were scattered in groups beneath the shade, the brilliant hues of their garments forming a pleasant contrast with the rich verdure of the greensward. They had come with their wagons and their oxen, and the handsome sleepy-eyed animals were reposing hard by, chewing the cud of peace, and apparently as happy and contented as their masters. Horses, too, bearing on their backs gorgeously coloured rugs, on which their riders sleep at night when they undertake long journeys, were standing beneath the trees; lambs and sucking-pigs were turning on wooden spits over pine-wood fires; rudely made picturesque country carts were being utilised as pantries and wine cellars, and I saw an ecclesiastical dignitary in his robes pushing one of them under a shed. We approached some of the pic-nic parties and found they were enjoying excellent fare—roast lamb, brown and white bread, both of good quality, very palatable cheese, good wine and *komovitza*, a liqueur brewed from barley. The people were most hospitable, offering us a share of their repast with a courtesy and frankness which was very winning, for they are unaccustomed to the existence of social superiors, and feel none of the *mauvaise honte* and artificial distinctions of rank. The costumes of the men were in many cases very handsome, their homespun jackets being embroidered with silver, their waistcoats tastefully worked in flowered patterns of silk, and their worsted stockings showing wonderful varieties of design in brilliant colouring. The dress of the women was scarcely as picturesque, but very effective in the distance, owing to the brightness of its hues; many of them wore yellow silk handkerchiefs round their heads and strings of coins in their hair. It

would seem as though the Servian women exhausted their æsthetic faculties in the adornment of their lords. They are prettier than their Bulgarian sisters, but nature, in the case of both nations, seems to have lavished most of her favours on the men. It was impossible to look upon these sturdy countrymen, with their well-nourished frames and contented faces, without reflecting that something at least may be said for a system of peasant proprietary. They have each of them a small estate of at least nine acres, which they are forbidden to sell or pledge; and if they want more land they can easily obtain a grant from the Government if they can give satisfactory proofs of industry. Sometimes they work together in associations of families, or *sadrugas;* and this system of practical socialism has been found so advantageous, owing to the pressure exerted upon the idle, that the Government encourages it by remissions of taxation and military service. But there is a difficulty, I regret to say, in inducing the women to live together in peace. The land is fertile, and supplies the modest wants of the Servian peasant without exacting any great amount of labour; he has time for a holiday such as this—in the middle of the harvest, and for many more besides. It seems deplorable to our commercial instinct that the most should not be made out of the soil; but there is really no reason why the Servian peasant should be richer than he cares to be. He is happy, and that is enough. And it would be rash to assert that the average of happiness is lower in this sunny land of ease and plenty than in a certain island in the far north-west, where, amid fogs and smoke, millions toil unceasingly for wealth they have no time to enjoy, and Mammon and Respectability are as gods, with Mrs. Grundy for their archpriestess. There is a kindly reasonableness—shall I say a [illegible]ian charity?—in the habits and even in the laws of these unsophisticated people; they have not yet been hardened by the greed of gain and the daily sight of poverty and rags amid enormous wealth. The village inn, for instance, is open free at night to the poor wayfarer; he is neither driven to the nearest haystack for shelter and then prosecuted for trespass, nor is he arrested for the crime of having "no visible means of subsistence." There are no beggars in Servia, for the blind and the maimed earn their living as village minstrels, and the healthy and strong find abundant occupation, and can become landowners if they will. Mrs. Grundy would not approve of the Servian peasants; but they are nearer to the kingdom of heaven than she is. It is interesting, as we stand on the threshold of the twentieth century, to follow the life and manners of these last survivors of a patriarchal age—

> ". . . extrema per illos
> Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit."

The King remained some time at the monastery and prayed at the tomb of the Empress Militza. He then proceeded with Archbishop Michael to the villa of General Belimarkovich, which is situated close to the baths of Vrnatz, the Aix-les-Bains of Servia. Here a number of little pagans were admitted into the Orthodox Church, for the General had sworn that none of his children should be baptized until the return of the Archbishop. Most of our party, however, went on to Kralievo, the nearest town to the monastery of Zicha, where the anointment of the young King was to take place. The road led through a country so thickly overgrown with trees as to resemble a vast forest, with fine mountains rising in the background. Kralievo lies in the picturesque valley of the Ibar, a tributary of the Morava. The streets have been laid out with the utmost regularity, radiating from a wide open space in the centre, which forms an exact circle. They are infinitely cleaner and better paved than those of Belgrade. The little town is prettily planted with acacias, magnolias, and pine-trees, and is overlooked by ranges of mountains, on which bonfires burned at night.

In the afternoon of the following day the King made his entry on foot into the town, now filled with an immense concourse of peasants, and gaily decked with festoons and flags. Before him marched the inevitable dog, which I think must be a familiar spirit sent to spoil the dignity of human pageants; and in front of the dog was a chicken, which finding no rest for the sole of her foot among the crowd, was compelled to head the procession. The King seemed to have recovered from the fatigue of the long ceremonials at Krushevatz, and smiled brightly and pleasantly to the people as they saluted him with cries of "Zivio!" He proceeded to the School of Agriculture, which had been prepared for his reception. In like manner at Krushevatz the principal school had been transformed into a palace. It speaks well for the Servians that the schools are usually the finest buildings in their towns. At night there was a torchlight procession, and the peasants assembled in the circular piazza and danced the *kolo* around several fires. The scene was very animated and striking.

The event of the following day was the arrival of M. Persiani, the Russian Minister. The diplomats at Belgrade were in the dark as to M. Persiani's movements, and his intended arrival had only been made known in Kralievo the night before. The Russophil party, however, were equal to the occasion. Twenty carriages conveying some of the principal citizens were sent to meet the Russian envoy at the boundary of the district; several choral societies assembled before the house which had been prepared for him and sang the Russian national hymn as he approached, and a considerable crowd cheered loudly until M. Persiani appeared on a balcony and made a

short speech. I was not present on this occasion, but wishing to judge of the demeanour of the people for myself, I stood among a crowd of peasants who had assembled in the afternoon before the royal residence in order to see M. Persiani arrive in state to pay his respects to the King. The Russian Minister and his first secretary drove up in royal carriages attended by the King's aides-de-camp and escorted by a troop of cavalry. Some of the peasants lifted their hats, but an attempt to get up a cheer failed, as there was no enthusiasm. This confirms my opinion that the peasants are untouched by the zeal for Russia which prevails in other sections of Servian society. During this and the following day M. Persiani was a very conspicuous personage; and it was fortunate for some of his diplomatic colleagues that their orders to attend the anointment came too late. I confess I should have somewhat resented the assignment of an inferior place to the Minister who so worthily represents the Queen of England at Belgrade. At night a banquet was given in honour of M. Persiani by the King, to whom he had already delivered an autograph letter from the Czar.

At daybreak all the visitors at Kralievo and nearly all the inhabitants had taken the road for Zicha. The ancient church, in which seven former monarchs of Servia were either crowned or anointed, stands among rich meadows and beautiful wooded hills, at the distance of two miles from the town. The nave is in ruins; but the chancel is in good preservation, with the exception of the figures in fresco on the walls, the eyes of which were put out by the Turks after the suppression of Karageorge's revolt. Here St. Sava anointed his brother Stephen first king of Servia more than a thousand years ago. There are seven doors in the building, through each of which a newly crowned king has passed; and an eighth aperture has been made through which King Alexander was led after he had been anointed. As the young king, with M. Persiani on his right, passed up the grassy slope on which the church is built, Archbishop Michael, in robes of silver brocade bordered with gold, descended with the clergy to meet him. He bestowed a kiss—was it the kiss, or the rich foliage around that reminded me that moment of the garden of Gethsemane?—upon the poor lad, who was obliged to go through all this ordeal fasting because he could not otherwise receive the Eucharist after being anointed; and then led the way into the church. The king took his place on a daïs beneath a kind of stall, the clergy being on his right, and M. Persiani on his left, between him and the Regents. The service consisted of endless ceremonies, including the kissing of books and relics and the recitation of the Creed by the young king; and after it had lasted about an hour the Bishop of Nish advanced, and taking the King by the hand led him to Archbishop Michael, who stood in the doorway of the screen wearing a

mitre resplendent with jewels. The King kissed the effigies of saints on either hand of the Archbishop, who then anointed him with holy oil from Palestine on the forehead, hands, elbows, and, his tunic being opened, on the breast. The Bishop of Nish and the Archimandrite Duchich then led him back to his stall. It was an impressive and indeed a sad scene; for one could not but remember that this young boy was now almost at the mercy of these ecclesiastics, whom he had hitherto learned to look upon as outlaws, or at least as men tainted with treasonable designs. Archbishop Michael is now the most powerful man in the kingdom. He is the type of an Oriental prelate, courteous, dignified, and venerable; but in the studied benignity of his countenance there lurks an expression of obstinate determination, and there is a restless shiftiness in his pale blue eyes.

As I looked upon the group which stood around I could not help reflecting that there are stern realities in Servian political life. Next to the Regents stood General Gruich, an honest upright statesman, whose former feelings towards Russia may be judged from the fact that he fought as a volunteer on the side of the Poles in 1860. Close by were M. Gersich, Minister of Justice, and M. Pera Todorovich, once leader of the Radicals, both of whom were condemned to death for their participation in the Timok Valley insurrection, during which three hundred peasants were judicially murdered by sentence of court-martial, because they forcibly resisted being disarmed by the Government. Here, too, was M. Taushanovitz, the Minister of the Interior, who had also been sentenced to death at the same time. M. Taushanovitz is perhaps the most remarkable man in Servia. He is an extreme Radical and a violent demagogue; but perhaps the enjoyment of office has moderated his zeal. He was President of the Great Skuptschina during the recent constitutional crisis, but shortly before it he went over to King Milan on the divorce question. He began life as a tobacconist, and perhaps it would have been better if he had continued to pursue his peaceful calling, for as a politician he does not seem to be trusted even by his own friends. His recent attempts to get the army under his control have not met the approbation of his colleagues. The army is well known to be devoted to King Milan, and the Radical leaders look on it with suspicion. At the elections they promised to disband it and to restore the old system of a peasant militia, which, however, would be utterly useless for the purposes of modern warfare. M. Taushanovitz, failing to obtain the control of the army, has supplied arms to thirty thousand peasants with the ostensible object of assisting them to put down brigandage, though he continually assures newspaper correspondents that there are not forty brigands in the country. Whether these thirty thousand peasants will be led by Russian officers against

Bulgaria, or used to resist a *coup de main* with the army on the part of King Milan, time will reveal. It is rumoured that M. Taushanovitz while in opposition hired a gang of assassins to murder M. Garashanine. That eminent statesman did not of course appear at Zicha, but another leader of the now extinct Progressist party was there. Among those who stood around there was not one whom the young King's eye sought out with greater affection than his father's trusted friend, M. Mijatovich, the learned and accomplished President of the Servian Academy.

The King had hardly been anointed when the nerves of the congregation were disturbed by the thunder of artillery, accompanied by the sound of falling glass, as one of the windows of the church fell in. A telegram was handed by one of the Regents to M. Persiani, who gave it to the King. A bright smile passed over the boy's weary face as he read it. It was from King Milan. A pause was now made, and the King was taken into the open air and given some wine. The ceremonies then went on for another hour, but I remained outside the church admiring the picturesque crowd of peasants and the lovely scenery. At length the King appeared, accompanied by M. Persiani, and proceeded to a pavilion in the adjoining meadow, in which he stood with the Russian Minister on his right and Archbishop Michael on his left, the Regents standing behind him. Deputations from every district in the country then passed by and cheered, and afterwards the troops marched past. M. Persiani, who had shaken hands with Archbishop Michael in front of the young King, now assumed a very prominent position, and it looked as if there was already a Russian Resident at the Court of Belgrade. When the King left for Kralievo M. Persiani followed in the next carriage with a separate escort. In the afternoon two thousand persons sat down to a repast under an enormous booth made of branches of trees; the King was present, and the Czar's health was drunk amid loud cheers. A great torchlight procession, with dancing and fireworks, followed in the evening.

The King went on next day to visit some monasteries and other places connected with the age of Kossovo, but for most of us the festival had concluded. It was a relief that everything had passed off well, for the air had been filled with rumours, and some kind of catastrophe was feared by many. When the King returned to Belgrade a few days afterwards he was received with a great show of enthusiasm, for the loyal were encouraged by the fact that the Archbishop had pledged himself to support the Obrenovich dynasty, and the effect of the Czar's toast to the Prince of Montenegro was to some extent neutralised.

It is not within the scope of this article to discuss the political situation in Servia, except in so far as it has been affected by the

celebrations I have described. One result of the Kossovo festival has been to confirm the Obrenovich dynasty; another, and apparently a contrary one, has been to enhance, for a while at least, the influence of Russia. It cannot be denied that M. Persiani has scored a great success for his master. But in what direction will Russian influence be exerted? The festival of Kossovo has taken place, as it were, at the point where two tides join, that of reaction against Austria, and that of irredentist Chauvinism. The Russophil demonstrations to which it has given rise should not, perhaps, be treated too seriously. But the Servians are an imaginative people, and they may be led into some foolhardy enterprise in which Russia need not necessarily be compromised, but in which Montenegro and Greece may be persuaded to join. Russia's first object is to expel Prince Ferdinand from Bulgaria; this has been the invariable and vital condition in every overture she has made to the Bulgarians during the last two years. There are always chances in war, and even another Bulgarian triumph might prove as fatal to Prince Ferdinand as Slivnitza for Prince Alexander. And what would be the result to Servia? She would have plucked the chestnuts from the fire—that is all.

The best hope for Servia lies in the strong common sense of her peasant class. The peasants want peace and good government, and will not, I think, allow themselves to be led astray by the noisy politicians of the towns. To them the "Servian Idea" is an idea and nothing more. They love their *pesmas* and legendary lore; but they would rather enjoy their little estates in peace than fight for the empire of Stephen Dushan. They do not want any more Russian officers, for the memory of Tchernaieff's volunteers is odious to them. They have now a democratic Government which they can influence, and they will soon begin to claim security for their lives and property and a more economical and efficient administration. It is the plain duty of their rulers to provide them with this and to give up airy schemes of empire for the present.

Nevertheless the Kossovo celebration has given a great impulse to the progress of Panserbism and the Servian Idea; and it is possible that in her present fit of ambition Servia may allow herself to be deluded by Russian promises of territorial extension. A useful corrective to her severe attack of Russomania aggravated by Chauvinism might be found in the reflection that hated Austria can, and perhaps one day will, offer her more than anything Russia means to give her. The occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina has never been popular either with the Germans or the Hungarians of the Dual Empire, and if Austrian statesmen could only count on a friendly and consistent attitude on the part of Servia in the future, the cession of these provinces to her might yet take place. Bosnia and Herzegovina may yet prove a trump-card in the hand of Austria. But the

transfer would be impossible while Servia remains in her present condition. Austria has herself to thank for much of the ill-feeling now displayed towards her, for she has made many mistakes in her dealings with Servia. But the tide will turn once Russia begins to provoke the country by arrogant interference in its affairs; and if it be true that history repeats itself, she will do so before long. But something more than a *rapprochement* of feeling between Austria and Servia is necessary. Bosnia and Herzegovina have latterly made remarkable progress under Austrian rule; the revenue receipts, for instance, of the former province have increased from 6,000,000 florins in 1880 to 9,000,000 florins in the last year, notwithstanding a diminution of taxation. To give these provinces to Servia as she is would be to check their prosperity and to hand them over to barbarism. It is hard to believe that backward, dirty, malodorous Belgrade is destined to become the capital of a great Balkan empire when one sees the energetic citizens of Sophia spending six millions of francs on draining, lighting, and otherwise improving their town. Bulgarian Common Sense is a dangerous competitor with the Servian Idea for the future mastery of the Peninsula. Bulgaria is carving out her future while Servia is building castles in the air. It would be well for the Servians to take a leaf from the book of the vigorous young nationality beside them, and to remember that improvement at home will sooner or later be followed by expansion abroad.

J. D. Bourchier.

GIORDANO BRUNO.

PARIS: 1586.

"Jetzo, da ich ausgewachsen,
Viel gelesen, viel gereist,
Schwillt mein Herz, und ganz von Herzen,
Glaub' ich an den Heiligen Geist' —HEINE.

It was on the afternoon of the Feast of Pentecost that news of the death of Charles the Ninth went abroad promptly. To his successor the day became a sweet one, to be noted unmistakably by various pious and other observances; and it was on a Whit-Sunday afternoon that curious Parisians had the opportunity of listening to one who, as if with some intentional new version of the sacred event then commemorated, had a great deal to say concerning the Spirit; above all, of the freedom, the independence of its operation. The speaker, though understood to be a brother of the Order of St. Dominic, had not been present at the mass—the usual university mass, *De Spiritu Sancto*, said to-day according to the natural course of the season in the chapel of the Sorbonne, by the Italian Bishop of Paris. It was the reign of the Italians just then, a doubly refined, somewhat morbid, somewhat ash-coloured, Italy in France, more Italian still. Men of Italian birth, "to the great suspicion of simple people," swarmed in Paris, already "flightier, less constant, than the girouettes on its steeples," and it was love for Italian fashions that had brought king and courtiers here to-day, with great *éclat*, as they said, frizzed and starched, in the beautiful, minutely considered dress of the moment, pressing the university into a perhaps not unmerited background; for the promised speaker, about whom tongues had been busy, not only in the Latin quarter, had come from Italy. In an age in which all things about which Parisians much cared must be Italian there might be a hearing for Italian philosophy. Courtiers at least would understand Italian, and this speaker was rumoured to possess in perfection all the curious arts of his native language. And of all the kingly qualities of Henry's youth, the single one that had held by him was that gift of eloquence, which he was able also to value in others—inherited perhaps; for in all the contemporary and subsequent historic gossip about his mother, the two things certain are, that the hands credited with so much mysterious ill-doing were fine ones, and that she was an admirable speaker.

Bruno himself tells us, long after he had withdrawn himself from it, that the monastic life promotes the freedom of the intellect by its

silence and self-concentration. The prospect of such freedom sufficiently explains why a young man who, however well found in worldly and personal advantages, was conscious above all of great intellectual possessions, and of fastidious spirit also, with a remarkable distaste for the vulgar, should have espoused poverty, chastity, obedience, in a Dominican cloister. What liberty of mind may really come to in such places, what daring new departures it may suggest to the strictly monastic temper, is exemplified by the dubious and dangerous mysticism of men like John of Parma and Joachim of Flora, reputed author of the new "Everlasting Gospel," strange dreamers, in a world of sanctified rhetoric, of that later dispensation of the spirit, in which all law must have passed away; or again by a recognised tendency in the great rival Order of St. Francis, in the so-called "spiritual" Franciscans, to understand the dogmatic words of faith *with a difference*.

The three convents in which Bruno lived successively, at Naples, at Citta di Campagna, and finally the *Minerva* at Rome, developed freely, we may suppose, all the mystic qualities of a genius in which, from the first, a heady southern imagination took the lead. But it was from beyond conventional bounds he would look for the sustenance, the fuel, of an ardour born or bred within them. Amid such artificial religious stillness the air itself becomes generous in undertones. The vain young monk (vain of course!) would feed his vanity by puzzling the good, sleepy heads of the average sons of Dominic with his neology, putting new wine into old bottles, teaching them their own business—the new, higher, truer sense of the most familiar terms, the chapters they read, the hymns they sang, above all, as it happened, every word that referred to the Spirit, the reign of the Spirit, its excellent freedom. He would soon pass beyond the utmost limits of his brethren's sympathy, beyond the largest and freest interpretation those words would bear, to thoughts and words on an altogether different plane, of which the full scope was only to be felt in certain old pagan writers, though approached, perhaps, at first, as having a kind of natural, preparatory kinship with Scripture itself. The Dominicans would seem to have had well-stocked, liberally-selected, libraries; and this curious youth, in that age of restored letters, read eagerly, easily, and very soon came to the kernel of a difficult old author—Plotinus or Plato; to the purpose of thinkers older still, surviving by glimpses only in the books of others—Empedocles, Pythagoras, who had enjoyed the original divine sense of things, above all, Parmenides, that most ancient assertor of God's identity with the world. The affinities, the unity, of the visible and the invisible, of earth and heaven, of all things whatever, with each other, through the consciousness, the person, of God the Spirit, who was at every moment of infinite time, in every atom of matter, at every

point of infinite space, ay! *was* everything in turn: that doctrine—*l'antica filosofia Italiana*—was in all its vigour there, a hardy growth out of the very heart of nature, interpreting itself to congenial minds with all the fulness of primitive utterance. A big thought! yet suggesting, perhaps, from the first, in still, small, immediately practical, voice, some possible modification of, a freer way of taking, certain moral precepts: say! a primitive morality, congruous with those larger primitive ideas, the larger survey, the earlier, more liberal air.

Returning to this ancient "pantheism," after so long a reign of a seemingly opposite faith, Bruno unfalteringly asserts "the vision of all things in God" to be the aim of all metaphysical speculation, as of all inquiry into nature: the Spirit of God, in countless variety of forms, neither above, nor, in any way, without, but intimately within, all things—really present, with equal integrity, in the sunbeam ninety millions of miles long, and the wandering drop of water as it evaporates therein. The divine consciousness would have the same relation to the production of things, as the human intelligence to the production of true thoughts concerning them. Nay! those thoughts are themselves God in man: a loan, there, too, of his assisting Spirit, who, in truth, creates all things in and by his own contemplation of them. For Him, as for man in proportion as man thinks truly, thought and being are identical, and things existent only in so far as they are known. Delighting in itself, in the sense of its own energy, this sleepless, capacious, fiery intelligence, evokes all the orders of nature, all the revolutions of history, cycle upon cycle, in ever new types. And God the Spirit, the soul of the world, being really identical with his own soul, Bruno, as the universe shapes itself to his reason, his imagination, ever more and more articulately, shares also the divine joy in that process of the formation of true ideas, which is really parallel to the process of creation, to the evolution of things. In a certain mystic sense, which some in every age of the world have understood, he, too, is creator, himself actually a participator in the creative function. And by such a philosophy, he assures us, it was his experience that the soul is greatly expanded: *con questa filosofia l'anima, mi s'aggrandisce: mi se magnifica l'intelletto!*

For, with characteristic largeness of mind, Bruno accepted this theory in the whole range of its consequences. Its more immediate corollary was the famous axiom of "indifference," of "the coincidence of contraries." To the eye of God, to the philosophic vision through which God sees in man, nothing is really alien from Him. The differences of things, and above all, those distinctions which schoolmen and priests, old or new, Roman or Reformed, had invented for themselves, would be lost in the length and breadth of the philosophic survey; nothing, in itself, either great or small; and matter,

certainly, in all its various forms, not evil but divine. Could one choose or reject this or that? If God the Spirit had made, nay! was, all things indifferently, then, matter and spirit, the spirit and the flesh, heaven and earth, freedom and necessity, the first and the last, good and evil, would be superficial rather than substantial differences. Only, were joy and sorrow also to be added to the list of phenomena really coincident or indifferent, as some intellectual kinsmen of Bruno have claimed they should?

The Dominican brother was at no distant day to break far enough away from the election, the seeming "vocation" of his youth, yet would remain always, and under all circumstances, unmistakably a monk in some predominant qualities of temper. At first it was only by way of thought that he asserted his liberty—delightful, late-found privilege!—traversing, in mental journeys, that spacious circuit, as it broke away before him at every moment into ever-new horizons. Kindling thought and imagination at once, the prospect draws from him cries of joy, a kind of religious joy, as in some new "canticle of the creatures," a new monkish hymnal or antiphonary. "Nature" becomes for him a sacred term. "Conform thyself to Nature"—with what sincerity, what enthusiasm, what religious fervour, he enounces the precept to others, to himself! Recovering, as he fancies, a certain primeval sense of Deity broadcast on things, in which Pythagoras and other inspired theorists of early Greece had abounded, in his hands philosophy becomes a poem, a sacred poem, as it had been with them. That Bruno himself, in "the enthusiasm of the idea," drew from his axiom of the "indifference of contraries" the practical consequence which is in very deed latent there, that he was ready to sacrifice to the antinomianism, which is certainly a part of its rigid logic, the purities of his youth for instance, there is no proof. The service, the sacrifice, he is ready to bring to the great light that has dawned for him, which occupies his entire conscience with the sense of his responsibilities to it, is that of days and nights spent in eager study, of a plenary, disinterested utterance of the thoughts that arise in him, at any hazard, at the price, say! of martyrdom. The work of the divine Spirit, as he conceives it, exalts, inebriates him, till the scientific apprehension seems to take the place of prayer, sacrifice, communion. It would be a mistake, he holds, to attribute to the human soul capacities merely passive or receptive. She, too, possesses, not less than the soul of the world, initiatory power, responding with the free gift of a light and heat that seem her own.

Yet a nature so opulently endowed can hardly have been lacking in purely physical ardours. His pantheistic belief that the Spirit of God was in all things, was not inconsistent with, might encourage, a keen and restless eye for the dramatic details of life and character for humanity in all its visible attractiveness, since there, too, in

truth, divinity lurks. From those first fair days of early Greek speculation, love had occupied a large place in the conception of philosophy; and in after days Bruno was fond of developing, like Plato, like the Christian platonist, combining something of the peculiar temper of each, the analogy between intellectual enthusiasm and the flights of physical love, with an animation which shows clearly enough the reality of his experience in the latter. The *Eroici Furori*, his book of books, dedicated to Philip Sidney, who would be no stranger to such thoughts, presents a singular blending of verse and prose, after the manner of Dante's *Vita Nuova*. The supervening philosophic comment re-considers those earlier physical impulses which had prompted the sonnet in voluble Italian, entirely to the advantage of their abstract, incorporeal equivalents. Yet if it is after all but a prose comment, it betrays no lack of the natural stuff out of which such mystic transferences must be made. That there is no single name of preference, no Beatrice or Laura, by no means proves the young man's earlier desires merely "Platonic;" and if the colours of love inevitably lose a little of their force and propriety by such deflection, the intellectual purpose as certainly finds its opportunity thereby, in the matter of borrowed fire and wings. A kind of old, scholastic pedantry creeping back over the ardent youth who had thrown it off so defiantly (as if Love himself went in for a degree at the University) Bruno developes, under the mask of amorous verse, all the various stages of abstraction, by which, as the last step of a long ladder, the mind attains actual "union." For, as with the purely religious mystics, union, the mystic union of souls with each other and their Lord, nothing less than union between the contemplator and the contemplated—the reality, or the sense, or at least the name of it—was always at hand. Whence that instinctive tendency, if not from the Creator of things himself, who has doubtless prompted it in the physical universe, as in man? How familiar the thought that the whole creation longs for God, the soul as the hart for the water-brooks! To unite oneself to the infinite by breadth and lucidity of intellect, to enter, by that admirable faculty, into eternal life—this was the true vocation of the spouse, of the rightly amorous soul—"à filosofia è necessario amore." There would be degrees of progress therein, as of course also of relapse: joys and sorrows, therefore. And, in interpreting these, the philosopher, whose intellectual ardours have superseded religion and love, is still a lover and a monk. All the influences of the convent, the heady, sweet incense, the pleading sounds, the sophisticated light and air, the exaggerated humour of gothic carvers, the thick stratum of pagan sentiment beneath ("Santa Maria sopra Minerva!") are indelible in him. Tears, sympathies, tender inspirations, attraction, repulsion, dryness, zeal desire, recollection: he finds a place for them all: knows them al

well in their unaffected simplicity, while he seeks the secret and secondary, or, as he fancies, the primary, form and purport of each.

A light on actual life, or mere barren scholastic subtlety, never before had the pantheistic doctrine been developed with such completeness, never before connected with so large a sense of nature, so large a promise of the knowledge of it as it really is. The eyes that had not been wanting to visible humanity turned with equal liveliness on the natural world in that region of his birth, where all its force and colour is twofold. Nature is not only a thought in the divine mind; it is also the perpetual energy of that mind, which, ever identical with itself, puts forth and absorbs in turn all the successive forms of life, of thought, of language even. But what seemed like striking transformations of matter were in truth only a chapter, a clause, in the great volume of the transformations of the Spirit. To that mystic recognition that all is divine had succeeded a realisation of the largeness of the field of concrete knowledge, the infinite extent of all there was actually to know. Winged, fortified, by this central philosophic faith, the student proceeds to the reading of nature, led on from point to point by manifold lights, which will surely strike on him, by the way, from the intelligence in it, speaking directly, sympathetically, to the intelligence in him. The earth's wonderful animation, as divined by one who anticipates by a whole generation the "philosophy of experience:" in that, the bold, flighty, pantheistic speculation became tangible matter of fact. Here was the needful book for man to read, the full revelation, the detailed story of that one universal mind, struggling, emerging, through shadow, substance, manifest spirit, in various orders of being—the veritable history of God. And nature, together with the true pedigree and evolution of man also, his gradual issue from it, was still all to learn. The delightful tangle of things! it would be the delightful task of man's thoughts to disentangle that. Already Bruno had measured the space which Bacon would fill, with room perhaps for Darwin also. That Deity is everywhere, like all such abstract propositions, is a two-edged force, depending for its practical effect on the mind which admits it, on the peculiar perspective of that mind. To Dutch Spinosa, in the next century, faint, consumptive, with a hold on external things naturally faint, the theorem that God was in all things whatever, annihilating, their differences suggested a somewhat chilly withdrawal from the contact of all alike. In Bruno, eager and impassioned, an Italian of the Italians, it awoke a constant, inextinguishable appetite for every form of experience—a fear, as of the one sin possible, of limiting, for oneself or another, that great stream flowing for thirsty souls, that wide pasture set ready for the hungry heart.

Considered from the point of view of a minute observation of nature, the Infinite might figure as "the infinitely little;" no blade

of grass being like another, as there was no limit to the complexities of an atom of earth, cell, sphere, within sphere. But the earth itself, hitherto seemingly the privileged centre of a very limited universe, was, after all, itself but an atom in an infinite world of starry space, then lately displayed to the ingenuous intelligence, which the telescope was one day to verify to bodily eyes. For if Bruno must needs look forward to the future, to Bacon, for adequate knowledge of the earth—the infinitely little; he looked back, gratefully, to another daring mind, which had already put the earth into its modest place, and opened the full view of the heavens. If God is eternal, then, the universe is infinite and worlds innumerable. Yes! one might well have supposed what reason now demonstrated, indicating those endless spaces which sidereal science would gradually occupy, an echo of the creative word of God himself,

"Qui innumero numero innumerorum nomina dicit."

That the stars are suns: that the earth is in motion: that the earth is of like stuff with the stars: now the familiar knowledge of children, dawning on Bruno as calm assurance of reason on appeal from the prejudice of the eye, brought to him an inexpressibly exhilarating sense of enlargement of the intellectual, nay! the physical atmosphere. And his consciousness of unfailing unity and order did not desert him in that larger survey, making the utmost one could ever know of the earth seem but a very little chapter in that endless history of God the Spirit, rejoicing so greatly in the admirable spectacle that it never ceases to evolve from matter new conditions. The immovable earth beneath one's feet! one almost felt the movement, the respiration of God in it. And yet how greatly even the physical eye, the *sensible* imagination (so to term it) was flattered by the theorem. What joy in that motion, the prospect, the music, the music of the spheres!—he could listen to it in a perfection such as had never been conceded to Plato, to Pythagoras even.

"Veni, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
In ple superna gratia,
Quæ tu creasti pectora!"

Yes! the grand old Christian hymns, perhaps the grandest of them, seemed to blend themselves in the chorus, to deepen immeasurably under this new intention. It is not always, or often, that men's abstract ideas penetrate the temperament, touch the animal spirits, affect conduct. It was what they did with Bruno. The ghastly spectacle of the endless material universe, infinite dust, in truth, starry as it may look to our terrestrial eyes—that prospect from which Pascal's faithful soul recoiled so painfully—induced in Bruno only the delightful consciousness of an ever-widening kin-

ship and sympathy, since every one of those infinite worlds must have its sympathetic inhabitants. Scruples of conscience, if he felt such, might well be pushed aside for the "excellency" of such knowledge as this. To shut the eyes, whether of the body or the mind, would be a kind of dark ingratitude; the one sin, to believe directly or indirectly in any absolutely dead matter anywhere, because involving denial of the indwelling spirit. A free spirit, certainly, as of old! Through all his pantheistic flights, from horizon to horizon, it was still the thought of liberty that presented itself to the infinite relish of this "prodigal son" of Dominic. God the Spirit had made all things indifferently, with a largeness, a beneficence, impiously belied by any theory of restrictions, distinctions, absolute limitations. Touch, see, listen, eat freely of all the trees of the garden of Paradise with the voice of the Lord God literally everywhere: here was the final counsel of perfection. The world was even larger than youthful appetite, youthful capacity. Let theologian and every other theorist beware how he narrowed either. The plurality of worlds! how petty in comparison seemed the sins, to purge which was the chief motive for coming to places like this convent, whence Bruno, with vows broken, or obsolete for him, presently departed. A sonnet, expressive of the joy with which he returned to so much more than the liberty of ordinary men, does not suggest that he was driven from it. Though he must have seemed to those who surely had loved so lovable a creature there to be departing, like the prodigal of the Gospel, into the furthest of possible far countries, there is no proof of harsh treatment, or even of an effort to detain him.

It happens, of course most naturally, that those who undergo the shock of spiritual or intellectual change sometimes fail to recognise their debt to the deserted cause: how much of the heroism, or other high quality, of their rejection has really been the growth of what they reject? Bruno, the escaped monk, is still a monk: his philosophy, impious as it might seem to some, a new religion. He came forth well fitted by conventual influences to play upon men as he was played upon. A challenge, a war-cry, an alarum; everywhere he seemed to be the creature of some subtly materialised spiritual force, like that of the old Greek prophets, like the primitive "enthusiasm" he was inclined to set so high, or impulsive Pentecostal fire. His hunger to know, fed at first dreamily enough within the convent walls as he wandered over space and time an indefatigable reader of books, would be fed physically now by ear and eye, by large matter-of-fact experience, as he journeys from university to university; yet still, less as a teacher than a courtier, a citizen of the world, a knight-errant of intellectual light. The philosophic need to try all things had given reasonable justification to the stirring desire for travel common to youth, in which, if in nothing else, that whole age of the

later Renaissance was invincibly young. The theoretic recognition of that mobile spirit of the world, ever renewing its youth, became, sympathetically, the motive of a life as mobile, as ardent, as itself; of a continual journey, the venture and stimulus of which would be the occasion of ever new discoveries, of renewed conviction.

The unity, the spiritual unity, of the world;—that must involve the alliance, the congruity, of all things with each other, great reinforcements of sympathy, of the teacher's personality with the doctrine he had to deliver, the spirit of that doctrine with the fashion of his utterance. In his own case, certainly, as Bruno confronted his audience at Paris, himself, his theme, his language, were the fuel of one clear spiritual flame, which soon had hold of his audience also; alien, strangely alien, as it might seem from the speaker. It was *intimate* discourse, in magnetic touch with every one present, with his special point of impressibility; the sort of speech which, consolidated into literary form as a book, would be a dialogue according to the true Attic genius, full of those diversions, passing irritations, unlooked-for appeals, in which a solicitous missionary finds his largest range of opportunity, and takes even dull wits unaware. In Bruno, that abstract theory of the perpetual motion of the world was a visible person talking with you.

And as the runaway Dominican was still in temper a monk, so he presented himself in the comely Dominican habit. The eyes which in their last sad protest against stupidity would mistake, or miss altogether, the image of the Crucified, were to-day, for the most part, kindly observant eyes, registering every detail of that singular company, all the physiognomic lights which come by the way on people, and, through them, on things, the "shadows of ideas" in men's faces (*De Umbris Idearum* was the title of his discourse), himself pleasantly animated by them, in turn. There was "heroic gaiety" there; only, as usual with gaiety, the passage of a peevish cloud seemed all the chillier. Lit up, in the agitation of speaking, by many a harsh or scornful beam, yet always sinking, in moments of repose, to an expression of high-bred melancholy, it was a face that looked, after all, made for suffering—already half pleading, half defiant—as of a creature you could hurt, but to the last never shake a hair's breadth from its estimate of yourself.

Like nature, like nature in that country of his birth, the Nolan, as he delighted to proclaim himself, loved so well that, born wanderer as he was, he must perforce return thither sooner or later, at the risk of life, he gave *plenis manibus*, but without selection, and, with all his contempt for the "asinine" vulgar, was not fastidious. His rank, unweeded eloquence, abounding in a play of words, rabbinic allegories, verses defiant of prosody, in the kind of erudition he professed to despise, with a shameless image here or there, product not of formal method, but of Neapolitan improvisation, was akin to

the heady wine, the sweet, coarse odours, of that fiery, volcanic soil, fertile in the irregularities which manifest power. Helping himself indifferently to all religions for rhetoric illustration, his preference was still for that of the soil, the old pagan one, the primitive Italian gods, whose names and legends haunt his speech, as they do the carved and pictorial work of the age, according to the fashion of that ornamental paganism which the Renaissance indulged. To excite, to surprise, to move men's minds, as the volcanic earth is moved, as if in travail, and, according to the Socratic fancy, bring them to the birth, was the true function of the teacher, however unusual it might seem in an ancient university. *Fantastic*, from first to last that was the descriptive epithet; and the very word, carrying us to Shakespeare, reminds one how characteristic of the age such habit was, and that it was pre-eminently due to Italy. A bookman, yet with so vivid a hold on people and things, the traits and tricks of the audience seemed to revive in him, to strike from his memory all the graphic resources of his old readings. He seemed to promise some greater matter than was then actually exposed; himself to enjoy the fulness of a great outlook, the vague suggestion of which did but sustain the curiosity of the listeners. And still, in hearing him speak you seemed to see that subtle spiritual fire to which he testified kindling from word to word. What Parisians then heard was, in truth, the first fervid expression of all those contending apprehensions, out of which his written works would afterwards be compacted, with much loss of heat in the process. Satiric or hybrid growths, things due to ὕβρις, insolence, insult, all that those fabled satyrs embodied—the volcanic South is kindly prolific of this, and Bruno abounded in mockeries: it was by way of protest. So much of a Platonist, for Plato's genial humour he had nevertheless substituted the harsh laughter of Aristophanes. Paris, teeming, beneath a very courtly exterior, with mordent words, in unabashed criticism of all real or suspected evil, provoked his utmost powers of scorn for the "triumphant beast," the "constellation of the Ass," shining even there, amid the university folk, those intellectual bankrupts of the Latin Quarter, who had so long passed between them gravely a worthless "parchment and paper" currency. In truth, Aristotle, as the supplanter of Plato, was still in possession, pretending to determine heaven and earth by precedent, hiding the proper nature of things from the eyes of men. Habit—the last word of his practical philosophy—indolent habit! what would this mean in the intellectual life, but just that sort of dead judgments which are most opposed to the essential freedom and quickness of the Spirit, because the mind, the eye, were no longer really at work in them?

To Bruno, a true son of the Renaissance, in the light of those large, antique, pagan ideas, the difference between Rome and the Reform would figure, of course, as but an insignificant variation upon

some deeper, more radical antagonism between two tendencies of men's minds. But what about an antagonism deeper still? between Christ and the world, say! Christ and the flesh?—that so very ancient antagonism between good and evil? Was there any place for imperfection in a world wherein the minutest atom, the lightest thought, could not escape from God's presence? Who should note the crime, the sin, the mistake, in the operation of that eternal spirit, which could have made no misshapen births? In proportion as man raised himself to the ampler survey of the divine work around him, just in that proportion did the very notion of evil disappear. There were no weeds, no "tares," in the endless field. The truly illuminated mind, discerning spiritually, might do what it would. Even under the shadow of monastic walls, that had ever been the precept, which the larger theory of "inspiration" had bequeathed to practice. "Of all the trees of the garden thou mayst freely eat! If you take up any deadly thing, it shall not hurt you! And I think that I, too, have the spirit of God."

Bruno, the citizen of the world, Bruno at Paris, was careful to warn off the vulgar from applying the decisions of philosophy beyond its proper speculative limits. But a kind of secresy, an ambiguous atmosphere, encompassed, from the first, alike the speaker and the doctrine; and in that world of fluctuating and ambiguous characters, the alerter mind certainly, pondering on this novel reign of the spirit—what it might actually be—would hardly fail to find in Bruno's theories a method of turning poison into food, to live and thrive thereon; an art, surely, no less opportune in the Paris of that hour, intellectually or morally, than had it related to physical poisons. If Bruno himself was cautious not to suggest the ethic or practical equivalent to his theoretic positions, there was that in his very manner of speech, in his rank, unweeded eloquence, which seemed naturally to discourage any effort at selection, any sense of fine difference, of *nuances* or proportion, in things. The loose sympathies of his genius were allied to nature, nursing, with equable maternity of soul, good, bad, and indifferent, rather than to art, distinguishing, rejecting, refining. Commission and omission; sins of the former surely had the preference. And how would Paolo and Francesca have read the lesson? How would this Henry the Third, and Margaret of the "Memoirs," and other susceptible persons then present, read it, especially if the opposition between practical good and evil traversed another distinction, to the "opposed points;" the "fenced opposites" of which many, certainly, then present, in that Paris of the last of the Valois, could never by any possibility become "indifferent," between the precious and the base, æsthetically—between what was right and wrong, as matter of art?

WALTER PATER.

THE PRESENT DISCONTENT IN CYPRUS.

DURING last year a vigorous agitation was going forward in Cyprus to promote the dispatch of a deputation which should lay before the Colonial Office, and, as the peasants hoped, before the Βασίλισσα Βικτωρία herself, the native version of the island's history since 1878. Subscriptions were collected (or rather promised) in even the poorest districts, and, chiefly through the energy of the Greek priesthood, a sum of several hundreds of pounds was guaranteed. Towards this the rich monastery of Kykko, the bishops, and the merchants in the towns contributed, but the larger proportion of nearly a thousand pounds was collected from the peasants themselves in spite of their extreme poverty and the failure of their crops in the terrible drought of 1887. Even the villages of the central plain—the Mesaoréa—and of the Carpars, which had suffered the most, scraped together considerable sums, and only the most poverty-stricken of the Paphiti were slow to help the cause.

After many difficulties and delays the members of the deputation were chosen: originally it was to have consisted of three or four private Greeks only, but in accordance with good advice the Archbishop of the island was added to the number, and, as the event has proved, his high dignity in the Orthodox Church has secured to himself and the Embassy especial attention in this country. It was also proposed to give a really national character to the venture by including among the envoys two representatives of the Moslem community; but the fact that most of the funds had been subscribed through the Church, and some personal considerations, have apparently defeated this project, and caused the small band of representatives to be wholly Christian.

A start for England was originally to have been made last summer; then it was postponed to autumn, then to winter, and it has finally taken place in the spring of this year. The timely douche administered by the authorities retarded, but did not stop it altogether, and it has now laid its burden of grievances and wrongs at the feet of the Colonial Secretary; the Archbishop has been made much of by Anglican prelates, and has received an Oxford D.D.: the rest of the deputies have resided somewhat obscurely in London, and will presently return to their own land sadder but wiser men, while the Colonial Office will doubtless pigeon-hole the whole affair.

But ought the matter to rest thus? Such an effort on the part of the peasantry cannot be quite uncalled for, and responsive even to an imperfect appeal the most enlightened country in the world (as

it delights to style itself) ought to inquire into the grievances which evoked it in something more than the usual perfunctory manner. The very weakness and obscurity of this island, of which we of our own motion assumed the administration, invites our closer consideration, and should prompt our cordial action.

Neither the association of the Greek priests, nor of the pan-Hellenic agitators with the movement, ought to blind us to the amount of genuine grievance which underlies it. It is true that the former class are often identical with the latter, and pose as professional agitators, eager to seize on any and every pretext to inveigh against constituted authority, their ignorance being only to be measured by their sublime unconsciousness of its existence. A certain section (for all do not deserve this censure—far from it!) were sure to identify themselves, as they have ever done, with a movement arising from discontent. But no one who knows the villages of Cyprus will believe in their power to lead the people whither they wot not, or extract money from the hardest-fisted peasantry in the Levant, for a groundless pretext.

Pan-Hellenism is a mere newspaper cry as yet. The peasant hardly knows that Athens exists and would not contribute a piastre to promote a union with the blue and white flag. The more educated laymen and clergy recognise that, bad as their lot may be under England, it would be worse under Greece; and like Chios, Samos, and the rich islands of the Eastern Archipelago, have no wish to share the tremendous taxation, compulsory military service, and other evils which oppress the Hellenic kingdom. In spite of the Athenian propaganda which is assiduously introduced into the island, the flame of national patriotism burns very low among the Greeks; and it must not be forgotten that one-third of the whole native population is not Greek at all.

No; there is at this moment a vehement feeling of discontent in Cyprus, independent of agitation, and based on real wrongs, which no one who has been much in the country districts and in contact with the peasantry, can fail to perceive and appreciate. Those who knew the island in the first years of the occupation can testify that this feeling is much stronger now than then. In 1878 the Greeks welcomed us with open arms, partly on religious, partly on commercial grounds. It would be wrong to say that we were welcomed as *deliverers*, for in Cyprus (for many years at least) the Turkish rule had not been oppressive; a law, Orientally just, was fairly administered, taxation was not excessive, and acts of wanton tyranny rare; but welcomed we were with that form of gratitude which is said to consist in a lively sense of favours to come. The Turkish population was naturally apprehensive; some talked of fighting, some of emigrating to Anatolia; but the conspicuous justice and even favour

with which we treated them in the early days of our rule, our assiduous care of their religious foundations and schools, and concession of ample representation in the district courts and the Legislative Council, convinced them of our *bona fides* and reconciled them to the change.

The better educated began to entertain great hopes: Cyprus was to be an important military and naval station, the centre of the Levant, the special care of the richest and most progressive nation in the world. Roads, harbours, and, perhaps, railways would be made, famines cease, and agriculture flourish. Taxation was as high or higher, than ever; but what of that with the prospect of increased wealth? And much speculation of a mild order was indulged in; land was bought in Larnaca and Famagusta, where the harbours were to be; houses secured on the main routes; hotels projected; and vine, charub, and olive culture anticipated on a large scale. This was ten years ago! what has been done in the decade for an island which we took from no harsh masters that we might administer it for mutual advantage?

There is not a single safe harbour in Cyprus capable of accommodating anything larger than a sponge boat. Limasol and Larnaca are mere open roadsteads, as in Turkish times: a short pier has been erected at each, and a rough foreshore, but the large steamers of the Austrian Lloyd or Messageries Maritimes have to lie half-a-mile out to sea, and in very rough weather cannot call at all. The old harbours of Baffo and Kyrenia have been made fit for fishing boats, while that at Famagusta, once so famous and still of such capacity, has been left to the continued action of time and neglect. The old inner port is a marsh, the outer is still deep enough for a large ship to enter (but the latter should be well insured before the experiment is tried), and its broken moles attest the magnificence of its former lords. Time was when Famagusta ranked after Constantinople and Alexandria, and above Genoa or Venice, as third port in the Mediterranean. Its harbour was crowded with all the shipping of the Levant, and the wares of three continents were exchanged in its bazaars. Nor is it impossible that it should be once more the principal port of the Syrian Levant, if the harbour were restored to its former state. Lying on the eastern side of the island it is protected from the prevailing west winds which vex the dangerous road of Beyrout, and it has been estimated that nearly all the deposit trade of the latter might be diverted hither. The question has been considered again and again: estimates for the making of the harbour have been invited, and found to range from £80,000 up to £800,000, according as the inner port be cleared or not; but the impossibility of agreement between the naval and military authorities in England on the question of fortification seems to have resulted in a dead-lock

Cyprus has no decent outlet for its trade, and the island which lies in so matchless a position as regards Egypt, the Suez Canal, the Syrian coast, over which we once aspired to a protectorate, and Anatolia, where one day or another we shall have developments of the Russian "question" to encounter, cannot shelter a single ship of war.

On the hundreds of miles of rocky coasts, fringed with reefs and shoals, there are about seven lights all told, and perhaps three out of this number are of any considerable radius. Between Famagusta and Kyrenia, a distance of nearly one hundred and fifty miles, in spite of the fact that the great peninsula of the Carpars lies right athwart the path of vessels bound from Alexandria or Port Said to the ports of Asia Minor, there is not a single light of any description. Even Cape St. Andras, with its reefs and islands, known as the "keys," running out for a mile into the sea, carries no warning to the mariner. Only in this last year has the western coast been supplied with a lighthouse, at a point where vessels from Rhodes and the west first sight the island.

Excluding short roads near the capital, there are just two properly metalled "bad-weather" roads, supplied with bridges throughout and kept in repair, in all Cyprus. These are the post-road from Larnaca to Nicosia, a distance of twenty-six miles, and thirty miles of a military road from Limasol to the summer camp on Mount Troodos. True, there is a so-called road from Limasol to Larnaca; from Nicosia to Kyrenia, to Nyso, and to Famagusta; and from Famagusta up the Carpars; and from Limasol to the wine villages under Mount Troodos. Two short lengths have also been constructed from Papho, one near Delhi, and a few others. But these are as yet mere "fair-weather" roads, impassable after heavy rains for wheeled vehicles, whereas between centres of administration like Limasol and Papho, Papho and Kyrenia or Nicosia, and Limasol and Nicosia, there is absolutely no way for wheeled vehicles whatever, and hardly even a path over which mules can travel in really bad weather. Papho can be isolated by two days' rain; the traveller from Nicosia to Limasol by the mule-path can be imprisoned for a week between the Nyso and Mouni rivers; and it must be remembered that while there is no sort of steam communication round the coasts, the prevalence of west winds makes sailing from east to west very tedious. It need hardly be added that there is no railway, nor any chance of one.

A considerable apparatus of government there is, and a large staff of officials, the latter by no means too numerous or, except in a few instances, too well paid. Little fault can be found with them; they work hard in their departments, and are a credit to the civil service of this country, and if the Cypriotes lay the blame at their door,

they are entirely in the wrong. The staff has been cut down to the lowest possible number; all the headquarter offices are undermanned, and such important departments as those of Land Registry and the Forests, have been amalgamated, not to the advantage of either in an island where, on the one hand, tenure is complicated by the religious foundations of two creeds and the native vagueness as to boundaries; and on the other, neglect has caused the destruction of almost all the forests on which climate, and therefore agriculture, so largely depend. The police force is very small and underpaid; the best of the natives cannot be attracted into it, and in wild districts like that of Papho it copes very ineffectually with a population more criminal than any in the Levant. The statistics of murder, especially that due to sheep-lifting, for the past two years are truly startling; and criminals who have been lucky enough to escape, as did a daring gentleman in October, 1887, from the door of the Papho court-house after hearing his sentence, may live for months in and about the hill villages, secure from *zaptiehs*, who cannot shoot straight, and who, if not in collusion with the delinquent, have about as much idea of playing the detective as has the proverbial Dorsetshire labourer.

Thus under our enlightened rule the expenses of government in Cyprus are reduced below the minimum of efficiency, and almost no money is spent on public works which would develop the island and differentiate this decade from the three centuries before it. Is the Cypriote then in the happy, if unprogressive, state of the Anatolian villager, who pays almost no taxes to a paternal administration, which, making no public works to speak of, and habitually falling short in the matter of public payment, whether they be due to men of peace like ourselves, or of war like the Russians, consults its own and its Empire's internal peace by exacting little more than is required for the private purses of its constituent members? Far from it: the Cypriote pays (or is asked to pay), whether in tithes on his crops, in locust-tax, or in other ways, about one pound English per head, an enormous rating for so incredibly poor a population; and yet, as we have seen, every department of Government is as poverty-stricken as himself, and almost nothing is done for him which a civilised administration should do for those under its care. And why? The answer is simple, and contains the gist of the bitter and genuine grievance which the envoys were to have laid before our home authorities—because this half-developed island, under an enlightened ruler, has only half of her own revenue to spend on herself, pays the other half away year by year for purposes with which she has no possible concern, and receives not one penny of contribution, direct or indirect, from her self-appointed mistress.

The details of the original scheme of occupation are too well

known to need repetition here. The ninety-two thousand pounds which it was arranged that the island should pay to the Sultan as compensation for his supposed profits, have been diverted to paying a part of the interest guaranteed by England and France on the loan of 1855, but the change does not affect the island in any way, except in so far as it renders any re-arrangement the more impossible for a considerable term of years to come. It rests with those responsible for the original scheme to say whether it was ever really contemplated that an island like Cyprus should continue, under our rule, to pay out unaided as much as under the Turk. It may be that Cyprus, being then intended to be a strategic *point d'appui*, and a centre of a large Levantine protectorate, was to have been subsidised by the Imperial Government: it may be that it was vaguely calculated that it would so mightily prosper and absorb so much foreign capital under our fostering care, that this payment would bear but lightly upon it. If the truth were known, the whole matter was, perhaps, arranged with that airy indifference to figures and the future which characterized the very Oriental policy of the diplomatists who negotiated the transfer of Cyprus. "Get the island first and then arrange for its future" might not have been so pernicious a principle had the foreign policy of our Government been independent of general elections; but in less than a year there was a change of Ministry, and those came into power who knew not and cared not for Cyprus. Whatever had been the original scheme of its relation to the Levant, it was now regarded as an unnecessary encumbrance, an isolated dependency, which our national prestige forbade us to relinquish, but which must be retained, if possible, at no cost to the British public, and with the smallest possible trouble to ourselves The ten thousand soldiers of the Occupation dwindled to half a battalion: the exposure of the men to the heat of a Cypriote sun under bell-tents at mid-day had caused an outbreak of fever in the first year of the Occupation, which gave what is really the healthiest and driest of Mediterranean islands a reputation for malaria. The large scale on which the original administration was conceived was reduced: the projected native regiment was never enrolled: the harbour never made, and no capital either directly or indirectly introduced into the island. In short, almost the only part of the original scheme which remained inexorably the same was this payment of £92,000 out of a total revenue of about £186,000, with nothing whatever to set against it on the other side of the account. No wonder the administration is starved; no wonder that nothing can be done to better the condition of the peasantry and put them in the way of making money. Only last year Sir James Fergusson declared again in the House of Commons that, although he was aware that the finances of Cyprus were in "an unsatisfactory state," he could at least assure his interrogator

that the island cost nothing to the British tax-payer. Such a guarantee is doubtless satisfactory to our pockets, but none the less conveys a reproach which enlightened England should not be slow to observe. Because Cyprus is weak and unable to cause much commotion in the Colonial Office, are the finances to be left "in an unsatisfactory state," and a deaf ear turned to her appeals?

A further question arises, which after two bad seasons is becoming very grave indeed. Little as is done by the State for the Cypriote, can he afford to pay at the present rate even for that little? Can he, in short, continue to contribute one pound per head of population? Ask the district Commissioners; they will reply in the negative, and state the amount of arrears which have accumulated in 1887 and 1888, and competent non-official opinion endorses their verdict. The rating is beyond the just capacity of an oriental peasantry dependent on the products of the soil: for an important consideration seems to have been overlooked ten years ago, namely, that seasons of drought are to be regularly looked for in Cyprus. The revenue appears to have been calculated on uniformly fair crops, in oblivion of the fact that every few years so little rain falls that, not only are the cereals ruined for that particular season, but the charubs and olives for a year or two afterwards. True, that locusts are no longer a scourge, the energy of our Government having combated them successfully: nor were they ever abundant in the west of the island; but the sheer scarcity of rain produces terrible dearth among a peasantry which continues to cultivate, after the manner of its forefathers, that which is least independent of climatic conditions. In 1887 scarcely a drop of rain fell for the first eight months; and Cyprus, in common with all the coasts of the Levant, was without food to eat. As the summer went on the distress in the Papho district was fearful, and so far from getting in its revenue the Government had to distribute seed corn among the villagers, who in most cases (and small blame to them) made it, forthwith into bread. The invaluable charub-trees, which bear well only once in two seasons, were dried up by the long drought, and will not recover wholly for a year to come. In 1888 matters were better in the Papho district, but in the Carpars and Messaorea the spring rains failed, and thus the great corn-growing districts of the island were ruined for the second time. The fates seem to war against the luckless island: hail in April broke the vines; sudden and tremendous rains in the first week of June washed away the grain which was lying on the threshing-floors of the more productive west; and in the second week of July came a fierce scirocco under whose breath the crops of melons, gourds, and fruits perished, the half-ripened grapes withered on the stalks, and the water supply ceased throughout whole districts, such as that of the Carpars. And now the arrears of two years are hanging like a millstone round the peasants' necks, driving them to prey upon each

other, and often to commit crimes simply in order to get into prison. Naturally the island finances are "in an unsatisfactory condition," and the officials scarcely know how the government is to be carried on, unless the annual payment, above mentioned, be retained in the island, or help sent from England.

No series of good seasons will enable the Cypriote peasant to pay off his arrears. In the outlying districts, especially that of Papho, he is one of the most poverty-stricken individuals in existence, living always from hand to mouth, and working out—on the rare occasions when he can get work for wages, which never rise to a shilling a day, and often fall to about seven pence—a meagre pittance on which to feed himself, his wife, and family, without mentioning the payment of taxes, offerings to the Church, or such extras. His house is a one-roomed hovel, with walls, floor, and roof alike of mud, furnished with a rickety table or two, which serve as beds, a broken chair, a yoke, winnowing shovels, a waterpot, a few utensils, and little else but filth and fleas. The squalor of a Cypriote interior is characteristic of the people, whether Greek or Moslem: far more ignorant of comfort than the rudest Anatolians or Arabs, they slouch through life, as poor and as helpless as their forefathers two hundred years ago. The majority are small proprietors farming with very imperfect means of irrigation plots of arable land. The tithe on corn is assessed upon the threshing-floor by Government officials, natives, and commonly honest. But the Cypriote complains bitterly that he must pay his quota in ready-money. In Turkish times, he maintains, that in addition to the innumerable ways of evading or "squaring" an Oriental tax-collector—in addition to the remissions or postponements which an Oriental system, made for an Oriental people, allowed—every proprietor had the option of paying his tithe in kind. The collector measured off his grain, piled it in a heap, removed it, and the matter was ended without the peasant being perceptibly galled by the impost. Not so under an iron Western rule; the tax-collector is regular and inexorable, and the peasant, who never has any reserve of ready-money whatever, must either realise on a portion of his grain at a time when prices are very low, or go to the money-lender; and what becomes of him if he takes the latter alternative is not doubtful. Two years ago a Papho villager borrowed £19 from one of these sharks. At one time or another he repaid as much as £25 in cash, was sold up, and still owes money! But it will be objected, what would the Administration do with the stores of grain, charubs, and so forth, which would be accumulated if tithe were taken in kind? Well, it can undoubtedly sell them better and command a wider circle of buyers than the individual peasants. Both grain and charubs find a ready acceptance in foreign markets, and the producers would gain by the elimination of the town middleman. If there is to be loss it should

not fall on the needy peasantry, but, as the lesser evil, on the British Government.

Not without reason is the native population dissatisfied with our rule, and its grievances should receive sympathetic attention from us, if urged with a due recognition of those benefits which, all hampered as we are by chains of our own forging, we have endeavoured to confer on the island. Equality before the law; incorruptible, single-minded, and zealous administrators; freedom of speech, and even a representative system, we have given to the Cypriotes; we have cleansed their towns, supplied medical supervision, made their prisons, all too luxurious, secured as far as possible their lives and property. Perhaps in our British zeal for liberal institutions we have somewhat neglected to adapt ourselves to the new circumstances and old customs and prejudices with which we were confronted in Cyprus. If John Bull conquers for the kingdom of God, he sometimes administers his conquests a little woodenly; we have undertaken to rule a people, the vast majority of whom are in about the same stage of development as the subjects of our first Norman kings, and have given them, Heaven help them! the blessings of the Victorian era! We have created, for example, a Representative Legislative Council, consisting of nine Greeks, three Turks, and six English officials. With what result? Turk has combined with Greek, and hardly a single salutary measure can be carried through. Of course the crown has a right of veto; but this is a small compensation for a total inability to pass anything on its own initiation. Freedom of the press, again, is much abused in the island; our system of comfortable imprisonment is no deterrent to a criminal population, conscious of no moral stigma attaching thereto, and acknowledging the influence only of fear. The introduction of the lash for all grave offences would be a great boon to the peaceable portion of the Cypriotes; and it is really a much more open question than is ever admitted in England, how far the social condition of an Eastern people is bettered by the abolition of the *corvée*, by which public works of the utmost benefit to the natives are cheaply constructed at the expense of a few hours of each peasant's leisure, which are usually spent in the village coffee-shop. We shall not prosecute our mission of civilisation the better for forgetting that we have to deal in Cyprus for the most part with Orientals, for whom Liberal institutions are as yet an anachronism, and whose character is adapted by nature and long usage not to self-government, but to being governed. We have other benefits to confer on the island before these: let us first reform the financial arrangement, and by developing industries and lightening taxation make it more easy for the peasant to live. Then may he be educated to an appreciation of those institutions which England confers sometimes, it must be confessed, with more generosity than wisdom. W. D. HOGARTH.

ROGER BACON.

(A FORGOTTEN SON OF OXFORD.)

"OXFORD," says Dr. Folliott, in Peacock's tale of *Crotchet Castle*, "was a seat of learning in the days of Friar Bacon. But the Friar is gone, and his learning with him. Nothing of him is left but the immortal nose, which, when his brazen head had tumbled to pieces, crying 'Time's Past,' was the only palpable fragment among its minutely pulverised atoms, and which is still resplendent over the portals of its cognominal college. That nose, sir, is the only thing to which I shall take off my hat in all this Babylon of buried literature." Few, probably, of the athletic youths who pass through the gate of Brasenose imitate the example of Dr. Folliott, or have any idea of the historical incidents to which the reverend doctor is here making allusion. If they keep the brazen emblem of which they are so justly proud on the bows of their racing craft on the river, or suspended on the walls of their rooms, they do not connect it with that strange and wonderful head of brass which Roger Bacon constructed, with the aid of Friar Bungay, to speak to him in mystic and oracular tones of things past and present and to come. Friar Bacon's study, which was only demolished a century ago, was situated on the old Folly Bridge; and an engraving of it can be found in Skelton's *Oxonia Antiqua*. In the civil wars it seems to have been used as a post of observation, but originally it had been the scene, according to popular report, of those arts of necromancy and magic with which Bacon amused himself in the thirteenth century. The story went that the brazen head was once consulted by Bungay and Bacon as to the best means of rendering England impregnable. For a long time the head was silent, and when at last the answer came, the monks, busy with some other devilry, did not hear the oracle. Wood, in his *Antiquities of Oxford*, discusses with quaint gravity whether Bacon did or did not receive diabolical assistance in his manufactures. "Some imagined," he says, "that Bacon was in alliance with the Evil One, and that by the aid of spiritual agency he made a brazen head, and imparted to it the gift of speech; and these magical operations, as Bale states by mistake, were wrought by him whilst he was a student at Brazen Nose Hall. Whether he did this by the powers of natural magic is for the present a question. Certainly John Ernest Burgravius, in a work on these subjects, contends that Bacon was indebted to celestial influences and to the power of sympathy, for these operations. To

this he refers the talking statues (*statuæ Mercuriales*). . . However it was, I am certainly of opinion that the Devil had nothing to do with them. They were produced by Bacon's great skill in mechanics, and his knowledge of the power of electricity, and not, as the ignorant and even the better-informed surmised, molten and forged in an infernal furnace." But it was no wonder that Bacon was subjected to such damaging suppositions, for such was the ignorance of the convents and hostelries that the monks and friars "knew no more of a circle than its property of keeping away evil spirits, and they dreaded lest religion itself should be wounded by the angles of a triangle."

It is strange that Oxford and England should for five centuries have been so far incurious about one of her greatest sons that it was only in 1733 that the first edition of the *Opus Majus* was published by Dr. Samuel Jebb. The facts even of Bacon's life are wrapped in obscurity. He seems to have been born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, about 1214, and to have been educated at Brasenose College in Oxford, although Merton College has also laid claim to the honour of his youthful learning. It was the custom of promising students of the University of Oxford to proceed to Paris, and Bacon's progress in theology and mathematics secured him the degree of doctor in divinity, besides the honour of being held by the Parisians as the ornament of their University. Either on his return to England, or at an earlier date, he entered the convent of the Franciscan order, perhaps at the persuasion of the celebrated Grostête, Bishop of Lincoln. It was the time when Henry III. was waging doubtful war with De Montfort and his barons, and Bacon and his family had been stout partisans of the King. Nevertheless, Robert Bacon (probably uncle of the philosopher) had not hesitated to tell Henry that peace between himself and the barons was impossible unless Pierre Desroches, Bishop of Winchester, was banished from his counsels; and the young Roger Bacon added (according to the chronicle of Matthew Paris) that the King had to beware of the selfsame dangers which sailors incur on the sea, viz. "pierres" and "roches," thus alluding by a bold witticism to the hated Bishop of Winchester. In the year 1263 or 1264 an intervention on the part of Pope Urban IV. indirectly led to the composition of Bacon's chief works. Guy de Foulques, Urban's ambassador on this occasion, was informed by a clerk, named Raymond of Laon, of the friar's learning and his discoveries; and, when he himself afterwards became Pope, under the name of Clement IV., wrote a letter requesting that some detailed account should be sent him of these philosophical achievements. "In order that we may better know your intentions," the prelate wrote, "we will and we ordain, in the name of our apostolical authority, that, despite all contrary injunc-

tion of any prelate whatsoever, or any constitution of your order, you should send us with all possible speed a fair copy (*scriptum de bona litera*) of that work which we begged you to communicate to our dear son Raymond of Laon, when we were legate." It was in answer to this appeal that Bacon wrote, in the midst of every kind of difficulty and discouragement, the *Opus Majus*, the *Opus Minus*, and the *Opus Tertium*, in the almost incredibly short space of fifteen or eighteen months (1267).

How great the difficulty, how overwhelming the discouragement, we can learn from what Bacon himself tells us in the early portion of the *Opus Tertium*. The Pope was wrong in supposing that writings had already been composed by Bacon on science. Such was not the case, for his superiors, so far from encouraging him, had strictly prohibited him from writing, "under penalty of forfeiture of the book, and many days' fasting on bread and water, if any book written by me or belonging to my house should be communicated to strangers. Nor could I get a fair copy made except by employing transcribers unconnected with our order; and then they would have copied my works to serve themselves or others, without any regard to my wishes, as authors' works are often pirated by the knavery of transcribers at Paris." Further, it was in vain to plead the cause of science amongst men who were either indifferent or openly contemptuous and hostile. The worst thing of all was the want of money. "For I had to expend over this business more than sixty French livres, a true account of which I will hereafter set forth. I am not surprised that you did not think of these expenses, because seated on a pinnacle of the world you have so many things to think about that no one can properly gauge the anxieties of your mind. But the messengers who carried the letter were wrong not to make some mention of my needs, and they themselves would not spend a single penny, although I told them that I would write to you a full account of their loans, and that every one should get back what he lent to me. I have no money, as you know, nor can I have, nor in consequence can I borrow, because I have got no surety to offer. I sent, therefore, to my brother, but he, because of his loyalty to the king's cause, has been so pauperised, by constantly having to ransom himself out of the hands of his enemies, that he could give me no assistance, nor indeed have I ever had any answer from him up to this day." Bacon then turned to many men in high station, some of whom, as he bitterly adds, the Pope knew by their faces, but whose minds he did not know. "But how often was I looked upon as a shameless beggar! (*improbus*). How often was I repulsed! How often I was put off, and what confusion I felt within myself! Distressed above all that can be imagined, I compelled my friends, even those who were in necessitous circumstances, to contribute what they had, to sell much of their

property, to pawn the rest, to raise money at interest. And yet by reason of their poverty frequently did I abandon the work, frequently did I give it up in despair and forbear to proceed, so that had I known that you had not taken thought of all these expenses, for the whole world I would not have proceeded with it; sooner would I have given myself up to prison." To prison Bacon was actually sent, and perhaps more than once by those who were either jealous or afraid of him. Hieronymus de Asculo, who was made General of the Order in 1274, is said to have committed him to prison because his doctrines contained *aliquas novitates suspectas*. Wood says that he appealed to Nicholas IV., but Pope Nicholas IV. was no other than Hieronymus himself, who succeeded Johannes Caietanus, Nicholas III., and the result of such an appeal could not be doubtful. He appears, however, to have been subsequently released by Raymond Galfred, and to have survived Nicholas by some months. He died when nearly eighty years old, on the feast of St. Barnabas, and was buried at the Grey Friars' Church in Oxford.

Not only was his body committed to the dust, but his writings also, for it seems that means were taken to prevent any of his works from becoming known and read. Long enough was the period of their burial. From the thirteenth century we have to pass to the eighteenth to find the first edition of Bacon's capital work. It was in 1733 that Dr. Samuel Jebb published and dedicated to Dr. Mead the *Opus Majus*, the editor himself being the father of that Sir Richard Jebb, the physician, who figures in the pages of Boswell's Johnson. Then another century had to elapse before any further notice was taken of Bacon. In 1848, M. Victor Cousin discovered in the library at Douai a manuscript which turned out to be Bacon's *Opus Tertium*, and published an account of it in the *Journal des Savants*, though he was not at the time aware that there was also a copy at the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The only copy of the *Opus Minus*, or at least of a portion of it, is also in the Bodleian, and was edited for the Rolls Series by Professor Brewer in 1859, who included in his volume the treatise which he calls *Compendium Philosophiæ*, taken from a MS. in the British Museum. Of more recent commentaries on Bacon, we are only able to mention two, one by Professor J. K. Ingram at Dublin, the other by a Bordeaux *savant*, M. Emile Charles.[1] While his namesake, Francis Bacon, has received perhaps more than his meed of attention in England, the earlier and the more original thinker still remains in much of the obscurity to which he was condemned by contemporary fanaticism.

There is, indeed, a striking parallelism between the two English reformers, not only in their general attitude towards mediæval

(1) M. Emile Saisset has also written a chapter on Bacon in his *Descartes, ses précurseurs et ses disciples*.

thought, but also even in the details of literary expression. Perhaps no phrase of Francis Bacon is better known than the apophthegmatic utterance, "Antiquitas seculi juventus mundi," which appears in the *De Augmentis Scientiarum*. But his namesake had forestalled him. "We are told," says Roger Bacon, "that we ought to respect the ancients; and no doubt the ancients are worthy of all respect and gratitude for having opened out the proper path for us. But after all the ancients were only men, and they have often been mistaken; indeed, they have committed all the more errors just because they are ancients, for in matters of learning *the youngest are in reality the oldest*: modern generations ought to surpass their predecessors, because they inherit their labours." An equally well-known doctrine of Lord Verulam is that in which he recounts in the *Novum Organum* the "idola," or false presuppositions which hinder the path of knowledge. But the Franciscan monk had already detailed certain "offendicula," or stumbling-blocks to truth, some of which can be compared with those mentioned by the later writer. Both the Bacons were agreed in their admiration of Seneca: both thought that the removal of obstacles out of the way of science was a task worthy of kings. None but a pope or an emperor, or some magnificent king like Louis IX., is sufficient for these things, is the observation of Roger Bacon; and the writer of the Advancement remarks that the removal of obstacles is an "Opus Basilicum." Here, too, is a remarkable instance. "Utilitas enim illarum (*i.e.* scientiarum) non traditur in eis sed exterius expectatur," says the author of the *Opus Tertium;* and Francis Bacon almost translates the words in his Fiftieth Essay:—"For they (studies or sciences) teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them and above them won by observation." The following sentences, taken from the *Opus Tertium* of Roger Bacon, might well have come from the writings of the Lord Chancellor:—"I call experimental science that which neglects arguments, for the strongest arguments prove nothing so long as the conclusions are not verified by experience." "Experimental science is the queen of the sciences and the goal of all speculation." Just as the *Novum Organum* distinguishes between two kinds of experience—the unmethodical, which is "mera palpatio," and that which is based on system and method—so, too, does Roger Bacon. "There is," he says, "a natural and imperfect experience which has no knowledge of its own power, which does not take account of its own proceedings, and which is after the fashion of artisans and not of the learned. Above it, and above all the speculative sciences and all the arts, there is the art of making experiences which are neither powerless nor incomplete."[1] But the monk saw clearly what the Chancellor did not always recognise, that this methodical experience depended essen-

(1) *Opus Tertium*, cap. 13.

tially on the knowledge and use of mathematical formulæ. "Physicists ought to know that their science is powerless unless they apply to it the power of mathematics, without which observation languishes and is incapable of certitude," is the emphatic declaration of the *Opus Majus*. The value of method, and of a method which was formed after a mathematical model, is as patent to Roger Bacon as it was long afterwards to Descartes. Here, for instance, in the first chapter of the *Compendium Philosophiæ* are sentences, which are full of the spirit of the *Discours de la Methode*:—"Universal knowledge requires the most perfect method. This method consists in such a careful arrangement of the different elements of a problem that the antecedent should come before the consequent, the more easy before the more difficult, the general before the particular, the less before the greater. The shortness of life further requires that we should choose for our study the most useful objects; and we ought, in fine, to exhibit knowledge with all clearness and certitude, without taint of doubt and obscurity. Now all this is impossible without experience. For we have, as means of knowledge, authority, reasoning, and experience. But authority is valueless unless its warranty be shown: it does not explain, it only forces us to believe. And so far as reasoning is concerned, we cannot distinguish between sophism and proof unless we verify the conclusion by experience and practice." Francis Bacon could not have penned more vigorous utterances than these.

It is true that the later thinker is more wrath with Aristotle, but Roger Bacon also exhibits his impatience of the scholastic yoke. "It is only half a century ago," he cries, "that Aristotle was suspected of impiety and banished from the schools. To-day, he is raised to the rank of a sovereign. But what is his title? Learned he undoubtedly is, but he does not know everything. He did what was possible for his times, but he has not reached the limits of wisdom." But what especially vexed his scholarly mind was that the very Aristotle to whom appeal was so constantly made as arbiter of all disputes was not known in his original tongue, but only through miserably defective and misleading translations. Reformer as he was at heart, Roger Bacon thought that a real comparative grammar was one of the most pressing needs. He has much magisterial scorn for the scholars of his day. Both in the *Compendium Philosophiæ* (c. 8) and in the *Opus Tertium* (c. 10), he delivers his mind with great plainness of speech on this subject:—"We have numerous translations by Gerard of Cremona, Michael Scot, Alfred the Englishman, Herman the German, and William Fleming, but there is such an utter falsity in all their writings that none can sufficiently wonder at it. For a translation to be true, it is necessary that a translator should know the language from which he is translating,

the language into which he translates, and the science he wishes to translate. But who is he? and I will praise him, for he has done marvellous things. Certainly none of the above-named had any true knowledge of the tongues or the sciences, as is clear, not from their translations only, but their condition of life. All were alive in my time; some in their youth contemporaries with Gerard of Cremona, who was somewhat more advanced in years among them. Herman the German, who was very intimate with Gerard, is still alive and a bishop. When I questioned him about certain books of logic, which he had to translate from the Arabic, he roundly told me that he knew nothing of logic, and therefore did not dare to translate them; and certainly, if he was unacquainted with logic, he could know nothing of other sciences as he ought. Nor did he understand Arabic, as he confessed, because he was rather an assistant in the translations than the real translator. For he kept Saracens about him in Spain, who had a principal hand in his translations. And so of the rest, especially the notorious William Fleming, who is now in such reputation. Whereas it is well known to all the literati in Paris that he is ignorant of the sciences in the original Greek to which he makes such pretensions; and therefore he translates falsely and corrupts the philosophy of the Latins." Elsewhere Bacon declares that there are not five men in Latin Christendom who are acquainted with the Hebrew, Greek, and Arabic grammars. He knew them well, he adds, for he had made diligent inquiry on both sides of the sea, and had himself laboured much in these things. How, under such circumstances, could there be any real knowledge of Aristotle? Only a few of his many works remained, and they were mutilated. The *Organon* had considerable lacunæ. The *History of Animals* had originally fifty books; in the Latin versions there are only nineteen. Only ten books of the *Metaphysics* had been preserved, and in the commonly used translation a crowd of chapters and an infinity of lines were missing. But even of these fragments is there any knowledge? Men read them, but only in the Latin translations, which are miserably executed and full of errors. "I am certain," says Bacon, "that it would have been better for the Latin world if Aristotle had not been translated at all than that it should have such an obscure and corrupt version of him." Therefore Robert Grostête was right, he thinks, to neglect Aristotle altogether and write on his own account, making use of his own experience; and he especially refers to the Bishop's treatises on comets and the rainbow. Hence Bacon attempts with minute accuracy to prosecute philological studies, and in the *Compendium Philosophiæ* is to be found a specimen of Greek palæography, "the earliest in all probability extant in Western Christendom."[1] In his treatise on com-

(1) Brewer, *R. Bacon: Opera Inedita;* introduction, p. lxiii.

parative grammar, the MS. of which exists in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, he wrote a short Greek accidence with a paradigm of the verb τύπτω.

Neither in logic nor in metaphysics is Bacon's work so valuable as in mathematics and science. He seems, indeed, not to have been a philosopher in the sense in which the term might be applicable to Bruno or perhaps Campanella, but he had a true insight into many scientific problems and a rare genius for invention, in which he is far superior to his more modern namesake. In logic he seems to have been a Nominalist, though hardly in so pronounced a manner as William of Ockham, while he is on the side of modern philosophy in his dislike of scholastic subtleties and abstractions and his disbelief in the so-called sensible and intelligible species. But though it may be doubtful whether he did or did not invent gunpowder, it seems clear that he either actually discovered or very much improved the telescope and the microscope; and like Descartes, he made a study of refractions of light, and produced a theory of the rainbow. Moreover, his knowledge of the delicate mechanism of the eye, and the precision with which he described and analysed its various component parts, form a remarkable evidence of his scientific ingenuity.

But perhaps his chief title to fame is the reform of the calendar, which he proposed to Pope Clement IV., and which was never carried out till 1582 under Gregory XIII. "Since the time of Julius Cæsar," he says, "errors in the calendar have been steadily increasing, despite the attempted corrections of the Nicæan Council and of Eusebius, Victorinus, Cyrillus, and Bede. These errors arise from a faulty evaluation of the year, which Cæsar estimates to consist of 365¼ days, so that a whole day is intercalated every four years. But the length of the solar year is really less than this by about eleven minutes; so that at the end of 130 years a day too much has been counted, and this day should be cut off at the end of such a period. Nor are the moon's quarters rightly estimated by the Church. At the end of 356 years we shall be wrong by a whole day, and at the end of 4,266 years the moon will be full in the heavens while it will be marked new on the calendar." "A reform is necessary," Bacon tells the Pope; "every one who is instructed in calculation and astronomy knows it very well, and laughs at the ignorance of priests, who keep things as they are." Arabians, Hebrews, and Greeks are horrified at the stupidity which is shown by Christians in their chronology, and in the celebration of their solemn days. And yet Christians have enough astronomical knowledge to arrive at a fixed basis for calculation. Only let your Reverence give orders, and you will find men to remedy these faults, not only those of which I have spoken, but others besides. If this glorious work were

to be accomplished in the time of your Holiness one of the greatest, best, and most perfect enterprises would be accomplished which have been attempted in the Church of God."

The last sentence in the quotation just given strikes a note which is never absent in Roger Bacon and which rings in consonance with his age. Sometimes Bacon is spoken of as a sceptic and a revolutionary, as a man who antedated Luther or was in full revolt like Vanini or Bruno. Nothing is further from the truth. He had a keen eye for the workings of nature, and in many respects possessed a real instinct for science; but he was also a monk, not only because he could not help himself, but also because such a life was in accordance with his nature, and satisfied some of his personal instincts. Hence no scepticism is allowed to touch the revealed truths of religion, and his inquiries only have their scope within the range of secondary and mechanical causes. He believes that philosophy can do nothing against the truth but only for the truth. He is not a hardy metaphysician, who will let his thoughts carry him without reserve to the secret fountains of being; but in the spirit of the scholastic, he regards the active intelligence of Aristotle as equivalent to the Word of God, who is the Second Person of the Trinity. Nor does he fail to reproduce some of the characteristic superstitions of the Middle Ages. He, too, has a faith in alchemy, he accepts the influence of the stars, he even anticipates the modern magic of mesmerism.[1] He, too, will try to find the philosopher's stone and the secret of a life which exceeds the normal measure of man. What he had done in science seems but an earnest of what science can do; and there is at once scientific faith and childish credulity in his anticipations of the future. Listen to the Franciscan of the thirteenth century as he forecasts in his cell the possibilities of a coming age:—"There shall be rowing without oars and sailing without sails; carriages which shall roll along with unimagined speed with no cattle to drag them; instruments to fly with, with which a man shall by a spring move artificial wings beating the air like the wings of birds; a little mechanism three fingers long, which shall raise or lower enormous weights; a machine to enable a man to walk on the bottom of the sea and over the surface of waves without danger, and bridges over rivers which shall rest neither on piles nor columns." So Bacon dreams in his treatise, *De Mirabili*, but it was a dream which was full of the instinctive prophecy of genius.

W. L. COURTNEY.

(1) *Opus Majus*, Dousi edition, p. 251 *Opus Tertium*, cap. 27.

SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE BULL-FIGHTING.

THE ancient art and mystery of Bull-fighting, which has existed from time immemorial in the Iberian Peninsula, has come down to present days in two very distinct forms of Ring Sport. The bull-fight of Spain and the bull-fight of Portugal are different things altogether. Each is sharply differentiated from the other, and each has been slowly evolved in accordance with the very clearly defined radical differences that exist between the peoples of the two neighbouring kingdoms.

I have no hesitation in saying that the Portuguese is not only the better sport of the two, as it certainly is the more humane, but that it has kept far the more truly to the traditions of the ancient pastime, which is probably a survival, a modified survival, of the gladiatorial fights of ancient Rome.

For these reasons, when the Parisians resolved to make a picturesque excursion into the Middle Ages for the benefit of their Exhibition visitors, and to revive the romantic bull-baiting of the past, they were well advised in rejecting the brutal sport of the Spanish ring in favour of the Portuguese bull tournament; and the Paris bull-fighting of this summer, though not strictly after the Portuguese method, is far nearer to it than to the bloody and barbarous sport of the Spaniards.

The Portuguese bull-fighting is of like antiquity with that of Spain, and it is the lineal descendant of the wild beast shows of Rome; but it derives most of its romantic colouring from Moorish and post-Moorish times. There is evidence that it was a favourite sport among the chivalrous, warlike Moors of the Peninsula to chase the half-wild bulls of the plains on horseback. This practice would naturally spread to the Christians, who had learnt from their Moorish enemy the use of the curb-bit, perhaps of the stirrup, certainly of the cavalry lance, without which accomplishments bull-fighting on horseback is not a possible thing. Their Moorish teachers of the fine art of modern horsemanship, of the courtesies of life, of chivalry, of the point of honour, of all, in short, which distinguishes the cavalier from the churl, would certainly have imparted to their Christian pupils this pleasant and manly diversion of fighting the wild bull from the saddle.

In the best days of Peninsular chivalry bull-fighting was a

sport for kings and princes. There is a sound tradition that the Cid, el Campeador, the great Christian hero of the Middle Ages, was renowned as a bull-fighter, killing bulls from his horse with his own valiant hand. Much later the Emperor Charles V. is related to have enjoyed this noble sport, and the Spanish painter, Goya, himself an "Aficionado" of the first order, has a spirited representation of his Catholic Majesty on horseback attacking a savage bull with his spear.

Now, this tradition of the palmy days of the bull-ring is preserved, as every one knows, in a very degraded form, in the mounted *picadores* of the Spanish bull-fight. They are men on horseback, but the horses are broken-down cab and cart-horses, fit for no work, spiritless, with hardly life enough left in them to creep to the knacker's yard. On these wretched screws, thus cruelly sent into the ring, and given up to the fury of the savage bull (to the shame, as I strongly think, of the manhood of the Spanish public), are mounted the poor modern representatives of the champions, knights, and warrior kings, who, spear in rest, in ancient days, dared the rage of wild bulls on their war-horses. The Spanish *picador* of to-day is armed indeed; his legs are swathed in iron and leather, so that when the bull shall gore and overthrow his horse, and the horse falls on his rider, the horseman shall receive no hurt; and he carries a thing that by courtesy may be called a lance, but is liker to a goad, being, in truth, only a spear-shaft with a nail-point at the end, which can enter no more than skin-deep. Armed with this simple weapon, the *picador* of the Spanish bull-ring on his wretched mount, himself a recruit from the lowest slums of Seville or Madrid, weighted and made more slothful and clumsy than nature intended by his defensive armour, makes no pretence to fight the bull. He does not, indeed, *fight at all*: he only gets into the bull's way as the infuriated animal first rushes into the arena. His duty is to receive the charge and yield up his horse to the horns of the bull, after some more or less ineffectual pushing at him with his pole. It is a sorry spectacle, and would be laughable if it were not grossly and shamefully cruel.

Portuguese bull-fighting is a manlier sport. No knacker's yard horses are brought into the ring, to be butchered unresisting. There are no *picadores* of the low Spanish type, with horses incapable of flight from the bull, the Portuguese *picador* being generally a gentleman by birth—of a class, that is, with whom the management of the "great horse" is a traditional accomplishment. He is neither protected by armour, nor does he carry any weapon either of offence or of defence. Horse and rider preserve the traditions of this ancient chivalrous art; the rider by wearing a rich, gold-laced costume of

the sixteenth century, the horse by his careful training and magnificent silken and gold caparison. To equalise the [illegible] between the bull and his baiters, his horns are tipped; and [illegible], even with this handicapping, the Portuguese bull has much the best of it. He is never seriously hurt; indeed, in my belief, he is never hurt at all, and he enjoys the delight—the intense delight, common to all men and all animals of natural courage—of being put in a boundless and justifiable rage with his enemies.

It is a magnificent sight to see a black bull from the plains of Alemtejo, a *puro*, who has never been fought before, in his first rage and rush into the ring. He charges at the first living creature in his path: the blinder and madder his rush, the safer is the bull-fighter. The man holds his scarlet, silken cloak in front of him, and behind its shelter, darts to one side as the bull is on him, and the bull's horns meet only the silk and the empty air. A mistake of a fraction of a second in his action may cost the man his life, and the right performance of this difficult feat of cozening the bull with the cloak is the bull-fighter's first elementary acquirement.

When the bull has run at three or four of the men and failed each time to gore, the poor beast is disappointed and enraged. He stands in the centre of the ring, gazing from one to another of his foes, hesitating which to attack first. He paws the ground, bellowing hoarsely in his anger; his great muscular neck is lowered and raised, in terrible semblance of goring and tossing and killing an imaginary enemy; he stamps on the ground, and fancies he is trampling an assailant under his hoofs. Sometimes he charges again and again till his wind and rage are spent. Sometimes he turns cunning, and, approaching one of the men slowly, stalks him with deadly intent to catch and hold him against the wooden barrier of the ring and crush the life out of him. This action is, of course, more to be feared than the bull's blind rushes, and would lead to more deaths in the ring than occur, but that the boundary of the arena, which is from five to six feet in height, is provided with a little ledge about half way from the ground. On this the bull-fighter can place his foot, and, resting his hand on the top, vault over and escape. It is amusing to see a practised bull-fighter chased by the bull across the arena, and timing his flight so exactly that he reaches the barrier, and leaps over at the very moment that the bull's horns come with a resounding bang against the woodwork. Sometimes, though, the man has to run as fast as his legs can carry him and sometimes he does not run fast enough. Then the bull scores.

If a bull is not a *puro*—a bull fresh from the plains, unknowing

in the wiles of man—if he has been fought before, he often runs cunning [illegible] the outset; and this is one reason why the Portuguese way of [illegible]ting is more dangerous than the Spanish ring sport. In Spain every bull is a *puro*, because none ever survive the fight. I had this distinction from a Spanish bull-fighter who was fighting at Oporto. He told me, too, what I should not have ventured to state on my own authority alone, that the bulls of Alemtejo were *mas valientes y mas marrajos*—of more courage and cunning—than even the famous Spanish cattle from the banks of the Jarama.

The sport of bull-fighting in Portugal does not consist in slaughtering the bull after he has spent his rage and strength on horses and men—chiefly on the horses, who, in Spain, go down before his horns killed and wounded to death by the dozen and score at every spectacle—but to dare and tease him to increased rage, so that his assailants may show their extreme skill and courage in coming within a hair's-breadth of the peril of his horns and yet escape wounds and death as if by a miracle. If this be true sport, then bull-fighting ranks with fox-hunting and tiger-shooting and with war itself. The only offensive act which the Portuguese practise against the bull is to fix the tiny darts called *banderillas* into his neck. The *banderilha* is a stick about a foot in length, adorned with silken ribbons and streamers; it has a projecting steel point, barbed, as fine as a trout-fly hook straightened out. It is not long enough to pass through the epidermis of the animal, the skin at the neck being little less than two inches through, and it is evident that he feels the prick much less than we should that of a pin.

In the right fixing of these little darts in the bull's neck is the skill of the *toreador*, both Spanish and Portuguese, chiefly shown. As the darts must be affixed in the upper part of the neck, about six inches behind the horns, and on a particular spot not four inches square, and as they are placed as a rule while the animal is in the very act of charging, the feat requires a sureness and swiftness of eye, hand and foot, almost inconceivable. To see it well done is to see sport in its best form, and to do it rightly must be extraordinarily satisfactory to the performer. We Englishmen know, some of us, what it is to "drive" an unwilling horse over twelve or fourteen feet of water, what it is to "smash" a volleyed ball at lawn tennis, what a hard, low, late "cut" between "point" and the "slips" is at cricket, but not any of these performances can come up to this feat of the bull-ring. The art of it, and indeed the secret of all bull-fighting, is based upon the closest observation of the habits and character of the bull, just as the art of riding is based upon a

perfect knowledge of a horse's ways; and as horses' tempers vary, and the rider must form his action upon the indications given by every new horse he mounts, so do bulls, too, vary in disposition. A mistake in either case is accompanied by its penalty—a fall from or with the horse, or a fall before the bull; but a fall in the bull-ring, a false step or a false timing, is often followed by death, or, at best, broken bones.

It has been observed that a bull in act to gore invariably stays, or nearly stays, his course as he lowers his head. The bull when he does this is said, in the quaint, formal language of the Portuguese ring, "entrar em jurisdiçao e humilhar-se"—to enter upon his jurisdiction and to humble himself. It is during this fraction of a fraction of a second that the dart-fixer or the cloak-holder must decide on his action. To affix the darts properly the *banderilheiro* on foot should hold them so that the bull, in raising his head to gore, receives their fine points in the upper part of his neck, one on either side; the man at the same moment bounds to one side and escapes. When the dart fixer is on horseback the method of attack is altogether different. The rider gallops alongside of the bull, and, without waiting for the animal's charge, forces his horse to close quarters, affixes the dart, and turns quickly away. The sport is more dangerous on horseback than on foot; a stumble, a mistake of pace, or an unexpected swing round of the bull's horns may be fatal; and there is no escape, as with the dismounted man, over the barrier.

Every one of these various kinds of attack upon the bull is termed a *sorte*—in Spanish *suerte*—and there are several, one of the most extraordinary being the *sorte da vara*, where the bull-fighter, with a short leaping-pole in his hands, runs to meet the bull in his onward rush, and, as he lowers his head to gore, the bull-fighter fixes his leaping-pole in the ground, and with its help vaults high over the body of the animal. The last time I saw this feat performed was a few months ago. The bull was a little too quick for the man and struck the pole with his horn while the leaper was in the air, and the bull gored and stamped upon him, but his mates rushed in bravely and rescued their companion, and carried him from the ring with no more hurt than a dislocated joint, two broken ribs, and a good many bruises.

The dart-fixer in the Portuguese bull-fights—the *banderilheiro*—is the counterpart in dress and appearance of the well-known *majo*-dressed *banderillero* of the Spanish ring. In the Portuguese bull arena there are often Spanish as well as Portuguese dart-men. The Spaniard is always to be distinguished by his long hair, worn in a knob behind—the *moño*. The Portuguese disdains this fashion as

effiminate. The *chulos* in the Spanish sport—the clowns—supernumeraries who carry the cloak, and whose chief business it is to fill the ring [illegible] crowd round and divert the attention of the bull when he has got a foot-man or a rider down, are represented in the Portuguese ring by a band of men dressed in the old gala costume of the Alemtejo province where the bulls are bred—gay, flowered chintz jackets and dark breeches, with coloured sash. They wear white stockings and light shoes. These men are peasants of the Alemtejo plains. Their solitary weapon is a pole with a small blunt iron fork at its extremity, with which, standing in a body, they can ward off the bull's charge. This weapon gives them their name, *moços de forcado*—forkmen.

When the first fury and swiftness of the animal are expended, the fork-men, who have hitherto kept within safe neighbourhood of the barrier, run in and tease and play with the bull. They have none of the alertness, grace, and quickness of the Spanish *chulo;* they are round-shouldered peasants, clumsy and loose-limbed; but their strength and daring are wonderful. A common trick of theirs is to run to the bull's side, seize his horn with the right hand and his tail with the left, surprising the bull for a moment with their audacity, and holding him thus, as it were "in chancery;" escaping with a quick bound as the bull recovers his presence of mind and prepares to gore.

A bolder feat still is for one of these fellows to stand in the bull's path, to challenge him, to cite him—*citar o touro* is the technical phrase. The bull is perhaps tired of ineffectual charges, ever baffled in his attacks, and he stands at bay; then the *moço* places himself in his front, throws up his arms, whistles, shouts, and defies the beast, who, suddenly lowering his head, charges his fresh enemy. The man leaps upwards as the stroke is just upon him, and letting his body lie between the bull's horns, grasps them firmly within either hand as the bull lifts his head to toss. Then the animal, frustrated of his will, and made more furious than before, stamps on the ground, roaring with rage, and carries the man about the ring, aloft, unhurt upon his horns, amid the approving shouts of the spectators.

Presently the man's companions rescue him, crowding up and seizing the bull by horns, tail, legs; pressing, pushing, leaping against his sides, neck, and quarters, till the great beast is entangled and oppressed and hindered by the number and weight of his assailants. But the end of this foolhardiness, often undertaken to please and woo some mistress in the crowd, is sometimes tragedy, not comedy. Such a tragic ending to the interlude has been most exactly and most forcibly described by the great epic poet of

Portugal, and I quote the passage that I may have the pleasure of quoting, too, Sir Richard Burton's admirable Englishing of a stanza that has baffled all previous translations of the *Lusiads*.

"Qual no corro sanguineo o ledo amante
Vendo a formosa dama de-s-ejada,
O touro bu-s-ca, e p-ondo-se diante,
Salta, corre, sibila, acena e brada;
Mas o animal atroce nesse instante,
Com a fronte cornigera inclinada,
Bramando duro corre, e os olhos cerra,
Derriba, fere, mata e poe por terra."

The spirit of these lines, their terse linking of familiar images, and their magnificent swiftness of utterance, are hardly lost in Burton's:—

"As in the gory ring some gallant gay
On his fair ladye-love with firm-fixt eyes
Seeketh the furious bull, and bars his way,
Bounds, runs and whistles, becks and shouts and cries;
The cruel monster, *sans* a thought's delay,
Lowering his horned front, in fury flies,
With eyne fast closed, and roaring horrid sound,
Throws, gores, and leaves him lifeless on the ground."

The bull of the Portuguese ring is not a large animal, but he is bred for strength and activity. Having seen the cattle of both countries, I am inclined to consider the beasts of Portugal superior in strength and fierceness to those of Spain. Latterly, Portuguese bulls have been used in some of the more famous bull-fighting centres of Spain. There of course they enter the arena with unbated horn-points and do terrible execution upon the wretched blindfolded horses. An eye-witness of a recent bull-fight in Madrid told me that a single Portuguese bull killed no fewer than fifteen of these miserable unresisting animals before he was himself laid low. The half-wild bull of the Portuguese plains is never overloaded with fat; he can turn as quickly as a goat, and gallop nearly as fast as a horse. He is always in good form for running, and so full of "go" that he often leaps the barrier which the bull-fighter has vaulted over to escape from him. This barrier is no less than five feet five inches in height, for I have measured it. Yet at the last bull-fight I witnessed in Oporto, four out of the ten bulls that were fought leapt this barrier, some of them several times over, and one or two cleared it without a graze. Now, five feet five inches is a very good high jump for a man, and a phenomenal jump for a horse in the hunting-field. In my own experience it is oftener talked of, than cleared by a hunter.

So greatly does the bull enjoy his fighting, so sorry is he when the sport is drawing to a close, that I do not think he could ever be induced to leave the ring, though his stable door is held wide open to him, and he knows that water is there to quench his thirst and a heap of fresh-cut grass for him to eat, but for the device of bringing in a troop of oxen, his companions. Even then he is often very loth to go, but the oxen are made to surround him; they wear bells round their necks, and perhaps the familiar clanking confuses him, or, reminding him of peaceful rural scenes, blunts his warlike ardour. He is tired, thirsty, glad probably to be among his own kind once more; and presently the fierce beast, so full of fight a little while before, trots quietly to his lair with the troop of oxen, amid the bravos and acclamations of the crowd if he has acquitted himself like a bull of spirit and courage.

OSWALD CRAWFURD.

MR. BROWNING IN A PASSION.

It will be interesting to watch what the Browning societies will say—or whether they will say anything—about their idol's last manifestation of himself in print. "Can heavenly minds such dire resentment show?" will be asked by the unbelievers. Yes, the societies may answer; since frenzy put into the hands of Archilochus his own iambus, poets have been allowed to enjoy a privilege denied, or accorded with condemnation, to the heathen, and to rage furiously, if only they can rage poetically; and many poets have forgotten the superior dignity of saying with Leonato—

"My griefs cry louder than advertisement."

But has ever resentment, just or unjust, dribbled itself away in such feeble and ungrammatical abuse as that which the *Athenæum* of July 13 presented to us with the signature of Robert Browning?

"I chanced upon a new book yesterday.
I opened it, and where my finger lay
'Twixt page and uncut page these words I read—
Some six or seven at most—and learned thereby
That you, Fitzgerald, whom by ear and eye
She never knew, 'Thanked God my wife was dead.'
Ay, dead! and were yourself alive, good Fitz,
How to return you thanks would task my wits.
Kicking you seems the common lot of curs—
While more appropriate greeting lends you grace;
Surely to spit there glorifies your face—
Spitting from lips once sanctified by hers."

Now, even if "good Fitz" had thanked God that Mrs. Browning was dead (he never did, but only thanked God that we should have no more Aurora Leighs), is it not marvellous that any sane English gentleman—that any one except an Italian from Leicester Square under the influence of absinthe—should think of seeking redress for an insult, real or imaginary, in kicking and spitting? But still more marvellous is the impotence of the expression throughout. Mr. Browning's *words* distinctly complain that Fitzgerald thanked God that his (Fitzgerald's) wife was dead. It is only extra-grammatical considerations which lead us to apprehend what the charge is which the poet means to bring.

Again, the phrase "Good Fitz"—a jocular and friendly mode of address—would show that the writer is not at all so angry as he pretends to be, if words were any index to his thoughts. But they plainly are not. When he writes—

"Kicking you seems the common lot of curs—"

what he has *said* is that it is the common lot of curs that they (the curs) should kick Fitzgerald. But here, again, we feel confidence that what he *thinks* he has said is something quite different, something like—

"Kicking would seem the common lot of curs."

But kicking, it would seem, is finally abandoned, and spitting elected as the proper form of protest, for we read that—

"Surely to spit there *glorifies* thy face."

The spitting, then, is a *fait accompli*, for *glorifies* can no more take the place of *would glorify* than it could take the place of *would not glorify*. Be it noticed, too, that *to spit there* does not mean to spit on the curs. The pronoun *there* (= *on it* or *on them*) does not stand for the noun *curs* which precedes it, but for the noun *face* which follows it. I hope if I venture to say that this kind of English seems to me below the standard which would secure a pass at Civil Service examinations Mr. Browning will not make arrangements for kicking or spitting at me, for I have no experience in the proper methods of meeting that form of attack, and I own that I am unable to feel that past connubialities on the part of Mrs. Browning would convert such "greeting," however "appropriate," into an honour and distinction conferred on me.

But it may be urged that the Latin poets kicked and spat and said very unmentionable things, and that anger does not choose its words. Agreed: all might be forgiven if we had in the verses even the rudiments of a fine thought or a fine expression. I have no doubt that Lord Tennyson regrets his fierce rejoinder to Bulwer Lytton's attack, but we cannot regret the existence of a poem which has such phrases as "shook a mane *en papillotes*," and such lines as—

"To have the great poetic heart
Is more than all the poet's fame;"

or—

"We knew him out of Shakespeare's art
And those fine curses which he spoke;
The Old Timon with the indignant heart,
Which deeply loathing greatly broke."

Even the much weaker—

"It is here, it is here, the end of the year,
And with it a spiteful litter,"

is redeemed by the fine expression—

"I hear the roll of the ages."

When Swinburne is furious he wields, if not thunderbolts, at least not brickbats.

There is no inarticulateness in—

> "As, thank the secret sire picked out to cram
> With spurious spawn thy misconceiving dam,
> Thou, like a worm from a town's common tomb,
> Didst creep from forth the kennel of her womb;"

or in—

> "Iscariot, thou grey-grown beast of blood;"

or—

> "Chief nerve of Hell's pained heart eternally."

This is, at all events, nearer to Catullus than to 'Tilda Squeers, and we cannot say as much for Mr. Browning's protest.

What will the worshippers say? The unbelievers will wag the head, and shoot out the lip, and say, "There, there! So would we have it." The incapacity to express a feeling of resentment which seems to be genuine, however unfounded, will lend support to the heresy that we have in Mr. Browning a man of high intelligence, great psychological insight and wide culture, but one who labours under an abnormal inaptitude to exercise the mechanical part (at least) of the poet's art.

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL.

SOME TRUTHS ABOUT RUSSIA.

"TRUTH ABOUT RUSSIA"[1] is one of the most entertaining books that have been written about that paradoxical country. The author's elaborate apology for autocracy in Russia, and his impassioned, prayerful appeal for a reconsideration of our policy towards that country, deserve careful consideration.

When the author marshals the extensive data at his command and moulds them to a general view, from which he asks us to deduce the necessity of substituting cordial friendship and loyal co-operation for the lukewarm sentiments that underlie our present relations with Russia, he cannot justly complain if we refuse to accept his theories before verifying his facts and decline to consider the genuine patriotism and Carlylean earnestness with which he addressed himself to his task, as infallible guarantees of the accuracy of his statements or of the value of his conclusions. One thing, however, cannot be gainsaid: he has furnished impartial readers with materials enough to enable them to discover the truth for themselves; for his conception of his duty is such that he candidly states and fairly interprets all facts that have come to his knowledge, even when—as frequently happens—they completely cut the ground from under his cherished theories. He thus occasionally finds himself in the position of Elia's Captain Jackson, whose opulence of fancy was called upon to transform his poverty into affluence, changing a bare scrag into whole beeves, and causing his guests to reel under the potency of his imaginary Bacchanalian encouragements. In Russia, Mr. Stead seems to have found but very few loaves and fishes wherewith to feed the hungry multitude of his countrymen, who must be models of self-denial if their wants are satisfied without the working of a miracle.

The key-note of Mr. Stead's reasoning on the question of our relations with Russia consists in the thesis that Russia is an invincible power and must be conciliated because she cannot be stayed The struggle, he assures us, would be meaningless; for the enemy is well nigh invulnerable, certainly indestructible, and our most strenuous efforts will at best irritate her and provoke a terrible vengeance. "Whatever we do," he exclaims, "Russia will remain and Russians will continue to inhabit the whole of Northern Asia and Eastern Europe. That we cannot prevent though we bleed ourselves like veal in the endeavour to slaughter them into impotence." Now

(1) *Truth about Russia.* By W. T. Stead. Cassell & Co., 1889.

this is utterly at variance with the facts: Mr. Stead cannot but be aware that the most competent military authorities in England and in India entertain no manner of doubt that we are in a position to meet and defeat the Russians at Herat and in the Khanates. And the various pusillanimous views lately put forward even by numbers of the Conservative party in the press are obviously the outcome of hypotheses which it requires but a calm consideration of the facts to explode. But whether Mr. Stead's opinion is founded or not, what we can and should do is this: We can, without striking a blow, prevent the exuberant energies of Russia from being spent in extending to the prejudice of civilized powers a territory which is even now far too considerable; and this energy once confined within reasonable bounds, will apply itself to the righting of domestic affairs with results not only satisfactory to the great bulk of the Russian nation, but highly reassuring to foreigners. Moreover, it is well to know that if the coming war should prove disastrous to Russia, it would be at once followed by radical changes, not only in the governors of that country, but in the entire system of governing; for Russia is even now on the eve of a social cataclysm infinitely more destructive than the worst with which she was ever threatened by so-called Nihilism. And an internal change of the kind alluded to would make all the difference to us between a staunch friend and an unscrupulous enemy.

More important still is the strong probability, amounting almost to certainty, that a Russian defeat would be followed up by a resuscitated Poland, consisting exclusively of the Russian and Austrian provinces of that ill-fated kingdom, endowed with legislative independence to the same extent and under the same conditions as Hungary, and capable of rendering invaluable services to Europe as a barrier against the wave of Russian invasion. This idea, however chimerical in appearance, is not merely the expression of a vague possibility—the idle dream of a political enthusiast. I have the best possible grounds for affirming that, as late as last autumn, it had assumed the form of a practical proposition seriously entertained by responsible statesmen of Austria and Germany, proposed by them to the accredited spokesmen of the Poles, and finally agreed to by the latter on certain conditions; and that it has not been unheard of by our own Foreign Office. And the events that have taken place in Russia since last autumn have been uniformly of a nature to prepare the way for, rather than to hinder, the execution of this project, as soon as the contingency on which it is dependent takes place.

This, and other results, which will readily occur to a statesman who possesses trustworthy information respecting the internal condition

of Russia, can be effected when the opportunity offers, without any serious sacrifice on our part, though not without incurring certain risks, which, however formidable they may at first sight appear, are in truth insignificant in comparison with the advantages they ensure, and with the dangers to which any other combination will expose us.

The important question, the answer to which will, or at least ought to, influence the character of our relations with Russia is, not whether the Tsar is or is not a peacemaker, whether Austria is or is not bent on aggrandisement rather than consolidation, nor even which is the surest way to preserve peace in Europe for another six or twelve months, but whether the future normal growth of the British Empire is compatible with the realisation of the political ideals of autocratic Russia; whether a prosperous Russia, which implies a triumphant France, may not be the correlative of a British Empire shorn of its prestige, and well on its way to join Holland, among the shades of past greatness in the Walhalla of nations.

And to the solution of this question the author of *Truth about Russia* brings no serious contribution. He does, indeed, tell us much about her moderation, her wise resolve to organise the vast territories she already possesses, instead of yielding to the temptation of annexing more, but he fails to show that these statements of interested politicians have any more substantial foundation than their word, and his conviction that such would be the conduct of a wise government. The degree of reliance that can be placed upon the assurances and promises of Russian statesmen is a matter which only those are competent to determine who, having learned, have not forgotten, the lessons of past experience. Mr. Stead himself, however, with his praiseworthy candour, supplies us with fresh materials for an answer. Thus, in reply to the question why Russia is so anxious to seize the keys of the Bosphorus, certain responsible statesmen assured him that it was purely in the interests of peace, in order to permit of the Black Sea coast being left as undefended as the Caspian, a result which would, they added, be brought about by the erection of a couple of Russian forts on either side of the Bosphorus, defended by about 10,000 men. They could promise, however—ay, solemnly promise—that Russia would never dream of turning the Black Sea into a vast arsenal whence a new Armada would one day sail forth to join the French fleet and sweep the British flag from the Mediterranean. In fact, Russia would be much more likely to dismantle her Black Sea fleet than to fill the Euxine with preparations for naval war. And yet when the author proposed, presumably as a test of their sincerity, that in that case England should be allowed to erect a couple of forts on the Dardanelles, the reply was a most emphatic negative.

The section entitled "A Treaty of Commerce with Russia," in which British merchants are promised commercial *monts et merveilles* in return for our political friendship, affords us an equally accurate measure of the extent to which the acts of Russian statesmen are at variance with their most solemn assurances.

"There is no country in the world," we are told, "except the United States, where we could do a bigger business than with Russia. It would be mutually advantageous, and that which blocks the way is the demented determination which prevails in Downing Street to be more Austrian than Prince Bismarck himself. I had a long and interesting conversation with M. Wischnegradsky, in the Ministry of Finance, on the subject [Russian trade]. He professed himself to be very sanguine as to the development of Russian trade. *He disclaimed* most emphatically any idea that he was opposed to the *widest possible influx of English capital.* The jealousy of foreigners, which is sometimes expressed in the papers, he repudiated. The edict against the employment of Germans in the Western provinces was, he remarked, solely a retaliatory measure, consequent upon the expulsion of Russian subjects from Germany. *No restriction had been placed upon the introduction of English skill or English capital or English labour.*"

Now these emphatic assurances were given at the very time when the Minister was signing, or was about to sign, an order forbidding Englishmen from engaging in the coasting trade in Russian waters, notwithstanding the fact that it was mainly owing to these very men that during the past twenty years Russian trade had increased twenty-fold.[1] They were made shortly after the Minister had issued an order to certain British subjects, whose capital and enterprise had rendered untold services to Russian commerce, to take it and themselves elsewhere unless they consented to become Russian subjects in a comparatively short space of time. I make this statement, which is not founded on mere hearsay, with the utmost consideration, for I am extremely reluctant to say anything calculated to render the commercial relations between the two countries more strained than they are, but it is to my mind of paramount importance that Englishmen should be reminded of the value of Russian promises. I vouch for these facts. I can prove them if necessary. I have read with my own eyes in London certified copies of certain of the official documents to which I allude; I read one of them at the very time when Mr. Stead was in St. Petersburg, listening with rapture to the siren's song of M. Vyschnegradsky.[2]

(1) My authority is the semi-official statement of MM. Kryloff and Kazy, published in the *Novoye Vremya*, February 3, 1889.

(2) Nothing is further from my intention than to insinuate that M. Vyschnegradsky, who is not indifferent to his own interests, would at this stage of his career lay himself open to a charge of duplicity and intentionally deceive Mr. Stead. He was, no doubt, sincere enough in the expression of his personal opinion, but he must have known that he was utterly unable to realise it. In Russia it is perpetually a case of Spenlow and Jorkins. One person or department does the promising, while another superintends

The author himself is not wholly without his misgivings. Even his belief in the solemn assurances of his Russian friends occasionally takes the form of notional assent, and he does not deem it superfluous to provide us with consolatory reflections in case they should prove delusive. Thus, he assures us that the Russians—

"disclaim all intention of interfering in Afghanistan; they desire nothing more than that we should take possession of the whole country, and govern it as we govern the Punjaub. The Emperor has repeatedly expressed himself in the strongest terms in this sense."

Yet, in spite of this categorical assurance, he calmly informs us on the same page that—

"if we will not, or cannot, shoot the rascals who raid the Russian's cows, the Russian will shoot them himself, not caring whether to do so he has, or has not, to cross the boundary line which Sir Peter Lumsden has marked out. If he is wise, he will, for his own sake, return to his own side when the robbers have been disposed of; *but if, as is probable, he is not wise*, and tries to annex Afghan territory, so much the worse for him and the better for us."

Moderation, self-restraint, straightforwardness, are words that find no place in the vocabulary of Russian politics, and if we follow Mr. Stead's advice, and commit ourselves to a policy based on a belief in the qualities for which they stand, we should, like him, provide ourselves beforehand with consolations to fall back upon in the hour of disenchantment which will surely arrive; for if we cast our bread upon the wild waste of waters called Russia, we should do so with our eyes open, and with the full and certain knowledge that we shall not find it any more.

Russia, we are assured, harbours no elaborate schemes of further aggrandisement; consolidation is her immediate aim, peace her ideal. Unfortunately exactly the same thing has been affirmed before each of the long series of annexations which have gradually built up the mighty empire of to-day, and which figure in history less as the outcome of wars waged with designs of conquest than as the natural

the breaking thereof. Thus, the Minister of Public Instruction protests that he is personally desirous of extending elementary instruction, yet he virtually suppresses it in the provinces, to please M. Pobedonostseff; the Minister of Justice is said to be an honest, upright man, but he does not refuse to bow down before the Minister of the Interior, and to draw up a series of laws on agricultural labour which are very redolent of serfdom; then, again, M. Vyschnegradsky would welcome the influx of English capital and English enterprise which have lately founded a Steam Navigation Company in the south, but the Minister of the Marine, who possesses shares in a rival company, vetoes the admission of English capital, and Englishmen are told to go about their business (Cf. *Novoye Vremya*, February 7, 1889). The Minister of Foreign Affairs solemnly promised that Russia would advance no further in Central Asia, and would no doubt have religiously kept his promise, were it not that, as Mr. Stead neatly expresses it, the army was not kept well in hand. Credulity is one of the great disadvantages of an honest heart!

resultant of a variety of causes still at work, which some term "the inexorable force of gravity." The Khanate of Kazan was annexed because John the Terrible owed it to his offended dignity to punish the refractory inhabitants who failed in loyalty to the Khan whom he had arbitrarily set up; not of course for the sake of aggrandisement. The kingdom of Astrakhan was added to Muscovy because the same monarch could not tolerate a weak neighbour. Siberia was presented to the Tsar by a band of unprincipled adventurers for whose acts the government of the day disclaimed responsibility as emphatically as the present Tsar disavows solidarity with the Free Cossacks in Abyssinia. The Crimea was annexed in accordance with the principle that Russia needs natural boundaries instead of artificial ones, which are always a fertile source of dissension and strife. Erivan and Nakhitschevan were added to her dominions simply because she was desirous of concluding a permanent peace with Persia, for which the annexation of these provinces seemed the best guarantee; the kingdom of Georgia was absorbed eighty-seven years ago, almost reluctantly, and in deference to the earnest request of the king who, unlike the fish in the fable, himself chose the sauce with which he was eaten. The history of Russian advances in Central Asia is too well known to need recapitulation here. Mr. Stead, who is possessed in a high degree of that charity which thinketh no evil and believeth all things, tells us that "the Central Asian advances were chiefly due to the military Russia—the Russia of the army."

Thus one country is swallowed up because it is too strong, another because it is too weak, a third because it constitutes Russia's natural boundaries, a fourth because Russia's neighbours beyond those boundaries are unsettled; one people is favoured, protected, and absorbed on the strength of common religious interests: another is insulted, attacked, and likewise absorbed because of the clashing of these interests, and so on. The causes may vary, the occasions may seem unsought for, but the result is always the same. And we are asked to believe that this secular process will be now suddenly arrested; now that Northern Persia is virtually a Russian province, and the entire kingdom going the way of all Russia's neighbours; now that a treaty has been concluded with Corea which is the preliminary to a protectorate and its customary results; now that the work of assimilation is progressing apace in "independent" Bokhara, and the days of Afghanistan are numbered.

Mr. Stead calmly views all this with the eye of a philosopher. If Russia goes on annexing, he says, so much the worse for Russia. "The first infidel who enters Afghanistan makes his opponent a present of the alliance of all the Afghan tribes, for the Afghans are ever the friends of the second comer." Now this, I submit, is a

delusive hope. The Russian soldier, the common man, has a winsome, bewitching way about him which few Orientals can withstand. Neither his present surroundings nor his past history encourage in him those insufferable airs of superiority which Englishmen even of the lowest class are prone to give themselves in their dealings with the kinsmen of rajahs and the descendants of heroes. The Russians of the lower classes systematically deprived of education are naturally and wisely disposed to practise humility—to stoop to conquer—and they delight in establishing durable relations of friendship on the low basis of common propensities and identical failings. Many of the vices which characterise Orientals and of the criminal habits engendered by ages of slavery and degradation seem to have a spontaneous root in their versatile character. Belief in fatalism is a law of their nature, if not a dogma of their religion; duty is an articulate sound that seldom awakens a corresponding idea, and mendaciousness is to them as the air they breathe. They are admirably qualified by nature and by training to overcome the dislike entertained towards all Christians by the Afghans and other Asiatics.

As for the manner in which the civilising process, which it has lately become the fashion to eulogize, is carried on by Russian *tschinovniks* in Central Asia it would be difficult for the ordinary observer to discover any essential difference between it and the favourite methods of the Spaniards in South America and the Portuguese in Africa. Last May a writer in the Russian *Historical Review* —a magazine patronized by the Government—gave a more interesting than edifying account of those methods. There was always, he tells us, a widespread conspiracy between the army of officials who plundered and insulted the natives and the all important translators who were the eyes and ears of the highest authorities.

"In one of the conquered districts the officials oppressed the Kirghiz tribes in a shocking manner. They stole their sheep, deprived them of their camels and horses, and ruined whomsoever they could, filling their own pockets with the booty. The nomads bore patiently with all this for a long time, but at last they rose up and determined to—complain to the military commander, whenever he came that way. They discovered one day that the general was coming, and attiring themselves in full ceremonial dress they took courage and went to meet him. They had forgotten, however, to bribe the translators, while the officials who felt that a storm was coming, gained them over by promises of considerable reward. The good-humoured general at last drove up in his carriage, and while they were changing the horses he received the people. The chosen spokesman of the Kirghiz tribes made a very low bow, delivered a speech setting forth the grievances of his people, and pointed to his colleagues, who could, he said, be called as witnesses to the truth of his statements. 'What do they want?' asked the general of the translator. 'They are inviting your excellency to come to their village to partake of their hospitality and to rest yourself.' 'Ah! well, thank them and say that I would go

with pleasure, but am too pressed for time.' Turning to the Kirghiz the translator said: 'The general says that if ever again you dare to complain of the officials and lie as you now do he'll have you flogged, every man and you.' The venerable elders looked up with amazement at the smiling general. 'We lie not,' they said, 'we speak true things. Let all of us be closely questioned. The officials have ruined us.' 'What are they saying now?' inquired the bewildered general. 'They are in great distress that your excellency cannot partake of their hospitality,' replied the imperturbable translator. 'I am very sorry myself. Tell them that I will not fail to call on my way back.' The translator, turning to the people delivers this message as follows: 'The general commands me to say that you have got to take yourselves as far as ever you can from here, and never again dare to importune him with your silly stuff and nonsense. If he catches sight of one of you on his return, you shall all have to answer for it. He does not believe one word that you say.' Meanwhile the general, who continued to smile graciously and shake hands cordially with the elders, entered his carriage and drove off. The crowd stood still and silent, with open mouths and wondering eyes, firmly rooted to the spot."

Those English politicians who under such conditions can bring themselves to desire a further extension of Russian rule, whether in the East or in the West, remind one of that mythical Irishman who, having staked a certain sum against the chances of a bullet being sent through the middle of his top hat by a skilled marksman at a considerable distance and without a hair of his head being injured, was naive enough, as soon as the gun was levelled, to press the hat down over his face and neck, and of course had only himself to thank that he received the bullet in his head as well as in his hat.

In his laudable, and in the main successful, endeavour to give his readers a sketch of social and political life in Russia rather as it is than as it seems, Mr. Stead at times describes a state of things that would gladden the heart of the Sage of Chelsea, were that philosopher still among us, and in a corresponding degree astonish those whose acquaintance with Russia is founded only on personal observation. Many of his remarks and explanations reveal an overmastering tendency to idealise Russian autocracy; to view it less in its visible and odious effects than through the rose-coloured spectacles of a Carlylean hero-worshipper, an idolater of the best man. Indeed, if the reality corresponded in any perceptible degree to the highly coloured picture of autocracy which Mr. Stead has painted, Russia would deserve to be held up as a model for imitation to all civilised—or over-civilised—countries. What, for instance, could be more charming, more idyllic than the poetic description of the innumerable villages of which Russia is composed, as so many flocks of little brown sheep contentedly nestling on the immense pasture-land of the Tsar?

"The whole of the dominions of the Tsar," exclaims Mr. Stead, "seem but as one vast grazing-ground or meadow, in which, broken up into innumerable little flocks, are scattered one hundred millions of his Russian sheep. Far away in the fat valleys of Siberia, in the dense forests of the North, and in the

fertile steppes of the South, you find the same little flocks, varying only in colour and in numbers, but in other respects the same. All equal, all democratic, all owners of the land they till. And far away, at an immeasurable distance, at Gatschina, stands the Head Shepherd, high over all."

Then, again, who can read without a feeling of envious admiration the glowing description of the Russian Mir as the embodiment of the ideal of a Christian Commune, as "the true peasant Republic, the most democratic and socialistic of any institution now existing in all Europe, which may yet supply to a world wearying of unrest, of individualism, and of universal competition, a clue to the solution of many of our most pressing difficulties?" All this is as tantalising as the mirage of the African desert to a thirsty traveller, and, I fear I must add, as unreal. Under Mr. Stead's magic pen the dreary actuality has undergone a wonderful metamorphosis; but as in Keats' Lamia, it requires but the searching glance of the matter-of-fact inquirer to compel the beautiful figure to resume its original form of serpent.

These occasional exaggerations are in part attributable to the exuberance of that quality which the author himself terms "sympathetic imagination," and which to most people will seem "a failing on virtue's side;" but they are in part also traceable to his determined refusal in this particular case to look at both sides of the medal, to carry out the principle *audiatur et altera pars*. "There are so few who take an interest in politics in Russia," he tells us, "but the few there are, are in two camps. There are the Liberal Europeans and the national Russians or Panslavonic party. The former may be dismissed *sans cérémonie*." Now this, I submit, is not the impartial, judicial temper which should be brought to the study of a country like Russia, regarding which the most absurd and contradictory accounts are still believed. What would Mr. Stead think of an intelligent foreigner who in a book on the political parties of this country remarked: "There are two political camps in England. There are the Liberal Separationists and the National Unionist or Imperial party. The former may be dismissed *sans cérémonie*."

It would be a grave mistake to deny or depreciate the services to their country of certain prominent members of the Slavonic party, extreme and one-sided though their political views have been: Samarin, Khomiakoff, Aksakoff among those who have passed away; Bestuscheff, Orest Miller,[1] Lamansky among the living. But why the only party that has hitherto produced men distinguished by solid

(1) Orest Miller died suddenly since this paper was written. He was one of the most honest men the Slavonic Society ever counted among its members, so that I was not at all surprised to hear from him during my last visit to Russia that he had been forbidden to make any public speech in that Society or elsewhere in Russia.

political sense and education, the party of Count Speransky, of Count Miliutin, of the Emancipators of the Serfs, of Loris Melikoff, Turgenieff and Belinsky and so many other famous and good men, should be dismissed *sans cérémonie* by a stranger who came to Russia for the first time for the purpose of learning something about the customs and political institutions of the people, is best known to Mr. Stead himself. No reason that I can conceive can justify this extraordinary course. I have known scores of foreign residents in Russia, but never yet one who, whatever his political opinions may have been when he first visited the country, did not at last cordially sympathise with the ideas and aspirations of the Russian Liberal party. Throughout the length and breadth of the Tsar's dominions there is not another group of men who for genuine, wise patriotism, thorough grasp of the burning questions of the day, cordial sympathy with all that is noblest in the character of their countrymen and exemplary political discipline, can compare with those Liberals whom Mr. Stead, before he knows them, condemns and orders out of court without a hearing. The select band of thinkers and writers who rally round the *Russian Gazette* of Moscow, and the review called *Russian Thought*, is not only an ornament to a nation still emerging from barbarism, but would do credit to an old constitutional country like our own. These are in truth the only persons in all Russia with a clearly defined political programme, who know whither they are bound and have surveyed the route that leads to the goal, and if they presided over the destinies of Russia, our policy towards that country could not be too friendly or cordial. They could have furnished Mr. Stead with an Ariadne's thread to guide him through the bewildering maze of Russian political institutions; but instead of interrogating them he preferred to indulge in a delightful dream of an idyllic empire with a slow tendency to become an earthly paradise governed by the personification of absolute power combined with heroic virtue and heavenly wisdom. He has, like Pygmalion, carved for himself a magnificent statue, but there is no goddess to breathe into it the breath of life.

Discussing the impending abolition or limitation of the power of the Mir to banish its members to Siberia, he informs us with perfect seriousness that this power "is too deeply rooted in the Russian Constitution to be abolished. All that the Administration *dare* propose is that the Commune shall only be allowed to banish their members to Asia, on condition of their raising the money to pay for their transport." Now it does not need a very profound knowledge of Russian politics to tell us that the Administration dare do much more: dare, in fact, sweep the Mir and all its belongings into the realm of the things that have been, without rendering

its own position a whit less secure than it is. In fact, the late Count Tolstoy's project of law which M. Durnovo is now anxiously piloting through the Imperial Council, and which is certain to receive the Imperial sanction, will create far more radical changes than those which Mr. Stead deems impossible.

Another inaccuracy of a similar kind is contained in the following passage:—

"While the peasant has no voice in fixing the number of men required [for the army], he has authority in selecting those persons who have to serve. The Starosta and the Mir do not know what number of regiments the Tsar must needs maintain to keep the Turks in order and the Austrians in check. But they do know better than any one else whether Ivan Ivanovitch, who is the chief support of his widowed mother, or Peter Alexandrovitch, who is a wild and useless youth, can best be spared for the service of the State. And although this liberty of deciding who shall go may be and is no doubt abused, still it is a recognition of the right of the people to manage their own affairs and to decide which of their number can best be spared for military service."

As a matter of fact no such rights of the people are recognised by the Government, and the Mir has no more voice in determining who shall serve in the army and who shall remain at home than the author of *Truth about Russia*.

On the whole, the account of the relations between the Central Government and the Mir may be said to bear stronger testimony to the extensive use which the author has made of his sympathetic imagination than to the success of his endeavours to discover the facts. No doubt his primary aim was not to give us a dissertation on Russian political institutions; still, if the matter was worth treating at all, it was worth treating well; for it is emphatically one of those questions—rare, according to Mr. Stead—in which the heart does not see as far as the head, and in solving which sympathy is not the surest guide to truth. He informs us, for instance, that the "Central Government, which demands military service from the peasant, and which mulcts him in direct taxes to the extent of five roubles per adult male, leaves him otherwise very much alone." Now this is precisely what the Central Government does not. It is above all things, and in the strictest and fullest sense of the word, a paternal government, continually meddling in the most irksome and baneful manner with the private affairs of its subjects, on the principle that whatever is not expressly allowed is, *ipso facto*, forbidden. The peasant, owing to his ignorance, which is obligatory, is completely at the mercy of every heartless swindler and unprincipled adventurer who cares to spread his net. Every petty *tschinovnik*, were he never so contemptible, is his natural lord and master; but the normal legitimate masters of the peasant, who are always with him, are enumerated in the following list, which, though incom-

plete, will give some idea of the circles in which the Russian peasant is "left alone." 1, the Desiatsky, or police constable; 2, the Sotsky, or police sergeant; 3, the village Starosta, or mayor; 4, the Volostnoy Starshina, or elder; 5, the Volostnoy secretary; 6, the Volostnoy Court of Justice; 7, the Uriadnik,[1]* or police inspector; 8, the Secretary of the Stanovoy; 9, the Stanovoy,* or police commissary; 10, the Secretary of the Ispravnik; 11, the Adjunct of the Ispravnik;* 12, the* Ispravnik* himself (an omnipotent tyrant, in whom even clergymen of all denominations believe and tremble); 13, the Perpetual Member of the Peasants' Department;* 14, the Secretary of the Peasants' Department; 15, the Head Forester;* 16, the Magistrate; 17, the Secretary of the County Marshal of Nobility; 18, the Marshal of Nobility; 19, the President of the District Zemsky Board; 20, the District Doctor; 21, the President of the Governmental District Board; 22, the Perpetual Member* of the Governmental Peasants' Department; 23, the Vice-Governor;* 24, the Governor.* These are exclusive of the tax-gatherers, excise officers, and a host of others whom the peasant also knows and fears and hates. It would require a whole volume—and a sad jeremiad it would prove—to convey anything like an adequate idea of the sufferings and the patience of the people under this frightful régime of innumerable Tsarlets; the nearest for the moment being the most powerful for evil and the least merciful to his subjects.

Evidently Mr. Stead has never seen the living drama of which such a jeremiad would be at best a faint echo, for he boldly affirms that, "on the whole, it is not only Mr. Ruskin who would say that the life of a Russian peasant is more natural and human, and therefore has greater opportunities for attaining to the ideal of the divine, than the life of a resident in our London slums." Perhaps not. But assuredly neither Mr. Ruskin nor any other writer could seriously claim a hearing in such a case, unless he could first show that he had inquired into and thoroughly sifted the facts; and even then he would naturally compare the advantages, if any, and the drawbacks, in the life of a Russian peasant with the condition of the corresponding class of Englishmen, rather than with the misery that abounds among the flotsam and jetsam of the slums of London.

"The women," remarks Mr. Stead, "can, as a rule, neither read nor write, but they can bake, and they can brew, and they can milk and spin, and, in short, have the faculty of using their hands, which is dying out among the English servant-girls, every one of whom can read the *Family Herald*, and even write letters to the editor. Emerson, in one of his essays, remarks that the ideal life is that which enables man to have the detachment and the individuality which is only possible in the country, with the *intellectual* stimulus

(1) Those marked with an asterisk (*) are appointed by the Central Government the others are either elected or appointed by the local authorities.

which is only possible in the town. The conditions have not produced these ideal results in Russia, *but they are there.*"

These are sweeping assertions, to adequately discuss which it would be necessary to bring forward whole pages of statistics, but which no man, Russian or foreigner, who brings an impartial mind and a discerning eye to the study of the condition of the Russian peasantry, can corroborate or accept. Take the following typical instance of the degree of culture to which the better class of peasant women in Russia have attained. It appeared a few days ago in the Kieff newspapers, but attracted no special attention, as such facts are numberless and of constant recurrence. Some time ago a peasant woman in easy circumstances came to the Police Prefect of her district, and begged permission to send her son, who was being taken as a recruit, to his place of destination, at her own expense. "I'll pay whatever it costs," she added, "but, for the love of the Saviour, do not roast him!" "Roast him?" answered the Prefect, "why should we do that?" "Yes, your honour, on the gridiron. I know all about it. You cannot hide it from me. But are you sure you'll not let him be roasted, and I'll pay his expenses?" "Beat your wife with the butt end of your axe," says a Russian proverb, which is not yet a dead letter, "then bend down over her and look: if she lives and moves, it is a sign that she wants more." Women in whom this ideal life, with its "intellectual stimulus," develops crass ignorance, the extent of which is inconceivable in this country, boundless credulity and incurable shiftlessness, scarcely constitute the feminine ideal which one would deliberately hold up to English servant-girls, who, besides their own special work, can also read and write and think.

The conditions of Russian peasant-life may appear ideal and idyllic to an enthusiastic tourist from the window of a railway carriage; to the careful observer they seem what they really are—intolerable and inhuman. The peasants are financially ruined; the worst off are dying—literally dying—of hunger, while others have scarcely anything to eat, or to drink, or the wherewithal to protect their bodies from the cold, and yet their last cow that fed their children, innocent of mother's milk, is distrained for taxes, and they themselves flogged in order to extract from them the money requisite to keep the administrative machine in motion. In very many places, which I could name, the peasants, who have hitherto managed to keep body and soul together, "are now reduced to living on bread made partly of rye, partly of the husks of rye, and often mixed with the worm-eaten bark of the oak or the dry and powdered bark of the pine tree, which stills, without satisfying, the cravings of hunger."[1] As for the cattle that have not yet been killed for food, distrained for

(1) Cf., for example, the *Moscow Gazette*, March 29th and April 10th, 1888

taxes, or starved to death, the roofs of the peasants' huts are being stripped to procure fodder for them.[1] Begging and robbery are the usual auxiliaries to, and frequently the substitute for, work. Did Mr. Stead ever hear of a union of Mirs, of an entire Volost composed of *eighty-five* villages, deliberately making choice of organized mendicancy as a substitute for agriculture? Yet this is a characteristic fact of which he might have read in any of the newspapers of Moscow or St. Petersburg. The inhabitants of the Volost of Khoklom, in the Semeonovsky District of the Government of Nischny Novgorod, took to begging a few years ago, and appear to have been making such a good thing of it, that they have not only gained a livelihood, but have managed to pay the taxes regularly out of the proceeds ever since.[2]

Those who work in factories in winter and hire out themselves and their children as agricultural labourers in summer, are incomparably worse off than those who beg and steal. "The factories," says a Government inspector, in his official Report, "are rickety, dilapidated buildings, fit only to be pulled down." In these cesspools of vice and disease, the children of the peasants, who are alleged to be so near the divine and the ideal, work for eleven hours by day or twelve hours by night.

"In factories like those of Oschtschurkoff Brothers, near Yekaterinenburg, the children, many of them nine years old, others only eight, work from six o'clock at night till six o'clock in the morning *without interruption*. In the soda works of Liubimoff & Co. in Bereznyak, the children work from twelve at night till noon next day. Others work from four in the morning till eight in the evening, with only half an hour's rest for breakfast and an hour for dinner—*i.e.*, fourteen hours and a half. The highest pay these children receive amounts, in very rare cases, to seven roubles a month (about 3s. a week); but *usually* they work for nothing, because their parents are employed there, and they are looked upon, so far as wages go, as apprentices."[3]

There is another detail, which, though highly unsavoury, is too characteristic to be omitted, as it may assist us to form a conception of what that ideal is like towards which Russian peasants—and especially womankind—are approaching.

"In many places," says the official Report, "for instance, in the factories of Kryloff on the river Bezdnia, near Simbirsk, and in the works of Vinogradoff in the village of Ignatievka, for the sake of effecting an economy of fuel, the people of *both sexes and all ages* are compelled to take their bath *in one and the same bathroom simultaneously*."

These things are typical, notorious, and visible, so that they who

(1) Cf. *Odessa News*, March 9, 1888.

(2) Cf. *Odessa Messenger*, 20th July, 1888; and *Kazan Exchange Newsletter*, 12th July, 1888.

(3) Cf. *Northern Messenger*, April, 1888, p. 77 folgg.

run may read. But there are other sights equally heartrending, which are concealed under such favourable appearances that they are not easily discerned, even by the practised eye of the native. In towns and villages of Northern Russia one is often struck by the roomy, snug-looking wooden houses of the peasants, some of them two stories high—a sure sign, one would imagine, of plenty and comfort. Enter, and your amazement at the sight that meets your eye will equal your compassion for the miserable inmates.

"On the threshold," says the report published six months ago, in the *Novoye Vremya*, "stands trembling a little urchin with swollen body and face ground down by want, who greets you with the mournful salutation, 'Give me something for Christ's sake, for I'm famished.' In one of the two bare rooms the housewife stands erect, gaunt, emaciated, the image of death. 'What's the matter, little mother, are you ill?' 'No, little father; I'm not ill, but I have nothing to eat.' You then learn that in this house there is a large family living, or rather starving, on two roubles a month (about 10½ a week), which the husband, who is a coachman in the city, sends them. Whence, then, these snug-looking houses? Ah, you see, the materials cost nothing, they are stolen; the work is their own."[1]

Besides begging and working in factories, Russian peasants hire themselves out as agricultural labourers, a circumstance which was lately seized upon by that Central Government which is said to leave them so very much alone, for legislation of a very peculiar kind. Whether and to what extent it favours the re-establishment of any of the salient points of serfdom, is a matter upon which every reader is competent to pronounce. I may observe, however, that whenever litigation arises under this law between the peasant and his employer, the chances are a thousand to a fraction of one that the latter wins his cause, and this less because of a lack of integrity on the part of the magistrates than on account of the cast-iron inflexibility of the law, and the effective way in which it binds the hands of those magistrates who may feel tempted to hinder the untutored peasant from playing into the hands of the enemy.

The employer of labour, farmer, or agent, usually chooses winter time, when the peasant is, so to say, on his last legs, for the execution of his plan of campaign, and "treating" the men whose labour he desires to secure with *vodka*, he concludes with them a verbal or a written contract. This contract may, under the new law, be concluded *for a period of five years* from the date when it first begins to be executed. "The death of the employer"—I am literally translating the *ipsissima verba* of the original text—"*does not suspend or abrogate the force of the contract, but simply transfers the rights and obligations of the deceased to his heirs.*" There are peasants at this moment who have sold themselves for several years, and spent the

(1) Cf. *Novoye Vremya*, August 7/19, 1888.

wages given in advance in paying taxes; who could now get far greater wages for their work, but until the term of the contract expires they are bound to their master, and even his death will not sever their bonds.' The serf-owner in the olden time used his serfs with a certain consideration, for the forfeiture of their services in consequence of illness or death meant a considerable pecuniary loss. The master at the present day is swayed by no such considerations: he can always replace one labourer by another, and he uses the vast discretionary powers with which he is invested with no sparing hand. The employer has the right of amercing his labourers for various faults, real and reputed; and he can dismiss them before the expiration of the term specified in the contract for such reasons as "sluggishness, drunkenness, incapacity for work," &c. "If the labourer is guilty of 'unmannerliness' towards his employer or the members of his family, he will be sentenced to imprisonment for a term not exceeding one month." Should the peasant lose his stock of patience, and leave his master, before the covenanted period expires, "the police, if informed before the lapse of seven days, are bound to take immediate measures to discover him, and compel him to return to his employer. The employer who has hired a labourer by contract can require the said labourer to be removed by force from any other employer, and delivered up to him." The legal formalities, delays, &c., usual in such cases, and supposed to exist for the benefit of the weak, are expressly suspended in all law-suits arising out of these contracts, in order to give the employer special facilities for turning on the screw on his temporary slaves.

Carlyle was wont to declare that it is better to suffer injustice than to inflict it, and that useful work is the most effectual prayer and pleasing tribute of man to his Creator; and possibly in this sense it may be true that the life of the Russian peasant has greater opportunities for attaining the ideal and the divine than that of a resident in our London slums. But assuredly in no other. Ignorance, hideous disease—moral and physical, hunger, privations, and injustice combine to render the peasant's life a terrible hell upon earth. In Russia, as in China, famine on a larger or smaller scale is perennial. Fathers of families die of want, children are carried off by hunger-typhus, and the few madmen who occasionally murmur are ruthlessly swept out of existence. The grave closes over them all, and not a voice is heard in protest, not a hand raised in opposition. All is silent and hushed; all is well in Holy Russia; for life there has lost its sacredness, work its ennobling influence, and suffering itself its chastening virtue.

The fascinating idea of the Tsar-Tribune ruling Russia as Abbot Samson governed his monastery would be more in place in a poetic

description of a new Atlantis or a Carlylean Utopia than in a matter-of-fact and on the whole trustworthy account of the stern reality that one finds in Russia.

"It is the theory of the Tsardom," says Mr. Stead, "that every Russian, without distinction of rank or station, has the right of formal appeal to the Emperor direct. There is not a criminal who has not a right to telegraph to the Tsar, nor a Moujik who is not free to write to the autocrat. . . . This, it may be said, is the theory: but is it the practice? The Emperor regards the theory as essential to the Tsardom. All letters addressed to him pass into his hands."

Now, I could produce copious evidence, if needs were, to show that this theory is not borne out by facts; that it is not even acknowledged by Russian jurisconsults to lie at the basis of Russian government. The people who are asserted to possess the right of direct appeal to the Emperor, are the millions who a few years ago had no rights whatever. Then they were chattels inseparable from the estates on which they lived and worked; and as to the right of complaint or appeal to the Tsar, here is the law which was published at various times, for example, in this century in 1832 (vol. ix. § 575), and in 1857 (vol. ix. § 1033):—

"If a serf, unmindful of the obedience due to his landlord, should enter a complaint against him, the same being illegal, and in particular should he *dare* to present such complaint to his Imperial Majesty direct, not only the petitioner but likewise the writer of the petition will be indicted and punished in accordance with the laws."

And the punishment in question was no light one.

This state of things existed till twenty-five years ago. What law, it may be asked, has been framed since then, giving these millions the right of direct appeal? None whatever. A right which is found in no charter, which was never formulated in theory nor seriously exercised and respected in practice, which is utterly unknown to those whom it is supposed to benefit, and even if tested would prove as shadowy as the right of the Emperor of Russia to command in war time the German regiment of which he is the nominal chief, such a "right" should not be presented to us as one of the essential features of Russian autocracy. Cases like the following would be anomalous and rare if any such right or privilege existed, whereas they are unfortunately of every-day occurrence.

An inhabitant of Schuschin, named Oganessoff, was accused of fraudulent bankruptcy, arrested, and as is usual in such cases, kept in prison till his trial. His debts amounted to £5,000. The preliminary judicial investigation, which in Russia always precedes the formal trial, and requires a considerable time, lasted in this instance fourteen years, during which M. Oganessoff, with that glorious birth-

right of his, languished in one of those prisons which Mr. Stead has so vividly and accurately described. At last, in January, 1882, fourteen years after his arrest, the Procureur acquired the conviction that there were not sufficient grounds to proceed against Oganessoff, who was released in consequence, and officially declared innocent.

Another interesting case in point, which occurred in the Government of Kieff, was only brought to light a few days ago. The son of a Kieff merchant, K——, owed thirty roubles (about £2 12s.) on a bill of exchange, and when the document was presented to him for payment, he tore it up and refused to pay. The *juge d'instruction* caused the young man to be arrested and kept in prison during the preliminary investigation, which in this case lasted only twelve months. When the trial at last came on it was proved by a cloud of witnesses that although the act complained of had been committed by K——, the prisoner at the bar was not K——, and bore no resemblance to him whatever, but was a railway official on the South-Western Railway. It was also proved that from the day of his arrest this unfortunate youth had never lost an opportunity of proclaiming that he was not K——. He even drew up at various times seventeen petitions to persons in authority, explaining who he was, referring them to numbers of respectable witnesses who could and would corroborate his assertions, and begging for a speedy inquiry on the grounds of the irreparable injury which several months' imprisonment would cause to his health and his life prospects. The governor of the prison took charge of these petitions and undertook to forward them, but not one of them reached its destination. The prisoner was lately set at liberty, but not only will he receive no compensation for the grievous wrong done him, but those who are to blame for his unjust imprisonment will not be even reprimanded. If this kind of treatment is meted out to men of sufficient intelligence to look after their own interests, what can the unlettered peasant expect who cannot formulate his grievances, and would as soon dare to have a letter written to an archangel or a seraph as a petition to the Tsar of all the Russias?

What we miss most of all in these interesting chapters on Russian political institutions is the standpoint of the political philosopher, the impartiality of the historian. The principles which underlie the author's political preferences and dislikes are utterly incompatible with each other. How, for instance, can he justify his pouring out the vials of his wrath upon M. Pobedonostseff, who, whatever his failings, is almost as enthusiastic a champion of the cause of autocracy as himself? Religious persecution may be very sinful in the eyes of a Nonconformist; it is barbarous and criminal in the opinion of enlightened men of all shades of religious belief and unbelief. In-

dignation, however, does not exclude logic, and if Mr. Stead holds that autocracy in Russia should be maintained, not merely for the sake of the few who directly and visibly profit by it, but likewise in the interests of the millions who seem to wither away under its shadow, then he should also approve, or at least connive at, the employment of the means best suited to its maintenance, however deeply they may shock the sentiments, however rudely they may clash with the ideas of enlightened Englishmen. If, as Mr. Stead imagines, the autocracy should have any future in Russia, its permanence will depend mainly upon the success with which it enlists in its support these young and virile elements of the body politic—Liberal, Sectarian, and otherwise—which constitute the saving salt of every state, and which the Russian political system seems specially framed to exclude. Should the policy of M. Pobedonostseff and the late Count Tolstoy be persevered in, it may, no doubt, succeed for a time in giving a fillip to absolutism in Russia, but at the price of causing its certain and irremediable overthrow in the near future.

A FORMER RESIDENT IN RUSSIA.

*** *The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any Manuscripts.*

THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. CCLXXIII. NEW SERIES.—SEPTEMBER 1, 1889.

PARALLELS TO IRISH HOME RULE.

I AM not going to write anything new. Mr. Karl Blind may, if he chooses, throw aside these few pages unread, with the comment which his critical countrymen so often bestow upon writings which it is to be supposed that they have read, "Nichts neues." Whatever I am going to say now I have said already, either in the Fortnightly Review[1] or in some other quarter. I was some time ago told by a shrewd American editor how soon one might venture to say the same thing again in a daily, a weekly, a monthly, and a quarterly periodical. After a certain number of days, weeks, and months, in each case, what one had said is certain to be forgotten. By his rule all that I have said on the matter must have been long ago forgotten, in this hemisphere at least. So I am not afraid to say some things again.

Now I have nothing, or next to nothing, to argue with Mr. Blind. There are very few of his facts that I have any wish to dispute. If on Danish or Hungarian matters he writes as a German, that is no special blame to Mr. Blind; it is what we all do all round. If I am perhaps more impartial than Mr. Blind about Denmark or Hungary, I should doubtless be less impartial about something else. What I do want to argue against, is not what Mr. Blind says, but what Mr. Blind says that other people say. Mr. Blind says that many false analogies have been quoted in the matter of Home Rule, and that many of them have been quoted by Mr. Gladstone. I have latterly got so weary of the speeches on both sides that I have failed to read all of them, even those of Mr. Gladstone. But I fully admit, from the memory of earlier speeches, that many of the analogies of which Mr. Blind speaks are quite false, and that some of the false analogies have been used by Mr. Gladstone. Having said thus much, I will go on to say what I really want to say about the matter; and I will try to put it in the clearest shape that I can, that is in a shape somewhat dry and formal.

(1) May I refer to anything so ancient as an article of mine in the Fortnightly Review for August, 1874, headed "Federalism and Home Rule"? One in September, 1886, headed "Prospects of Home Rule," comes somewhat nearer to our own day.

The question "Shall Ireland have Home Rule?" involves two questions. The first is "What is Home Rule?" When we have defined Home Rule, we may go on to the second question, "Is Home Rule likely to be a good thing for Ireland or not?" It seems to me that a great many disputants on both sides have no right to say a word either way on the second question; because they have not fully made up their minds on the first.

Home Rule then, as I understood the words years ago, Home Rule, as it was set forth in Mr. Gladstone's bill, Home Rule, as it seemed to be generally understood by its supporters at the time when that bill was brought forward, means this. It is the relation of a dependency to a superior power, when the dependency has the management of its own internal affairs, but has to follow the superior power in all matters other than its own internal affairs. This is a relation which has existed between greater and smaller communities in various times and places and which in various places exists still. It is the relation which prevails in all parts of the Queen's dominions other than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Empire of India, and such Crown colonies, military settlements, and the like, as have not received a representative constitution. It is the relation in which the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands have stood for ages to the Crown of England. It is the relation in which the great colonies of England or of the United Kingdom stand, by virtue of comparatively recent Acts of Parliament, to the Crown of the United Kingdom. In all these cases the dependent community has its local legislature and administration, and, as a rule, it manages all internal affairs for itself. But the dependent community has no voice in the general affairs of the Queen's dominions, because it is not represented in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, while the Parliament of the United Kingdom can, when it chooses, legislate for the dependent community.

This state of things, old in some parts of the Queen's dominions, new in others, but well understood in all, Mr. Gladstone's bill proposed to extend to Ireland. He did not propose to enact for Ireland an exact copy of the constitution of Jersey or of the constitution of Victoria. It is not necessary to the existence of Home Rule that the powers granted to or acknowledged in the dependent community should be exactly the same in every case, any more than it is necessary to the existence of a Federation that the powers kept by the States and the powers granted by the States to the Union should be exactly the same in every case. It is enough that they follow the same general lines, that they come within the definition of the two political relations.[1] And what Mr. Gladstone proposed for Ireland

(1) It does not matter, for instance, how the relation came about. In Canada and Australia all the powers of the colony are strictly grants from Great Britain. But the

did follow the same general lines as both the older and the newer instances, the lines of independence within and subjection without. Representative Irishmen said at the time that they wished to be as Canada, and Mr. Gladstone's bill would have made Ireland as Canada in all essential points.

Of examples of Home Rule in other times and places it would be easy to make a list. There are the relations between Athens and the more favoured of its allies, as Chios and Methymna. There are the relations between Rome and a crowd of dependent kingdoms and commonwealths, beginning with the Italian allies. To leap to later times, there are the relations in which Servia lately stood, and in which Samos now stands, to the Turk. There is the relation in which the kingdom of Poland stood from 1815 to 1830 to the Empire of Russia, and that in which the Grand Duchy of Finland still stands to that Empire. There is the relation between Denmark and Iceland. There is, oddly enough and quite casually, the relation between the United States and its Territories.[1] And, though differing in some points, the relations between Hungary and Croatia come quite near enough to allow us to put Croatia among the countries where Home Rule is of old standing. In all these cases, with any differences between any one among them and any others, there is the same general relation, independence within, dependence without. No doubt other instances could be found; but these are quite enough.

Now this relation of Home Rule, as above defined, must be carefully distinguished from two relations with which it often gets confounded. There is, first, the Federal relation, such as we see on a great scale in the Union of the States in North America and on a smaller scale in the Union of the Cantons of Switzerland. The only point of likeness between this relation and that of Home Rule is that in both there is a division of powers. Things belonging to one State only are settled by that State; things common to all the States are settled by the common power, the Union. But Federation differs from Home Rule in this, that there is no relation of dependency. The States are not dependencies of the Union; the Union has simply such powers as the States have chosen to grant to it.[2] Canada has Home Rule by a grant from Great Britain; if Ireland ever has Home Rule, it will be practically, though perhaps not formally, by a grant from Great Britain. But the several States and Cantons of

powers of the local bodies in Man and the Channel Islands are certainly not grants from England. The question rather is how those islands became dependencies of England.

(1) I mean that the relation between the Union and the Territories is Home Rule by a kind of accident. The Territory means some day to be a State, that is, to be no longer a dependency. Then its Home Rule will be exchanged for something higher.

(2) Therefore the Canadian Federation is not strictly a Federation. The States have only such powers as are expressly given to them; the *reserved rights* are in the Union. In a true Confederation the Union has only such powers as are expressly given to it; the reserved rights are in the States.

a Confederation do not hold their powers by a grant from the Union; it is quite the other way.

Still less has Home Rule in common with another kind of relation with which it has often been confounded, that where two kingdoms or other states, each keeping its distinct being, are united under a common prince. Here again, if the states be constitutional, each will settle its own affairs for itself; common affairs will be settled as may be arranged in the terms of union. This is not the same as the Federal relation, though this and the Federal relation come much nearer to one another than either of them does to Home Rule. Here again there is no dependence, at least no formal dependence[1]; there is no grant of powers from either state to the other. Instances of this state of things will be found in the relations between Great Britain and Ireland from 1782 to 1800, in the present relations between the kingdoms of Sweden and Norway, in the relations in which the kingdom of Hungary and its *partes annexæ* stand to the Archduchy of Austria and certain other possessions of the sovereign of Austria. It is an insult to the independent kingdom of Hungary to speak of its possessing Home Rule. What Hungary did in 1867 was to establish its lawful and ancient rights against a foreign oppressor, and, thereby, of its own free will, to turn the oppressor into a lawful king.

It follows that illustrations drawn from Federal states and from states united by a personal union can prove nothing for or against Home Rule. They can at most prove that a division of powers is possible, and that it has worked well or ill in this or that case; they can prove nothing directly as to that particular form of the division of powers which constitutes Home Rule. The question then comes, What is proved by the other cases of real Home Rule? Not very much perhaps, but still something. To show that Home Rule is a relation which has existed and does exist in several parts of the world, and pre-eminently in our own Queen's dominions, certainly proves that is a possible relation, and not some wild and monstrous thing never heard of before Mr. Gladstone's Bill. If it can be shown to have succeeded in some cases and to have failed in others, that shows that it is like all other political relations, neither universally good nor universally bad, but capable of being good or bad, according to circumstances. If Home Rule has ever succeeded, it follows that it may possibly succeed in Ireland; if it has ever failed, it follows that it may possibly fail in Ireland. All depends on the circumstances of Ireland as compared with the circumstances of the other cases. For my own part, though I have often, in speaking and

(1) I say "no formal dependence," because it is possible that there may be practical dependence. Ireland could have no foreign policy of its own between 1782 and 1800. As Mr. Blind points out, Norway, though it has kept its independence, has not done so without an effort.

writing, quoted such illustrations as seemed to me to be real instances of Home Rule, I do not think that I have ever used them to prove more than what I have just now said, that Home Rule is not a new and monstrous thing, but a perfectly well-known political relation. And this is a point of real and great importance to maintain, when people at the mention of Home Rule go off into wild talk about "disintegration of the Empire," and what not.

Having then settled what Home Rule is and what it is not, what among past or present political relations are real instances of it and what are not, comes the more direct practical question, Is Home Rule likely to do good to Ireland or evil? Here the illustrations will come in in another shape; that is, we may fairly use their experience for what it is worth, not very much, perhaps, but still something. That is, it may be worth as much as any other arguments from mere analogies and precedents. Only the questions of likeness of political relation and likeness of circumstances must be carefully kept apart. Here, I think, is the weak point of Mr. Blind's argument: he mixes up the two. He easily shows that the relation between Hungary and Austria has nothing to do with Home Rule. When Mr. Blind deals with the relations between Denmark and Iceland, between Russia and Finland, he goes off into other points which have nothing to do with the political relation, but which have something to do with the different circumstances of the two cases. Mr. Blind may be right or wrong in his facts, right or wrong in his inferences from those facts; they may or may not show that the experience of Denmark or Iceland proves nothing from which we can argue as to the probable success or failure of Home Rule in Ireland; they do not set aside the earlier fact that the political relation is essentially the same in the two cases.

The question then is, or lately was, Is that particular relation called Home Rule, the relation of a dependency managing its internal affairs, the relation proposed in Mr. Gladstone's Bill and which seemed to be accepted by Irishmen at the time, likely to work well or ill in the particular case of Ireland? In arguing this point, the experience of other countries where Home Rule exists or has existed may be fairly quoted on either side. It is perfectly fair to quote Poland on one side and Finland on the other.[1] Neither reference may really prove very much; but either reference is to the point and is reasonable in point of form. Either reference is at least entitled to a relevant and reasonable answer. It is not my business to argue any of these points. I am only trying to show what it is that we are or ought to be disputing about.

(1) I think I may say this, even admitting Mr. Blind's facts. Russia may (or may not) have the subtle purposes which he attributes to her; Finland might (or might not) have made greater progress if she had remained attached to Sweden. But Mr. Blind does not allege that the terms of the union have been broken by Russia. He does not allege that Finland has any such grievances as Poland certainly had in 1830.

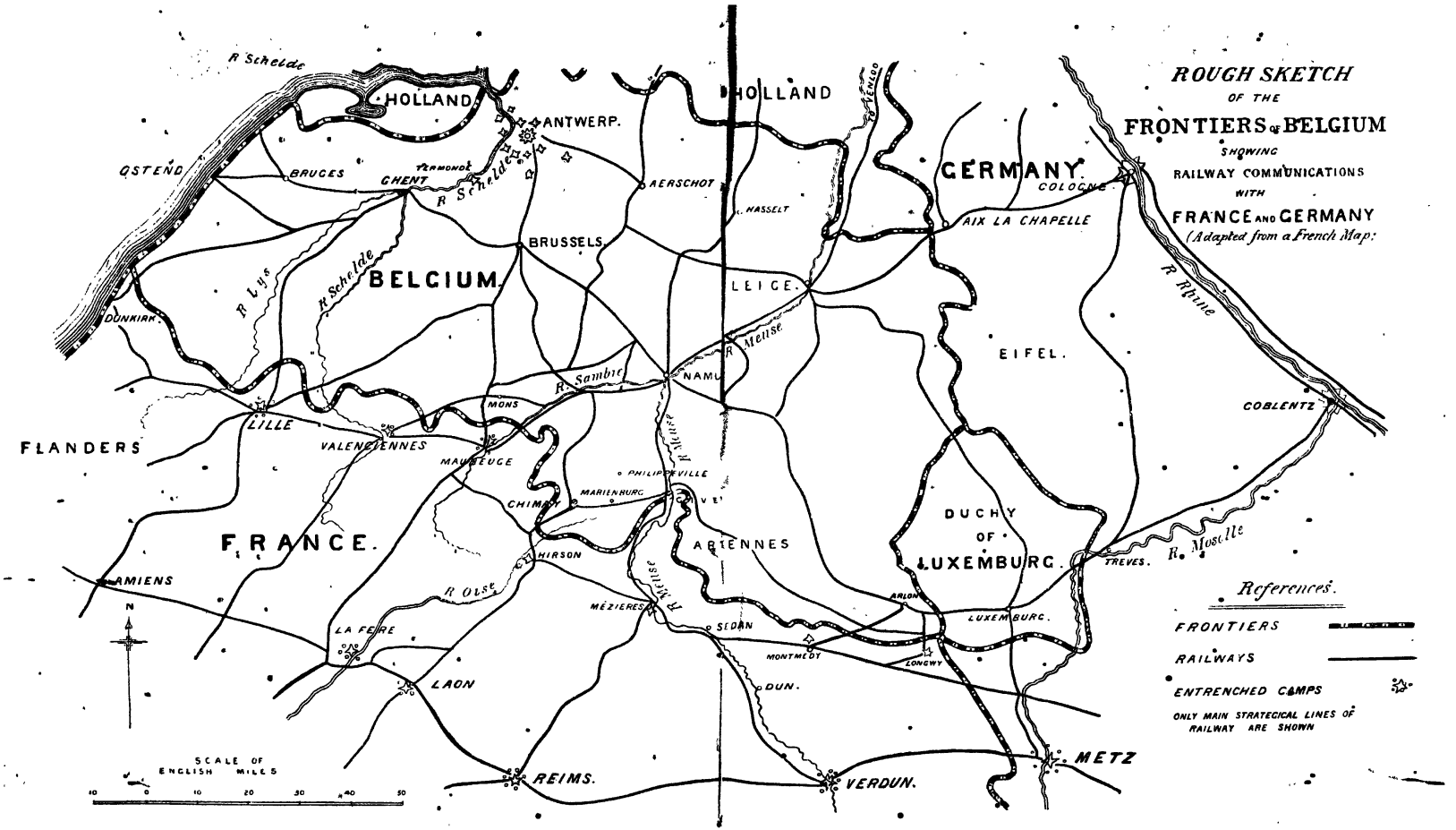
Only the question now comes whether we are not likely to have to dispute about something quite different from what we have been disputing about hitherto. Of Home Rule, as I understand it, of Home Rule as it was set forth in Mr. Gladstone's Bill, it is an essential feature that the dependency should not be represented in the Parliament of the power of which it is a dependency. There is now a loud outcry, to which Mr. Gladstone himself is said to have yielded, in favour of giving Ireland a separate Parliament and yet of allowing Irish members to have seats in the Parliament at Westminster. The proposal is not new; I found something to say about it in the Fortnightly Review fifteen years back. I am not going now to argue for or against it. I only say now that it is a wholly different proposal from the old one. It may be better or worse; but it is different. To keep the Irish members at Westminster is not, like many things in Mr. Gladstone's Bill, a matter of detail, not affecting the general question. It is an essential point one way or the other; it makes the question a wholly new one. It is a proposal, not of mere Home Rule for Ireland, but of something much more. It is a proposal which has no meaning except as a step to a change within Great Britain itself. It is indeed avowed by some of its supporters that it is a step towards changing the present relation of the different parts of Great Britain into a federal relation. I am not now arguing for or against such a relation; I said something about that in this Review three years back. All I say now is that the proposal is something quite different from Irish Home Rule, and that it must be dealt with as a wholly new proposal, to be proposed, attacked, and defended, on its own merits and demerits. If we do think it right to divide the kingdoms of England and Scotland into the smaller elements out of which those kingdoms were put together—for that is what any scheme of federation within Great Britain must come to—let us do it with our eyes open. It is much too big a thing to be done by a side-wind. If I am, when the next Parliament comes together, to find myself in a canton of Wessex, perhaps in a canton much smaller than Wessex, I desire that the change may at least be made with all deliberation, because a majority of the people of Great Britain are convinced that such a change would be an improvement in itself. It must not come in as a consequence or corollary of Irish Home Rule. If such a radical change as this, the greatest ever proposed since King William came into England, is really to be made, let it be made on its own merits; let us not be led into it either because we have done something else, or because we are thinking of doing something else. The two kingdoms of this island are something too great and illustrious to be made the *corpus vile* of experiments.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

BELGIAN NEUTRALITY.

THE subject of Swiss neutrality, which was discussed in the July number of this Review, is so closely connected with the sister subject of Belgian neutrality that the discussion of the one question without some consideration of the other is likely to lead to fallacious conclusions. This likelihood was brought home to the writer after reading the criticisms which the first article gave rise to, and which show how easy it is for even competent critics to fall into error, not from any wish to pervert the truth, but simply from ignorance of necessary facts. It would seem, therefore, desirable to examine the strategical situation of Belgium in the same way as was done in the case of Switzerland, so that the position of both these little neutral States in their relation to the two Great Powers of Western Europe may be made clear to all who are watching the military preparations on the Continent. As in the first paper so in this, politics will as far as possible be avoided, but the treaty of 1839 is a political fact which cannot be ignored, and which, even though it may become a dead letter in future, has had in the past a considerable influence in determining the military policy of the Belgian Government.

If other conditions were equal, which they are not, Belgium would occupy with respect to Germany a strategical position analogous to that which Switzerland holds in relation to France. Its seizure by the Germans, if this could be effected before the French were ready to oppose them, would give Germany a rectangular frontier similar to that which the seizure of Switzerland would give France. A German army based on Cologne coming through Belgium could, if free to do so, gain the valley of the Oise, get behind the Meuse, and turn the powerful line of defences which the French have constructed along their eastern frontier. Paris is only 105 miles (as the crow flies) from the frontier of Belgium. It is nearly equidistant (170 miles) from Metz and Liège. A straight line can be drawn from Berlin to Paris passing through Cologne, Liège, and Namur; while the points Paris-Metz-Berlin form a triangle of which the apex, Metz, is 100 miles from the base, Paris-Berlin. Moreover the Franco-Belgian frontier covers 180 miles (as the crow flies) instead of 75 miles, which is the length of the German-Swiss frontier. The choice of lines of invasion is thus much greater for a German commander operating from Belgium than for a French commander operating from the Swiss plain. In the latter case, as has already been seen, the French are prevented by the Black Forest from debouching into German territory anywhere west of Schaffhausen,


ROUGH SKETCH
OF THE
FRONTIERS OF BELGIUM
SHOWING
RAILWAY COMMUNICATIONS
WITH
FRANCE AND GERMANY
(Adapted from a French Map.)
R Scheldt
HOLLAND
ANTWERP.
OSTEND
BRUGES
GHENT
Termonde
R Scheldt
AERSCHOT
HASSELT
BRUSSELS.
R Lys
R Scheldt
BELGIUM.
LEIGE.
DUNKIRK
R Meuse
R Sambre
NAMUR
MONS
LILLE
VALENCIENNES
FLANDERS
MAUBEUGE
PHILIPPEVILLE
MARIENBURG
CHIMAY
FRANCE.
HIRSON
R Aisne
ARDENNES
AMIENS
R Oise
MÉZIERES
SEDAN
LA FERE
LAON
MONTMEDY
LONGWY
DUN.
REIMS.
VERDUN.
METZ
GERMANY
COLOGNE
AIX LA CHAPELLE
R Rhine
EIFEL.
COBLENTZ
DUCHY
OF
LUXEMBURG.
TREVES.
R. Moselle
ARLON
LUXEMBURG.
References.
FRONTIERS
RAILWAYS
ENTRENCHED CAMPS
ONLY MAIN STRATEGICAL LINES OF RAILWAY ARE SHOWN
N
SCALE OF ENGLISH MILES
10 0 10 20 30 40 50

while in the former case the Germans based on Belgium have four main lines to choose from, all leading into the northern provinces of France.

In spite of these apparent advantages a closer examination of the situation makes it possible to say, without fear of contradiction, that the Germans will not violate Belgian territory in order to invade France, that in fact they would lose rather than gain strategical vantage by so doing, while they would give to the French at the opening of the campaign the moral sympathy of England—setting aside any question of material support—which the publication of the Benedetti treaty withdrew from them in 1870.

The northern frontier of France divides itself for strategical purposes into three parts—(1) that between the sea and the river Sambre; (2) that between the Sambre and the Meuse; (3) that between the Meuse and the neutral territory of the Duchy of Luxembourg. The great entrenched camps of Lille, Valenciennes (now in course of construction), and Maubeuge block the way to invasion of France by the first part, and even if these strong places were reduced or masked, the network of canals and dykes in French Flanders, which admit of inundations on a large scale, would facilitate the defence and constantly impede the invaders. In the third part of the frontier between the Meuse and Luxembourg, which is unprotected by any French artificial defences, the Ardennes country, rugged, thickly wooded, thinly populated, and not crossed by a single line of railway leading north and south, opposes a barrier to invasion almost as difficult to overcome as the barrier of the Vosges mountains or the Black Forest. General Brialmont says that the passage of the Meuse between Sedan and Dun would be easy for German troops. Tactically this is true; but the existence of the Ardennes country is a strategical fact which justifies the assertion that France is free from danger of invasion by this route. The vulnerable part of the French northern frontier is between the Sambre and the Meuse. Three main lines of railway cross it from north to south—one down the valley of the Sambre, one through the famous *trouée* of Chimay, and one down the Meuse valley. It was by the *trouée* of Chimay that a combined Russian-Prussian force under Winzingerode advanced on Paris in 1814, and gave a timely hand to Blucher after his thrashing by Napoleon. Formerly closed by the fortress towns of Philippeville and Marienbourg, the *trouée* of Chimay is now an open gap. The frontier drawn in 1815 makes a great loop south on purpose to give Philippeville and Marienbourg to Belgium, just as the northern loop of the Swiss frontier gives Schaffhausen to Switzerland. Chimay is, in fact, the Schaffhausen of Belgium.[1]

(1) The French, however, unlike the Germans at Schaffhausen, are fully alive to the

If Chimay is the gateway into France, Namur is the key to the entrance. Namur is situated at the junction of the Sambre and Meuse. It is a great railway centre. The lines from the northern provinces of France converge on Namur. The Luxembourg-Arlon railway, *en route* to Brussels, passes through Namur. So does the German line from Cologne, and the Dutch railways which lead south from Hasselt and Aerschot. Namur has the same importance to a German army bent on invading France as Liège has to a French army advancing on Cologne. Its occupation as a primary offensive base would be absolutely necessary before an organised army could pass through the gap of Chimay in order to gain the valley of the Oise.

The French, however, would be at Namur before the Germans. Converging on the fork formed by the Sambre and the Meuse are no less than six French railways, all available for bringing up the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 10th French corps d'armée. The French staff count on getting one hundred and seventeen trains through in twenty-four hours; and, assuming that it requires approximately one hundred trains to move one corps d'armée complete with the whole of its personnel and matériel, a carefully worked out calculation of a French officer gives five days as the necessary time required for concentration. Allowing six days for mobilisation,[1] on the morning of the twelfth day (from the receipt of the orders to mobilise) an army of 200,000 men would be in order of battle on the Meuse covering the position of Namur.

The Germans could not do this or anything like it. There is only one direct line of railway leading into Belgium from German territory, viz., the line from Cologne, which passes through Aix-la-Chapelle and Liège. The rugged district of the Eifel, which separates the two countries, cuts them off from inter-railway communication. It is said that if the Germans violated Belgian neutrality they would not hesitate to violate the neutrality of Holland, and

weakness of this part of their northern frontier, and have recently constructed a powerful fort with outworks at Hirson, in order to command the Chimay-Laon railway. Thirty-five miles further on the invaders marching on Paris would encounter, in the second line of the French defences, the new entrenched camps of La Fere and Laon; and as all the roads and railways from this part of the Belgian frontier converge on these camps, their reduction would be indispensable before an advance on Paris could be made.

(1) The French staff calculate the number of days necessary to mobilise each of their nineteen corps d'armée as six; and in 1887, when the 17th Corps was mobilised as an experiment, this calculation proved correct. Orders for the mobilisation were dispatched to General Bréart, the corps commander, at midnight on the 30th August, and and by midnight on the 5th September General Bréart was ready to move off with the whole of his corps complete in every detail. The local mobilisation of the corps in their own districts is comparatively easy to effect. It is the concentration on the frontier of these huge armies from all parts of France which will try the French staff to the utmost, and contribute in a great measure to decide the war.

Luxembourg also. No doubt they would not if it were worth while. By doing so, however, they would only gain possession of one Dutch line which would be of any use for concentrating troops at Namur —viz. that from Venloo—and the very roundabout Trèves-Luxembourg railway, which sends out two branches at Luxembourg, one passing through Arlon and going dangerously close to the French frontier, and the other striking due north to Liège, where it joins the German line from Cologne. These facts seem to show that under existing conditions the railway system available for the concentration of German troops is totally inadequate to justify an offensive movement through Belgium in order to strike at Paris down the valley of the Oise.

Could German troops effect the occupation of Belgium by surprise? The answer is "No," if the Belgians are ready to check invasion at Liège, which is on the high road from Aix-la-Chapelle, and through which German troops must pass. The Belgians have only lately realised the importance of Liège. Last year a vote was obtained for fortifying it on a modern scale. When the writer of this paper visited the country a few months ago, Belgian engineers were working day and night in order to complete the works, and by the end of next year the town ought to be safe from a *coup-de-main*. Liège, placed right athwart the German railway, is just one of those strategical points which it is the proper *rôle* of permanent fortification to protect. While not hampering the offensive action of the Belgian field army, its fortifications will enable resistance to be made till succour can arrive.

The Belgian army is lamentably weak both in numbers and in organisation. The recruiting system is thoroughly unsound. Although in theory every Belgian subject is liable to military service, in practice this is not the case. Sanction is still given to the system of "substitutes," by which means any one drawing an unlucky number at the ballot, and who can afford to do so, is allowed to pay some one else to serve for him. The evils of this system are well known, and need not be enlarged on here. The annual contingent for the active army is only fixed at 12,000. Service is for eight years, but only a small proportion of this period is passed with the colours. After eight years liability to military service practically ceases. Consequently the army, when mobilised for war, cannot by any means exceed 96,000, while as a matter of fact, owing to waste through desertions, which are very frequent, this number would never be actually reached; and there is no organised reserve to fall back upon. After deducting the numbers required for the garrisons of Antwerp, Liège, and Namur, the full war strength of the Belgian field army, organised in four weak divisions, would not amount to more than 50,000 men. It is needless to say that such an army is

quite insufficient for the purpose even of delaying invasion till help can arrive. Little or no assistance could be expected from Holland, which country might with great effort, and after considerable time, mobilise 40,000 men, who have already made up their minds to shut themselves in the prepared entrenched position round Amsterdam. The fighting strength of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg is 300 men. If Belgium is in earnest, she has not a moment to lose. A new recruiting law is necessary. Conscription should be established, and substitution imperatively forbidden. The annual contingent ought at least to be doubled. The population of Belgium is nearly 6,000,000, about one-sixth the population of France. 12,000 is ·2 per cent. of the gross population. In Germany and France the annual contingent is fixed at 1 per cent. of the population. Belgium is an exceedingly rich country, and with a revenue of nearly £12,000,000, she can well afford an increased military expenditure. What, however, is really wanted is not so much money as public spirit, and until the Belgian people make up their minds to the personal sacrifice involved in submitting to compulsory military service, all their talk about safe-guarding their neutrality is mere idle chatter. The best advice that Englishmen can give Belgium is to push on by all means with the fortifications of Liège, but above all to strengthen her field army, upon which must fall the main burden of maintaining her position as a neutral state whenever and by whomsoever that position may be threatened.

What will be the attitude of England in the event of a violation of Belgian neutrality by either France or Germany? In 1870 Lord Granville[1] distinctly stated that it was the intention of the Government to fulfil the obligations which England had contracted towards Belgium under the treaty of 1839, and his declaration in the House of Lords was emphasised by a supplementary vote being taken in the House of Commons for £2,000,000 to provide for necessary military preparations. Has anything happened since 1870 to alter the situation? Certainly as far as Antwerp is concerned, if the port was of any interest to England in 1870, that interest has been enormously increased during the past eighteen years. The trade of Antwerp is year by year improving. In spite of the commercial policy of both France and Germany, the effect of which is

(1) Lord Granville's exact words were as follows:—"I venture to state most positively that Her Majesty's Government are not unaware of the duty which this country owes to the independence and neutrality of Belgium. When stating last Thursday the course I proposed to pursue, I stated that I believed your Lordships would agree with me that it was no part of my duty, but was the reverse of my duty, to make superfluous declarations as to any possible contingencies. To that declaration I firmly adhere, for I believe it was a wise one; but that determination does not debar the Government from making a specific declaration at the proper time and in the proper season upon particular and definite contingencies."—*Debate in the House of Lords*, 2nd August, 1870.

to check the exports of Belgium to those countries, the imports of Antwerp still continue to ascend in value. The shipping returns give the same results. The total number of vessels arriving at Antwerp in 1888 was 4,823, representing a tonnage of 3,974,320. Of this number, 2,464 were British ships, with a tonnage of 2,266,499.[1] Thus about 56 per cent. of the aggregate carrying trade of the port was in British vessels. If the statistics for 1888 are compared with those for previous years, it will be found that each year's figures, especially as regards British ships, show an increase over those of the preceding year, and that the vessels arriving in the port have more than doubled in number since the year 1870. There are already 11 floating docks and 10 dry docks, with a water surface of 70,000 square feet. The draught of water along the quays is 28 feet, which is more than sufficient to allow the largest British transport vessels to come alongside. These facts speak for themselves. They are a testimony to a commercial prosperity, which is chiefly the development of the past twenty years, which is steadily increasing, and which already entitles Antwerp to rank in the first class of the great ports of Europe. It was supposed in 1870, when the independence of Belgium was threatened, that the fortress of Antwerp in the hands of one of the great Western Powers would be a menace to the security of England. The addition of twenty battle ships to the strength of the navy would put that right; but would any number of battle ships compensate for the permanent blow which English commercial interests would receive if Antwerp were to become a port of France or of the German Empire? How great that blow would be it is for the country to calculate before there is any risk of its delivery. No doubt the question has been made the subject of profound study by the Foreign Office, but what is even more necessary is that it should be studied by the country, so that an intelligent and instructed public opinion may be brought to bear on its settlement, and the hands of the Government strengthened beforehand for any action which may become necessary, and not weakened at the last moment by Parliamentary pressure ignorantly applied on imperfect information.

(1) Consul-General Perry's *Report on the Trade of Antwerp for the year* 1888.

WHAT ENGLISH PEOPLE READ.

"One of the peculiarities which distinguish the present age is the multiplication of books." Since this was Dr. Johnson's opinion a hundred and thirty years ago, it is probable that even his forcible vocabulary would have been inadequate to express his amazement, if he could have foreseen the plethora in the book-market of to-day. Last year some 8,000 works (including new editions) were published in this country, so that we are now provided with new literature at the rate of about 25 books a day. There is, in addition, a large and increasing import of books from abroad. Apparently there are no means of ascertaining the number imported, but some idea of the extent of the trade may be formed from the Board of Trade returns, which show an annual influx of upwards of 1,300 tons of books, having an estimated value of about £225,000. This enormous supply, some of it mischievous, much of it worthless, and even the best of it characterized for the most part by wearisome repetitions and the faults incidental to hasty production, is not unreasonably regarded as a serious evil.

Mr. Matthew Arnold rightly considered criticism to be the function of the age; and to those who are earnestly desirous of knowledge the value of competent assistance in separating the chaff of contemporary writing from the wheat is beyond price. Accordingly several attempts have been made of late years to guide the public in their choice of literature. Lists have been published of the hundred best authors or the hundred best books, lectures have been delivered, sermons have been preached. People can scarcely complain that they have not been fully informed as to what they *ought* to read. A few years ago some of the shelves in the Free Library at Cambridge were labelled "Books worth reading" (they may be so labelled still), although it may perhaps be doubted whether the implied criticism on the other books in the library, which included the whole range of fiction and periodical literature, had any deterrent effect upon the readers. It seems not uninteresting to inquire to what extent English people avail themselves of the advice which is constantly being offered them, and to ascertain, if possible, what kind of books they actually do read.

At the outset it may be remarked that the rapid and excessive production to which I have referred is in itself an indication of the probable result of our inquiry. However much the torrent of new books may be lamented and decried, it must not be overlooked that the supply is a necessary consequence of a corresponding demand, in

the absence of which it could not continue. We have, then, a constant demand for new books; and this points to the conclusion that the popular taste favours ephemeral literature, produced very rapidly, and designed to fit the fashion of the hour, to afford a momentary excitement, or to gratify some immediate curiosity, rather than works of a solid character and more enduring interest, which cannot be either written or read at the same extravagant rate, and which do not need to be continually replaced by fresh matter.

Nor does this seem surprising or unnatural if we consider for a moment the altered social conditions which have contributed to create the present demand for books. Every one knows the old French maxim which tells us that people must be amused, but we have only lately begun to recognise that it applies to the lower classes in England. Until recently, the universal creed was that, so long as the people had a sufficiency of food and clothing, places to sleep in, and churches to pray in and be lectured in, they were doing uncommonly well. Any provision for recreation in their towns and villages was not only neglected but actually discouraged by churchmen and statesmen alike. The idea of giving amusement to the common folk, when it entered men's minds at all, was at once dismissed as something very dangerous, if not positively immoral.

Of late years these public opinions have altered in a remarkable degree, and especially so in the direction of intellectual recreation. Early in the present century the Church, rousing herself from a long lethargy, began systematically to teach the village children to read and write. The legislature, by abolishing the paper duties, which had long been defended on the ground that it was better for poor people to be prevented from reading, took the first step towards placing literature within the reach of the working classes. Then came the gradual institution of free libraries, opening all the best books in the language to the poorest student, while the Education Act insured that every English man and woman should be capable of reading them. But, although by these and kindred measures, such as the establishment of science and art museums, much has been effected, the evil wrought by the old policy of suppression and neglect still lives and is apparent in the utter want of culture among the lower orders of the people. The artisans and workwomen who, if they had lived fifty years ago, would have been unable to spell, nowadays swell enormously the demand for books. But they seek for the most part simply to be amused, to be taken out of themselves; they do not want anything that will give them the trouble to think.

The continuous migration of the rural population to the large towns has also a tendency, I think, to increase the demand for light

reading. Deprived of the opportunities for outdoor recreation which the country affords, the shop boy and the work-girl have but few means of enjoyment beyond the occasional luxury of a visit to the play; and if they employ their leisure time in reading, it is probable that they will look for excitement rather than instruction.

In the higher classes of society a different series of changes has been in operation; but it seems not unlikely that they may have had a similar tendency as regards taste in literature. The bustle of life nowadays precludes most men from following the field sports in which our fathers delighted, and under the influence of a more refined social code men no longer drink, nor do women gamble, as they did sixty or seventy years ago. But the love of excitement remains, the desire to drown care or to escape from ennui, and the very self-restraint imposed by the exigences of the age and the stricter canons of modern society may not unnaturally have created a reaction which finds its vent in the pleasures of sensational fiction.

As regards women, indeed, it would be surprising if any other result followed from the system of mental, moral, and (until quite lately) physical training which society has ordained for them, and which could scarcely have been better designed if the object had been to debar them altogether from a share in the higher intellectual pleasures, while forcing them into a life-long sham in which so many of them exist with emptiness in their hearts, paint on the cheeks, and scandal on the tongues. I do not purpose to discuss here the wisdom or the morality of a social scheme which begins by cutting off our women—the mothers and earliest teachers of our children—from all studies or pursuits calculated to instruct them in the laws of human nature and the development of human thought, and afterwards imposes upon them a code of propriety restricting their communications with the other sex, at any rate during the best years of their lives, to the commonplaces of the park and the inanities of the ball-room. But it is impossible to overlook the effect which such a system—driving women in upon themselves, and stopping up every natural outlet for the emotions, making the colder ones prudish, the weaker ones morbid, and many of the best of them dissatisfied from a sense of the unreality of their existence—is likely to have produced upon their choice of literature.

For these reasons I think that we should expect to find among English people generally a very decided preference for books which appeal to the emotions as compared with those addressed to the intellect. In the following pages I propose to examine how far this anticipation is borne out by the facts. It will be convenient to divide the subject into two parts, ascertaining first what is the proportionate demand for each class of literature, and, secondly, what books (or what kind of books) in each class are in most favour.

Taking, in the first place, the returns of the provincial lending libraries, the proportionate demand for different classes of literature at twenty-two of the principal towns in England is shown by the following table:—

Name of Town.	Theology and Philosophy.	Science, Art, and Natural History.	History, Biography, Voyages, and Travels.	Law, Politics, and Commerce.	Prose Fiction.	Poetry and the Drama.	Miscellaneous Literature.	Juvenile Literature.
	Per Cent.	Per Cent.	Per Cent.	Per Cent.	Per Cent.	Per Cent.	Per Cent.	Per Cent.
Liverpool	2·92	5·46	7·09	0·50	76·77	0·53	6·73	—
Manchester	1·32	6·19	9·06	0·56	70·43	—[1]	12·44[1]	—
Rochdale	0·65	4·48	4·47	0·30	80·97[2]	0·81	8·32	—[2]
Preston	1·80	5·11	8·90	0·92	67·58	1·63	14·06	—
Leeds	0·96	5·17	5·94	—[3]	55·61[4]	—[4]	2·39	29·93
Sheffield	1·29	8·08	11·23	0·31	62·65	1·11	15·33	—
Bradford	0·74	4·15	6·84	0·52	86·57[5]	1·18	—[5]	—
Newcastle-on-Tyne	2·75	11·71	5·65	3·07	48·87	4·14	8·96	14·85
Nottingham	1·49	6·32	7·43	0·46	77·66	1·05	5·58	—
Leicester	0 68	3·03	5·83	0·15	60·16	0·76	6·25	23·14
Derby	0·57	3·46	6·97	0·13	82·87	1·05	4·95	—
Stafford	0·81	3·10	8·68	0·07	74·79	1·00	4·76	6·79
Stoke-upon-Trent	0·90	3·32	8·91	0·07	76·36	2·07	8·37	—
Birmingham	1·48	6·09	5·87	0·24	63·98	1·45	10·32	10·57
Wolverhampton	1·26	3·24	4·96	0·32	70·35	0·85	12·40	6·62
Bristol	1·20	3·46	5·46	—[3]	61·84	6·85	1·93	19·26
Cheltenham	0·64	2·18	5·88	—[3]	65·60	0·42	4·70	20·58
Plymouth	0·63	1·86	6·03	—[3]	40·47	0·93	11·03	39·33
Exeter	3·63[6]	2·08	6·06	1·79	75·70[7]	—[7]	—[7]	10·74
Portsmouth	1·83	6·53	12·74	3·38	35·93	3·25	32·34	4·00
Norwich	0·45[8]	3·76	4·48	—[8]	75·06	1·00	15·25	—
Great Yarmouth	0·59	1·23	7·62	0·17	80·24	0·75	9·40	—

Bearing in mind the wide differences in local characteristics, these figures seem to me to represent a remarkable degree of uniformity. Of the eight north-country towns, Newcastle-on-Tyne appears at first sight to make the best show. There is a greater demand in the field of science and art there than at any other of the twenty-two towns in the list, and the issues in philosophy, law and politics, and poetry, are also relatively high, while the reading in prose fiction, even if the juvenile literature be left out of account, is less than 60 per cent. of the whole. But it must not be too hastily inferred that the standard of intelligence at Newcastle is higher than at the great towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire. On turning to the record of the occupations of the borrowers, we find that in the year 1888-9, out of more than 8,000 men and boys there were only 23 miners, 41 bricklayers, 42 masons, and 104 labourers, while nearly all the

(1) Poetry and the drama included in miscellaneous literature.
(2) Prose fiction includes juvenile literature.
(3) Not separately stated.
(4) Poetry and the drama included with prose fiction.
(5) Miscellaneous literature included with prose fiction.
(6) Includes education.
(7) Poetry and the drama and miscellaneous literature included with prose fiction.
(8) Law included with theology.

remainder were persons of a superior class, including 68 clergymen, 215 merchants and manufacturers, the same number of agents, 248 engineers, 129 commercial travellers, and 1,056 clerks. The women, too, so far as their occupations are stated, appear to belong almost without exception to the middle class. At Leeds, on the other hand, where the issues of theological and philosophical works are below 1 per cent., while the demand for fiction (leaving juvenile books out of account) nearly reaches 80 per cent., we find that during a period of six months some 9,000 male readers included 550 metal workers, 376 woollen operatives, and 1,783 "miscellaneous artisans," as against 60 clergymen, 114 merchants and manufacturers, 112 agents, 90 commercial travellers, and 676 clerks; while 111 domestic servants and 625 artisans appear among the women. The explanation seems to be that the library at Leeds, with its twenty-seven branches, has reached a lower stratum of the population than the single library at Newcastle. It is interesting to observe as an instance of correspondence between quality and rapidity of reading that, while 259,462 volumes were issued in the course of twelve months to 11,968 readers at Newcastle, as many as 375,857 volumes were asked for in half that space of time by 13,132 readers at Leeds.

At Bradford, again, where the demand for fiction and light literature is relatively high, 404,697 volumes were borrowed during the year 1887-8 by 9,772 persons, so that the rate of reading is almost twice that at Newcastle. At the Central Lending Library separate returns were kept for men and women, from which it appears that upwards of 95 per cent. of the books issued to women fall under the head of "General Literature and Fiction," and that the average rate of issue is 45 volumes a year for each reader. Among the men the demand for fiction, &c., is about 83½ per cent. for history, &c., about 8½ per cent., and for science and art something over 5 per cent., while the rate of issue is about 33 volumes a year for each reader.[1]

(1) The actual figures are as follows:—

	No. of Borrowers.	No. of Volumes Issued.						
		Theology and Philosophy.	History, Biography, and Travels.	Law, Politics, and Commerce.	Arts, Sciences, and Natural History.	General Literature and Fiction.	Poetry and the Drama.	Total.
Men . .	2,667	681	7,793	609	4,798	75,223	824	89,928
Women .	1,452	269	1,435	101	559	62,228	447	65,069
Total . .	4,119	950	9,258	710	5,357	137,451	1,271	154,997
Percentage of Issues		0·61	5·97	0·46	3·46	88·68	0·82	100·00

The returns for the Midland counties show somewhat less interest in science and art, Nottingham and Birmingham having the best record in this particular, and the proportionate demand for prose fiction is, on the whole, greater than in the north. Stafford and Stoke-upon-Trent make a better show than one would expect; but the libraries there are not much used by the lower classes, as may be gathered from the fact that at Stoke, the principal town in the pottery district, out of 429 new tickets issued last year to borrowers only 23 were for potters.

In the Western counties we have an exceptional demand for theology and philosophy at Exeter—possibly owing to its being a cathedral town, although the apparent indifference to such subjects at Norwich seems to negative that hypothesis—while Bristol evinces unusual poetical tendencies. Plymouth shows a lower percentage of reading in fiction, but if the juvenile books be deducted, the proportion rises to about two-thirds of the remainder; and the study of science and art there, as well as at Exeter and Cheltenham, seems to be more neglected than at any other town given in the table, with the exception of Great Yarmouth.

Portsmouth has distinctly the best record of all; and, if the figures may be taken as a trustworthy indication of the intellectual development of the dwellers on the south coast, they are certainly more enlightened than the inhabitants of the manufacturing districts. I own, however, to some curiosity as to what species of miscellaneous literature, other than magazines, may have beguiled from the pursuit of the ordinary novel the 151 assistants, 150 milliners and dressmakers, 134 accountants, clerks, and writers, 118 pupils, 75 shop assistants, and 65 errand boys, who form the chief contingents to the list of new borrowers.

The following table may be of interest as showing the extent of the reading at some of the more important provincial towns as compared with the population :—

Name of Town.	Population according to Census of 1881.	Total Issue from Lending Libraries.	Issue per Head of Population.	Average Annual Issue to each Reader.	Issue in Prose Fiction.	Issue in Prose Fiction per Head of Population.	Average Annual Issue in Prose Fiction to each Reader.
Liverpool . . .	552,508	427,532	0·77	47·3	328,240	0·59	36·3
Birmingham . .	400,774	542,901	1·35	27·0	347,334	0·87	17·3
Manchester . . .	341,414	775,000	2·27	18·2	545,844	1·60	12·8
Leeds	309,119	739,618	2 39	34·8	421,832	1·36	19·8
Sheffield	284,508	410,695[1]	1·44	24·7	257,733[1]	0·91	15·5
Bristol	206,874	642,432	3·11	34·4	371,548	1·80	19·9
Newcastle-on-Tyne	145,359	259,462	1·78	21·7	126,806	0·87	10·6
Portsmouth . . .	127,989	254,162	1·99	66·7	91,330	0 71	24·0

(1) As the Sheffield libraries were closed during more than half the year 1887—88, owing to the epidemic of small pox, I have taken the figures for the preceding year.

These statistics enable us to form some idea of the extent and character of the reading in English provincial towns, so far as the work of the public libraries furnishes a guide. The general result seems to be that from 60 to 80 per cent. of the books taken home to read are works of fiction, and that the ordinary reader cares very little for science or art, still less for poetry, and hardly at all for theology or philosophy. In some cases, it is true, from 10 to 15 per cent. of the reading is in general literature, which includes the magazines and reviews; but it must be remembered that many of these contain serial tales.

In Scotland the tone of the public taste seems somewhat higher, judging from the returns of the Aberdeen library, where the demand for fiction (including juvenile books) is in the proportion of 63·26 per cent.; for history and kindred subjects, 11·5 per cent.; for science and art, 7·02 per cent.; for theology and philosophy, 2·12 per cent.; and for poetry, 1·44 per cent.

But I fear that whoever may have followed me so far is already weary of statistics, and at best they can only be regarded as affording a rough approximation to the requirements of the readers. As was remarked in a note to a recent report by the Aberdeen Library Committee, "for the issues to be a just index of these, it would be necessary that the readers should have constant and equal opportunities of obtaining just the books they want. As the library is, and in the nature of things must remain, constituted, a very large number of readers must daily come and go, bearing with them certainly not the books they most desire, but just whatever they can get, whether specially to their liking or not." After observing that "some books owe their popularity (if popularity is to be gauged by demand) to a taking title and popular ignorance," the committee proceed to point out that "the fact that a small devotional work, entitled *The Best Match* was called for (and quickly returned) 65 times by readers, chiefly of the female sex, is hardly to be taken as a proof of the popularity of that particular work, or of the exceptionally devotional character of the library readers. Rather is it to be taken as one of the many cases where, the substance of the book not realising the hopes raised by the title, it is with all possible speed returned to the library." But I am unable to follow the committee in their conclusion that "in this way the amount of fiction reading in all public libraries is made to appear much greater than it really is." It is difficult to imagine that anyone seriously anxious to peruse some devotional work would make the corresponding mistake of taking home a novel so often as to enhance appreciably the apparent demand for the latter species of literature. And an examination of the kind of books comprised in the stock of the various libraries seems to point quite in the opposite direction; for, whereas

we have seen that some 60 to 80 per cent. of the demand is for prose fiction, I cannot find that there is a single public library in which the stock of fiction is as much as 40 per cent. of the whole stock, while in many cases, including Sheffield, Bristol, and Newcastle, it is below 25 per cent. In this connection I may observe that, in an interesting report lately published on the Mitchell Library at Glasgow, the librarian laments the fast diminishing attendance of the reading public, as evinced by a continuous decrease in the number of volumes issued, and for this he suggests various causes, such as that the books are kept longer in hand, that the accommodation in the reading-room is inadequate, that the International Exhibition offered a counter attraction, and that there has been an increased demand for labour. The Mitchell Library being purely a "reference library," the stock of prose fiction is no doubt limited, very properly, to classical and standard works; but the number of volumes classified under this head is only 782 out of a total stock of more than 80,000. The question can scarcely be avoided whether, if this supply were to be increased to anything like the proportion which, as we have seen elsewhere, represents the demand, the men and women of Glasgow would not find it possible to put up with the inconvenience of insufficient accommodation, or to spare time from their work, and resort to the library in greater numbers than ever. And this question is practically answered in the report itself. Last year the "turnover" of the 782 volumes of fiction was 47·33, that is to say, on an average, each volume was issued at least 47 times in the year, while the "turnover" in other classes ranged from 1·47 in law and politics to 7·31 in miscellaneous literature.

In London the available sources of information are extremely meagre and untrustworthy. The admirably conducted library at the Guildhall has, unfortunately, no lending branch, and only contains classical fiction, with the exception of the works of M. Jules Verne, who, having thus, so to speak, to sustain the whole weight of the demand for sensationalism, seems to be more in request there than any other writer. The institution of public libraries in the suburbs is at present in its infancy, and the field of their operations is as yet too small to justify any definite deductions from the results, although, so far as these go, they fully confirm the conclusions arrived at from provincial statistics. The large circulating libraries, again, which might have been expected to possess much valuable information as regards both metropolitan and provincial taste, apparently preserve no record whatever of the requirements of their customers. However, it is admitted on all hands that the demand for fiction far exceeds that for any other subject; while the books which compete most successfully with the novel are those which feed an idle if not vulgar curiosity with more or less amusing anecdotes of popular

characters of the day, especially if the hero be himself the narrator. I now approach the second part of my subject, and shall endeavour to find an answer to the more interesting but more difficult question, What is the general character and tendency of the books which are most read? Let us begin with the standard works of fiction. One of the most successful novels ever written was *Adam Bede*. *Middlemarch* and *The Mill on the Floss* also gained exceptional popularity. But there is not nearly the same demand for these books nowadays as for *The Pickwick Papers* and *David Copperfield*, or for *Vanity Fair* and *Esmond*. The reason, I think, is not hard to find. The class distinctions, the influences of environment and early association, the vestiges, in fact, of feudalism, which entered so largely into the social life of England even thirty years ago, and which were illustrated in so masterly a fashion by George Eliot, are gradually losing force. She seems already to be telling us of things as they were rather than of things as they are; and, in so far as she ceases to appeal to every-day experience, she loses her hold upon the interest of men and women. They turn more eagerly to Dickens and to Thackeray, partly because the broad humour of the one and the pointed irony of the other are as delightful as ever they were, and also because these writers, although they, too, deal with many things that are past, depend less upon the general design of their works than upon their vivid portraiture of individual character. For the same reason, as I conceive, the writings of all the three authors I have named are preferred to the romances of Sir Walter Scott, and still more to those of Lord Lytton. People are asking for something which concerns themselves and their own feelings more nearly than do the adventures of Ivanhoe or of Ernest Maltravers, and I am probably within the mark in asserting, that for every hundred copies now in circulation of *Vanity Fair* or *Pendennis* or *Esmond*, or of almost any novel by Dickens, there are not more than forty of *Ivanhoe* or *Kenilworth* (these being the most popular of Scott's novels), and scarcely twenty of *My Novel* or *Ernest Maltravers* or *What Will He Do with It?*, which seem to be the favourites among the works of Lytton.

We see the same tendency in the temporary popularity of novels which, like those of Charles Reade, and Walter Besant, and Mrs. Stowe, are directed against some special evil or abuse of the day. *It is Never too Late to Mend* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* met with a reception not inferior to that given to any novel I have mentioned, excepting perhaps *Adam Bede;* but to-day there is little demand for either of them.

If we go further back to the writings of Richardson and Fielding, and Smollett and Sterne, the effect of a lack of current interest and vital sympathy becomes still clearer. People find that they have

little in common with *Sir Charles Grandison* and *Pamela;* even *Tom Jones* is seldom asked for; and *Tristram Shandy* is almost unknown.

Nevertheless, all these standard works of fiction hold the place which is due to them in the history of literature; and people continue buying them and reading them when such books as *The Trail of the Serpent,* and *Dr. Cupid,* and *Jess,* are thrown aside and forgotten. Yet whenever Miss Braddon, or Miss Broughton, or Mr. Rider Haggard, produces a new novel, there is an immediate rush for it, and the circulating libraries are obliged, much against their will, to purchase, at an exorbitant price, hundreds and even thousands of copies for which, six months or at most twelve months later, they can scarcely obtain the value of the paper and cover. It is a curious fact that the selling price of a book a year after its publication is often in inverse proportion to the extent of its popularity at first; and the second-hand copies of novels published at 31s. 6d., which have been "the rage" of a season, can generally be bought for a shilling a volume. Thus, the libraries purchased about four times as many copies of *King Solomon's Mines* and *She* as of *Treasure Island,* which now, nevertheless, sells at a better price than either of Mr. Haggard's books. Another illustration of the same peculiarity was given in the *Library Chronicle* a few years ago by Mr. Joseph Gilburt, who remarks that the first volume of the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce,* edited by Ashwell, had a good reading, and afterwards fetched a fair price, but the third volume, by Reginald Wilberforce, which contained certain scandals, became a craze for awhile, and now is almost worthless.

Of the novels which, although written several years ago, still retain a measure of popularity, the principal appear to be *East Lynne, Lorna Doone, The Golden Butterfly, All Sorts and Conditions of Men, The Woman in White,* and *Charles O'Malley.* There is also some demand for Charles Reade, Miss Worboise, and Charlotte Brontë, but Mrs. Gaskell and Anthony Trollope seem to be quite out of fashion, and even James Payn's *Lost Sir Massingberd* has comparatively few readers.

Of contemporary novelists few have succeeded better than Edna Lyall, for whose books there is a large and continuous demand, partly, no doubt, because she writes with a strongly and clearly defined purpose, and also possibly because she is at the present time the only writer of any merit who advocates her views by the elevation of an ideal hero. Mr. Shorthouse achieved an extraordinary success with *John Inglesant,* which is still a very saleable book; but he has not been so fortunate in his more recent efforts. It is not given to every one to feel at home with him in the dreamy realms of transcendentalism. *Robert Elsmere,* another quasi-metaphysical novel, although of a different tendency, became fashionable and was

widely read, and of the other recent books having a religious purpose, *The New Antigone* gained most attention, although it is now in little or no request.

The clever and conscientious work of Mr. Marion Crawford, in spite of its unsympathetic tone, has always secured him a good audience, and especially in the case of *Saracinesca*, although that book is most entitled to praise when viewed as an historical romance, and, for a novel proper, I should certainly place *To Leeward* before it. Mr. Norris, too, has a quiet charm of his own which does not escape recognition; but apparently the English public has but little taste for the introspective egotism of the school of which Mr. Howells is the best-known exponent. A deeper vein of feeling is touched by Lucas Malet in *Colonel Enderby's Wife*, a book which has found many readers, although in my opinion it has not met with all the success it deserves; and in the continuous demand for the *Story of an African Farm*, and for the works of the "Author of John Herring" we have a clear response to appeals to the great founts of human passion and human sympathy.

Turning for a moment to light literature, we see in the large circulation of Lady Brassey's account of her voyage in the *Sunbeam*, and of the *Reminiscences* of Mr. Frith and others, a proof of a demand for the kind of information which forms the basis of society small-talk; and probably the reason why these books have a much larger circle of readers than the more scholarly efforts of Mr. Jeaffreson, is that stories about a man who is dead, however wicked he may have been, are not so interesting as stories about some one whom we know and who is still amongst us. After all, it is the living human interest again, although appearing in a somewhat contemptible guise.

If we look at higher literary forms, we find that the favourite poets are Shakespeare, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley, all of whom have appealed closely to the hearts of men; and the chief reason of the popularity of Mr. Ruskin's works is that he has taught us, as none knew how to teach us before, the intimate relation which art has to our lives as the mute expression of what we feel. There is evidence, again, of human sympathy of the highest kind in the sustained interest of the public in such books as Stanley's *Through the Dark Continent;* and Dean Burgon's *Lives of Twelve Good Men* appeals to a much wider class than that formed by the students of political economy or of metaphysics.

In order to ascertain to what extent the same great principle influences the demand for modern fiction, which is now, before all other writing, the mode in which the emotional side of humanity finds expression, it is necessary to look further than the record of successful library novels. It must be remembered that for

every novel which has an extensive circulation there are probably fifty others, not so good and not so successful, which have collectively a much greater sale than a book of which Messrs. Mudie take a thousand copies; and there are perhaps fifty more which have a large circulation quite independently of any library. Mr. Taylor Kay, the Librarian of Owen's College, Manchester, stated a few years ago that the society novel and the sensational novel were "much more popular and very much more read" than the classical fiction of Defoe, Fielding, Goldsmith, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Swift, Sterne, Smollett, and Richardson; but, in view of this fact, it seems extraordinary that he should have advocated (if I understand him rightly) the total exclusion of all novels, whether good or bad, from public libraries; and still more extraordinary that he should have supported this view on the ground that the readers of novels were chiefly clerks, and warehousemen, and school-girls.

No doubt sensational novels are as a rule very poor stuff, especially those which are known in the publishing trade as "shilling shockers." But however crude in style and loose in grammar they may be, they are generally quite harmless, and they meet the needs of a large number of people for whom it is unquestionably better to read exciting stories than to do what they would be doing if they were not reading. I find that no fewer than 346,000 copies of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* have been sold in this country in the course of the last eighteen months, and 147,000 copies of *Madame Midas*, another book of the same class and by the same author, in a twelvemonth; and the Company which publishes them has, in the course of one year and a quarter, sold nearly 600,000 of these and other similar books, of which about one-third were disposed of by Messrs. Smith and Son. Scarcely less remarkable are the statistics made public not long since at Bristol, from which it appears that some 350,000 copies of *Called Back* have been sold, and that upwards of a million shilling volumes of the kind have been issued during the last four or five years. When we reflect that the population of the United Kingdom is not much more than 35,000,000, the proportion of readers represented by the figures I have given is sufficiently astonishing. And therefore, because it interests the people who, for reasons already discussed, have no taste for choicer fare, and because it has at least some claim to our gratitude in so far as it has displaced low-class periodicals, I am disposed, so long as I am not required to read it, to support the "shilling shocker," which is certainly to be preferred to the "penny dreadful."

It is impossible to extend the same toleration to the bulk of the society novels; nor have they the same claim to be excused. It is not unnatural, as we have seen, that the young lady of the nineteenth century should be continually crying out for new novels; but

it is certainly irritating that every idler who has sense enough to string sentences together—more or less grammatically—and money enough to pay the publisher, should conceive it to be his or her special mission to respond to the cry, and should deluge the book-market with a stream of morbid sentiment or empty vulgarity. One is too familiar with the method of advertising these productions "of great social interest and importance," for which the intended victim is requested on a post-card to ask at his library or club. There is a story that a certain well-known publisher, now dead, used to say some years ago that he would always give £20 for any novel, no matter how worthless, as he could generally rely on recovering his outlay (including the cost of publication and advertising) from the circulating libraries.

It may be questioned, indeed, whether the quality of what they read is of much consequence to the regular patrons of the society novel. If, by chance, they get hold of a better book than usual, they may admit as much, with the qualification that it kept them from dozing when they wanted; for people of this sort are quite accustomed to falling asleep over their novel, and perhaps may dream that they have finished it, since they often change it, on waking, for something fresh. Still it is unsatisfactory that we should be treated to a continual effervescence of illiterature which rests its only hope of popularity on its nastiness. Against this evil criticism is powerless, and worse than powerless; for such is the perversity of mankind that an exposure of the improprieties of a book of this type is tolerably certain to treble its circulation; and, in fact, decrying a novel on the score of its indecency is a favourite form of advertisement. I believe that the circulating libraries occasionally refuse books of an offensive tone; but the libraries are to a great extent at the mercy of their subscribers, and moreover, their action in excluding a book is apt, like adverse criticism, to increase the demand for it.

Unfortunately, there are no contemporary English novelists who have sufficient genius and hold upon the public to enable them to drive out the rabble of trash-mongers. All the greatest writers of fiction in our time are foreigners, and with a few exceptions it is to them that we must look for a faithful picture of life as it really is in its most essential and cogent relations. In the works of such students of humanity as Turguénief, Tolstoy, Freytag, Bourget, de Maupassant, and Daudet, lies the best chance of diverting attention from the rubbish at home; and the fact that, according to the publisher's advertisement, 140,000 copies of a translation of Daudet's *Sapho* have been sold in the space of about three years, seems to indicate that the chance is not a bad one. An English version of Georges Ohnet's *Maître de Forges* has reached a sale of 15,000 copies, and

there is about the same demand for translations of Tolstoy and Dostoieffsky. Yet it must be admitted that the best foreign novels enjoy no monopoly of attention, and that a very large number of people find the "troughs of Zolaism" more to their liking.

The general results, then, of our enquiry are, first, that there is an enormous demand for works of fiction, to the comparative neglect of other forms of literature; and, secondly, that there is a decided preference for books of a highly sensational character, most of which are altogether destitute of literary merit, while many of them have a distinctly mischievous tendency among certain classes of readers.

One's first impulse naturally is to cast the blame for this state of things on the authors and publishers. It may be urged that to attempt to poison other people's minds with unwholesome garbage is scarcely less reprehensible than to adulterate their bodily food. But it must be borne in mind that, while men and women are all strongly opposed to having their bodies poisoned, many of them entertain no similar objection as regards their minds. In fact they ask for the poison. As some one has said recently, "a demand for this sort of gratification is never wanting, although we have not yet quite come to openly advertising for it."

Perhaps, then, the authors—or, at any rate, some of them—are more sinned against than sinning. Not that I would defend for one moment the society novel, with its utter want of any other purpose than to trade upon the morbid cravings of a section of the public. Nor would I seek to justify the translation of certain French novels by placing them in the same category with classical works such as *Boccaccio* and *Benvenuto Cellini*. The argument that such translations are intended for the use of students deceives no one, and it is foolish to advance it. In both cases, of course, the publisher, as a man of business, sees that there is a demand for books of the kind, and therefore that it will pay him to publish them. And in this money question we have one reason why so few good novels are written nowadays. The man who has the ability to write a good book is able with greater ease to write a bad one; and, if he has to make his living by his pen, the chances are that he will choose whatever line his publisher finds most profitable. It should not be forgotten that the demand precedes the supply, although it may be conceded that the supply may react upon and increase the demand. If, then, it be the case that the authors corrupt the minds of the readers, it is no less a fact that the readers' taste exerts a baneful influence on the authors.

And thus the question is forced upon us whether, after all, Carlyle and Ruskin are right when they assert that the levelling up which results from the progress of democratic institutions entails a corre-

sponding levelling down. There was a time when men of letters guided the public taste, and jealously guarded the name of literature from profanation. But we have extended the literary franchise, and those who would succeed must learn to pander to the new electorate.

Other symptoms of the same social malady are not far to seek. We see them in the rich dresses and gorgeous upholstery which have become such important considerations in the management of a "Shakespearean revival;" in the musical taste which opens no remunerative field to the composer but that of the comic opera and the ballet; and in the "revelations" with "full details" of the new journalism.

If a remedy is to be found at all, it must be sought by striking to the root of the matter. The aim of the literary moralist should be to purify the public taste; when this has been achieved the literature will purify itself. And a great step will have been taken towards the attainment of a higher standard when men and women are enabled to lead more natural lives. Is it too much to hope for the adoption in our own time of a more generous moral code, and for the abrogation of those conventional restrictions, the product of our artificial life, which few people have the courage to defy, and which form the foundation of half the meannesses and jealousies of social intercourse?

In the meantime, something may be effected by encouraging as far as possible the dissemination of books which feed the desire for excitement without stimulating a tendency to depravity. The principle of regarding sensational literature as a safety-valve is not new, but it has scarcely, I think, obtained adequate recognition at the hands of our leading moralists. A man before all things else is a man; needing help, but in his own fashion and according to his own lights. It was Charles Kingsley's clear apprehension of this fact that helped him to that ready sympathy with his fellow-creatures which made him charming. It is not by shutting our eyes to human nature, but by accepting it as it is, that we may hope in time to arrive at some understanding how it may be improved.

WALTER MONTAGU GATTIE.

THE CASE AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

"Forasmuch as the ende of their wrath and punyshmente intendeth nothynge elles but the destruction of vices and savynge of menne."—*Utopia* (Arber's edition, p. 50).

In these words the noble-hearted More laid down a principle which the penal code of his own country has consistently violated. For his language clearly points to reformation as the object of punishment, and English law has persistently clung to that one form of punishment which makes reformation almost impossible unless by a miracle. In More's own time and in the reign of Elizabeth the proportion of executions to the number of the population is almost incredible, while as late as the reign of George III. there were on the statute-book something like two hundred crimes punishable with death. No doubt in many cases the law was a dead letter, but even so, the state of things was a scandal to the rest of the civilised world. Well might Mirabeau say: "The English nation is the most merciless of any that I have heard or read of." Douglas Jerrold, a writer by no means given to "sentimentalism," draws a picture of Georgian justice:—

"The Lords of the Privy Council had met with good King George III. at their head to correct the vices of the land. There was death for the burglar, death for the foot-pad, death for the sheep-stealer, death, death, death for a hundred different sinners. The hangman was the one social physician, and was thought to cure all peccant ills. Horrible, ghastly quack! And yet the King's Majesty believed in the hideous mountebank, and every week, by the advice of his Lords of the Council—the wise men of St. James's, the Magi of the kingdom, the starred and gartered philanthropists—every week did sacred royalty call in Jack Ketch to cure his soul-sick children! Yea; it was with the hangman's fingers that the father of his people touched the people's evil. And if in sooth the malady was not allayed, it was not for lack of paternal tending, since we find from the Old Bailey Register—that thing of blood and bigotry and ignorance—that in one little year, in almost the first twelve months of the new drop, the hangman was sent to ninety-six wretches who were publicly cured of their ills in the front of Newgate! And the King in Council thought there was no such remedy for crime as the grave; and therefore by the counsel of his privy sages failed not to prescribe death warrants. To reform men was a tedious and uncertain labour; now hanging was the sure work of a minute."

Slowly and in the face of strenuous opposition from "strong" judges and weak prelates the statute-book was purged of most of these monstrous enactments, until at the present day, putting on one side martial law, the capital penalty is inflicted only in cases of treason or murder. It is pretty generally admitted that increase of crime has not followed the successive relaxations of the penal code, and hence the question has been of late years constantly mooted:—

Why retain the penalty of death at all? How uneasy and unsatisfied public opinion is at the present time, is shown by the fact that when sentence of death has been passed, in almost every case an agitation for a reprieve follows as a matter of course. The remarkable outbreak of feeling in the Maybrick case has furnished the most recent illustration of this dissatisfaction. Men are happily growing less and less enamoured of that robust civic virtue which often appears so excellent an imitation of cynical indifference. The sacrifice of an innocent life, however rare, is felt to be a heavy price even though it purchased for the rest of us comparative immunity from crime. Mr. John Bright, speaking at University College, London, a few years ago, expressed a pathetic hope he might live long enough to see the uprooting of the gallows-tree. It still flourishes and brings forth fruit after its kind, but his was the hand that laid the axe to its root.

The literature of the subject, though sufficiently copious, is not very accessible to the ordinary reader, being for the most part contained in Blue Books and in Hansard's reports. Perhaps this may explain why, in spite of the interest shown in particular cases, so few people take the trouble to inform themselves accurately upon the general question. In any case it may be useful to recapitulate and summarise the facts and arguments upon which the opponents of Capital Punishment take their stand.

There will probably be little difference of opinion as to the ultimate objects of punishments. They are:—

(1) The protection of society; (2) the reformation of the criminal.

Some persons might be disposed to add a third, namely, the vindication of the outraged majesty of the law; but this, if analysed, will be found either to fall under (1) or else to be only a euphemism for revenge.

Bearing in mind these objects, let us next inquire what are the tests or marks of suitability to be applied to any particular punishment. The most important of these tests appear to be the following:—

(1) It should be capable of certainty in application.
(2) It should be susceptible of graduation.
(3) It should be revocable.
(4) It should be of a reformatory character.
(5) It should not shock the moral sense of the community.
(6) It should not destroy sources of evidence.
(7) It should be an efficient deterrent.

Let us try the punishment of death by these tests.

(1) As to the certainty of application.

"If it were possible," says Sir Samuel Romilly, "that punishment, as the consequence of guilt, could be reduced to absolute certainty, a very slight

penalty would be sufficient to prevent almost every species of crime except those which arise from sudden gusts of ungovernable passion."

The converse of this proposition appears to hold good. Where the penalty is very heavy its incident is apt to become erratic and uncertain. Of all punishments used by civilised nations the punishment of death is most open to this objection. Under the old law, when death was inflicted for minor offences, this feature was even more apparent than it is at the present day. Mr. Harmer, a solicitor with a very large Old Bailey practice, said, when examined before a parliamentary committee in 1819—

"The instances, I may say, are innumerable, within my own observation, of jurymen giving verdicts in capital cases in favour of the prisoner directly contrary to the evidence. I have seen acquittals in forgery where the verdict astonished everyone in court, because the guilt appeared unequivocal, and the acquittal could only be attributed to a strong feeling of sympathy and humanity in the jury to save a fellow-creature from certain death. The old professed thieves are aware of this sympathy, and are desirous of being tried rather on capital indictments than otherwise."

The late Sergeant Parry on a subsequent occasion[1] gave the following evidence—

"It is a common observation in our profession that there is nothing more difficult than to obtain a verdict of guilty from a jury where the charge is murder. It has frequently occurred that the jury have asked—Can we find a verdict of manslaughter? *No*, you cannot. And the prisoner is allowed to go free."

It may be objected that such evidence as this has no application at the present day, but it is easy to supplement it from more recent sources. In the course of a recent debate[2] in the House of Commons, Sir Colman O'Loghlen said he had within the last forty-eight hours prosecuted a man in County Cork, about whose conviction, but for the penalty of death, he felt certain, but who, as it was, was acquitted. Every one of the Crown solicitors on the Munster Circuit, and, he believed, the majority of the judges, were of opinion that if capital punishment were done away with the number of convictions would be increased. The experiment of doing away with capital punishment has been tried in several of the American States, and the result throws a light upon the subject which only inveterate bigotry or stolid prejudice could venture to disregard. Take, for instance, the case of Wisconsin. Writing to Mr. John Bright in 1864, the Governor of that State thus expresses himself—

"The evil tendency of public executions, the great aversion of many to the taking of life, rendering it almost impossible to obtain jurors from the more intelligent portion of the community, the liability of the innocent to suffer so extreme a penalty, and be placed beyond the reach of the pardoning power, and the disposition of courts and juries not to convict, fearing the innocent might suffer, convinced me that this relic of barbarism should be abolished.

(1) Capital Punishment Commission, 1865. (2) July 24th, 1872, p. 1730.

The death penalty was repealed in 1853. No legislation has since re-established it, and the people find themselves equally secure." [1]

Some years later, in 1873, we find this passage in Governor Washburne's message :—

"There can be no doubt that the change in the law has made punishment more certain, and I but express the opinion of those who have most carefully considered the question, when I state that but for that change in the law, at least one half of those convicted would have escaped all punishment—so difficult is conviction when the punishment is death." [2]

Reverting to 1864, the Governor of Michigan writes :—

"Before the abolition of the death penalty murders were not unfrequent, but convictions were rarely or never obtained. It became the common belief that no jury could be found (the prisoner availing himself of the common law right of challenge) which would convict. There can be no doubt that public opinion sustains the present law, and is against the restoration of the death penalty. Conviction and punishment are now much more certain than before the change was made."

Similarly, the Chief Justice of Rhode Island, where the death penalty has also been abolished, writes :—

"My observation fully justifies me in saying that conviction for murder is far more certain now in proper cases than when death was the punishment of it."

(2) As to susceptibility of graduation. It is hardly necessary to say that scarcely any two instances of the same species of crime show precisely the same degree of turpitude; motive, provocation, surrounding circumstances, age, character, all have to be taken into consideration in estimating the amount of punishment requisite. Hence the need for graduation in the punishment. Simple imprisonment, hard labour, penal servitude, even the lash are all capable of more or less accurate graduation. Nowhere is there greater room for difference in the degree of guilt than in the case of murder, and yet the punishment inflicted is one and the same in every case. In some cases, indeed, even death may be a severer punishment to one man than to another. To a man brought up in the higher ranks of society the social infamy and the personal degradation may add a sting to the punishment which may be entirely absent in the case of one less fortunate in his birth. But this distinction which in other punishments can be taken into account and allowed for, operates, in the case of death, altogether independently of the judge. Hence it may, and no doubt often has happened, that the punishment has borne most heavily where the guilt was lightest.

(3) As to revocability. Here again it is perfectly obvious that of all punishments, that of death is, tried by this standard, the most unsatisfactory. For although it is perfectly true that in one sense all punishment is irrevocable as soon as it has commenced to operate,

(1) *Hansard*, May 3, 1864, p. 2099. (2) *Hansard*, June 12, 1877, p. 1679.

yet in every other case, as long as the victim is alive, it is possible either to remit a portion of the sentence or to make substantial reparation. If, therefore, it can be shown that there is an appreciable danger of so fatal a miscarriage of justice, most people would freely admit that the case against capital punishment is a very serious one. The risk of such a miscarriage might, no doubt, be lessened by the adoption of that simple measure of reform which for so many years has clamoured vainly at our gates—the creation of a Court of Criminal Appeal. Even then, however, the danger would not be removed, and the argument against capital punishment would to many minds still remain overwhelming.

Now, what are the facts of the case?

Some time ago Sir James Mackintosh, a most cool and dispassionate observer, declared that, taking a long period of time, one innocent man was hanged in every three years. The late Chief Baron Kelly stated as the result of his experience that from 1802 to 1840 no fewer than twenty-two innocent men had been sentenced to death, of whom seven were actually executed. These terrible mistakes are not confined to England: Mittermaier[1] refers to cases of a similar kind in Ireland, Italy, France, and Germany. In comparatively recent years there have been several striking instances of the fallibility of the most carefully constituted tribunals. In 1865, for instance, an Italian, named Pelizzioni, was tried before Baron Martin for the murder of a fellow-countryman in an affray at Saffron Hill. After an elaborate trial he was found guilty, and sentenced to death. In passing sentence the Judge took occasion to make the following remarks, which should always be remembered when the acumen begotten of a "sound legal training" and long experience is relied on as a safeguard against error:—

"In my judgment it was utterly impossible for the jury to have come to any other conclusion. The evidence was about the clearest and the most direct that after a long course of experience in the administration of criminal justice I have ever known I am as satisfied as I can be of anything that Gregorio did not inflict this wound, and that you were the person who did."

The trial was over. The Home Secretary would most certainly, after the Judge's expression of opinion, never have interfered. The date of the execution was fixed. Yet the unhappy prisoner was guiltless of the crime, and it was only through the exertions of a private individual that an innocent man was saved from the gallows. A fellow-countryman of his, a Mr. Negretti, succeeded in persuading the real culprit (the Gregorio so expressly exculpated by the Judge)

(1) *Capital Punishment*, edited by J. Macrae Moir, M.A., Lond., 1865, pp. 146—148. A remarkable case is mentioned by M. Visschers as having happened in Belgium. Three hawkers were sentenced to death for a most aggravated crime. They were found guilty by a majority of the jury with the full concurrence of the Court. The King commuted the punishment to hard labour for life. Their innocence was afterwards established, and annuities given them.—*Cap. Pun. Comm.*, 1865 (9.3583).

to come forward and acknowledge the crime. He was subsequently tried for manslaughter and convicted, while Pellizioni received a free pardon.

Again in 1877 two men named Jackson and Greenwood were tried at the Liverpool Assizes for a serious offence. They were found guilty. The Judge expressed approval of the verdict and sentenced them to ten years' penal servitude. Subsequently fresh facts came to light and the men received a free pardon.

Once more, in 1879 Habron was tried for the murder of a policeman. He was found guilty and sentenced to death. An agitation for a reprieve immediately followed. The sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. Three years after, the notorious Peace, just before his execution for the murder of Mr. Dyson, confessed that he had committed the murder for which Habron had been sentenced.

With these incidents fresh in our minds, let us turn once more to *St. Giles and St. James*, and listen to the indignant words of Douglas Jerrold:—

"Oh that the ghosts of all the martyrs of the Old Bailey—and though our profession of faith may make moral antiquarians stare, it is our invincible belief that the *Newgate Calendar* has its black array of martyrs; victims to ignorance, perverseness, prejudice; creatures doomed by the bigotry of the council table; by the old haunting love of blood as the best of cures for the worst of ills—oh that the faces of all of these could look from Newgate walls! That but for a moment the men who stickle for the laws of death as for some sweet domestic privilege, might behold the grim mistake; the awful sacrilegious blunder of the past, and seeing, make amendment for the future."

(4) As to its reformatory character.

It was boldly asserted by Mr. Roebuck in the House of Commons that a murderer was not to be reformed. Few humane or reasonable people will be inclined to endorse such a statement, least of all those who look up with reverence to Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. It must be remembered, too, in this connection that many of those convicted for murder are quite young. Thus in three years, from 1878 to 1881, there were among such criminals young men of 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 26, and 27. Then the circumstances of the criminal class from which many of these cases come ought surely to be taken into account. Born in vicious homes, brought up amid the vilest surroundings, the abject slaves of their own worst passions, it is not too much to say that sometimes the prison chaplain's is the first good influence that seriously touches the convict's life. But think of the cruel irony of giving three weeks in which to reverse the habits of long years! Nor is this the worst. At the present day, except under very unusual circumstances, efforts to obtain a reprieve almost always follow a conviction for murder. Of these efforts the prisoner is of course aware. Hence, though guilty, he feels he has still a chance of life if he can lie hard enough to

create a doubt in the Home Secretary's mind. At the very foot of the gallows therefore, he goes on adding sin to sin, and too often invoking the name of God to witness to his falsehood.

(5) As to its accord with the moral sense of the community. It is nothing less than a disaster when the public sympathy is enlisted against the law and in favour of the criminal. Yet this is what constantly happens now in cases of murder. In the old days the highwayman on the road was an unmitigated nuisance, but, once trapped, he became a hero. Many a Beau Brocade has gone to Tyburn amid something very like a popular triumph. And this short-lived popularity he owed partly to the feeling that his punishment exceeded his deserts, and partly to the sympathy which is almost always extorted by the sight of a man engaged in a struggle for dear life. Both these sentiments still operate in the case of those sentenced to death. It is the spectacle of a desperate man fighting for his life against overwhelming odds that invests the lives of such scoundrels as Burglar Peace and Bushranger Kelly with quite a halo of romance. Then, too, it is now recognised that the crime of murder is not separated from all other crimes by such a gulf as to make it justly visited by a penalty inflicted in no other case. Take a simple instance.

A, a half-starved miserable tramp, goes out on a lonely country road armed with a knife, intending to rob the first passer-by. A farmer returning from market comes along. A demands his money, is refused, and in the struggle that follows, stabs him to the heart.

B, a well-to-do artisan, has a grudge against X, a former employer, who has dismissed him for gross misconduct and refused to give him a character. He purchases a dagger-knife, waylays X at night in a field, and makes a desperate stab at his heart. The knife, however, strikes against a sandwich box in X's pocket, and the intended victim escapes absolutely uninjured.

Now of the two, as far as moral guilt is concerned, B's offence is the blacker, yet A will be hung while B will escape with a term of penal servitude liable to abridgment on ticket of leave.[1]

There is, however, no need for particular instances. There are offences which, whether looked at from the point of view of the guilt involved, or from that of the suffering entailed, are more grievous and terrible than many a murder; yet the offenders either escape scot-free or with wholly inadequate punishment. Hence in case after case of murder the punishment seems too heavy for the offence, and hence the now almost invariable agitation for a commutation of the sentence.

(1) It is worth while noticing that in such a case A would, according to Mr. Roebuck, be incapable of reformation, because his victim failed to carry a sandwich-box.

Another circumstance that has to be taken into account is that the religious sentiment of the country is growing more and more antagonistic to the death penalty. The Friends, and perhaps the Unitarians, have hitherto stood almost alone in the thoroughness with which they have applied the teachings of Christ to the social questions of the day. Now the bulk of the religious world in England is following their example. But they perceive that the maintenance of the death penalty involves them in a horrible dilemma. They, at any rate, cannot, in the face of their Master's teaching, assent to the proposition that all murderers are past repentance. When the allotted interval has expired, the convict is either impenitent or penitent. If impenitent, how awful to hurry him with all his sins upon his head into the presence of that God who—more patient than we—would have given him a longer time for repentance! If sincerely penitent, forgiven by God, born into a new life, what but the clearest, most absolute proof that his death is necessary to the safety of society can justify us in forthwith strangling him?

True, says the Attorney-General (Sir J. Holker) in a recent debate, it is a terrible thing to give so brief a time for repentance before you execute the sentence, but you must remember the murderer gave his victim still less. Was there ever a more shocking application of the discarded principle, dear to lawyers of an earlier age, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth"?

Finally the development of medical science makes capital punishment seem more and more of an anachronism. Out of every hundred committals for murder in England there result about forty-nine convictions,[1] and of these forty-nine convicts about fourteen on an average are insane. But besides this, there can be little doubt that many have been hung who were practically not responsible for their actions.[2] In fact, the whole question of moral responsibility is surrounded with so much doubt and difficulty as to furnish one more strong argument against taking an irrevocable step. The tendency of medical science at the present day is more and more to refer moral delinquencies in part at least to physical causes, and it may often happen that a convict's reformation is begun by the prison doctor sooner even than by the chaplain.

(6) As to its effect upon the sources of evidence. Under this head it is unnecessary to say more than that of all punishments that of death is necessarily in this respect the worst. Many a convict is the depositary of information which cannot be obtained from any other quarter, information which, as in the case of Habron, may result in

(1) It may be added that in non-capital cases the proportion of convictions is much larger—76. This has an obvious bearing on the question of certainty.

(2) *e.g.* O'Donnell in 1876. He had actually been in an asylum within two years of his execution. Another case in the same year was that of Marks—"Mad Marks" as he was called.

the undoing of a grievous wrong. To kill such a prisoner is to finally seal against ourselves one of the most important sources of information.

(7) As to deterrent effect. I have left this to the last, as being the most important test, and one that requires the fullest consideration. I feel perfectly certain that nine out of every ten believers in capital punishment base their devotion solely on the ground that without it murders would increase to an alarming extent, and society would not be safe. If it can be shown that the facts of the case do not warrant these apprehensions, eight out of the nine would in all probability gladly abandon their position and join the movement for abolition.

First of all, however, it must be noticed that the supporters of the death penalty stand as to this matter of deterrence in a very different position from that occupied by its opponents. The other arguments used in its favour are arguments of despair, sometimes ingenious, sometimes not even that, as the diligent student of Hansard can sadly bear witness. The one plea for the gallows, strong in its plausibility, is this:—There is nothing so dear to a man as his life; therefore the threat of death must be the most terrible and the most efficacious.

But the opponents of capital punishment do not hazard their cause on the issue of a single argument. They might admit, if facts were against them, that the death penalty is the greatest deterrent, and yet urge its abolition on the other grounds I have already alluded to, especially on the ground of its uncertainty and irrevocability. For, after all, deterrence is not everything. If the threat of hanging deters men from crime, surely the threat of burning or a preliminary course of torture would be still more efficacious.[1] Nay, why not hand over the convict to the vivisectors, and thus at one stroke safeguard society, spare dumb animals, and further the advancement of science? The only logical answer that could be given to such a query would be, that we should in the long run lose more than we should gain. It would be like Bastiat's famous illustration in political economy. That which is seen would be a diminution for the time in the number of murders. That which is not seen would be the slow, but certain deterioration and brutalisation of society by the use of such means. And precisely the same reasoning applies to hanging without torture. As Mr. John Bright well said:—

"Whenever you hang a man in the face of the public under the circumstances to which we are so accustomed in this country, if you do in the

(1) Lord Wensleydale, giving evidence before the Capital Punishment Commission, said no doubt mutilation—the putting out an eye or cutting off a hand—would be a most efficient deterrent, but he thought public opinion would not tolerate such a punishment. (9.330.)

slightest degree deter from crime by the shocking nature of the punishment, I will undertake to say that you by so much—nay, by much more—weaken that other and greater security which arises from the reverence with which human life is regarded."[1]

Another point worth remembering is that it is quite possible to exaggerate the value men—especially men of the class from whom most murderers come—set upon life, their own or their neighbour's. The trivial grounds upon which men, women, and even children, will commit suicide is a proof of this, which the benevolent verdict "of unsound mind" fails to impeach.

Another proof affecting a higher class in the community is found in the alacrity with which thousands of men, under the stimulus of a shilling a day and a brass band, will lay down their lives in a quarrel as to the merits of which they know little and care less.

But the great fallacy which underlies the plausible argument that the fear of death *must* deter is this—it assumes that the fear operates on the murderer's mind at a particular moment, at the moment, namely, when he is committing the crime. But this is an extravagant assumption, contradicted by the facts I am about to refer to. It may very well be that, when brought to bay in a court of justice, confronted with all the solemn paraphernalia of the law, the passion of hatred, lust, or greed long since extinguished, it may very well be that then death looms before the unhappy wretch as the most terrible of possibilities. But that is perfectly consistent with his having committed the crime uninfluenced by the slightest thought of the penalty.

We are not, however, left to mere opinion on this question of deterrence. We have fortunately a considerable body of evidence to guide us in forming our judgment, and this evidence I will now briefly, and I hope impartially, summarise.

In several foreign countries Capital Punishment has been either expressly abolished or practically dispensed with. The results of these experiments ought, one would think, to be decisive. Taking at first the cases of entire abolition we find as follows:—

HOLLAND.—Capital punishment abolished September, 1870 (as a matter of fact there has been no execution since 1860). The statistics of murder were as follows: 1861—9, 19 murders; 1871—9, 17 murders; and this notwithstanding an increase of population.

FINLAND.—There has been no execution since 1824. The Judge of the Court of Appeal states: "The security of person and property has not been in the least diminished by the suspension of capital punishment. Murders are extremely rare."

SWITZERLAND.—In 1871 capital punishment was abolished by the Federal Council. In 1879 Cantons were allowed to choose for themselves, and two or three have elected to reinstate the death penalty.

BELGIUM.—No execution since 1863. In the 10 years before 1863, 921 murders; in the 10 years after 1863, 703 murders.

(1) *Hansard*, May 3rd, 1864.

PRUSSIA.—In decade 1869—78, 484 persons sentenced to death, only one execution (Hödel).

PORTUGAL.—Capital punishment abolished.

ROUMANIA.—Capital punishment abolished.

TUSCANY.—No execution for fifty years.

RUSSIA.—Capital punishment only retained for treason and military insubordination.

AMERICA.—Michigan, capital punishment abolished in 1847; Rhode Island, 1852; Wisconsin, 1853; Iowa, 1872; Maine, 1876.

In Michigan the statistics show that since 1847 murders have decreased, relatively to the population, 57 per cent. As to Wisconsin, Governor Washburne writes in 1873:—

"It is twenty years since the abolition of capital punishment. No state can show greater freedom from homicidal crime. With a population representing almost every nationality, statistics show that crime instead of increasing with the growth of the state has actually diminished."

Of Iowa, Senator Jessup writes in 1876:—

"Murder in the first degree has not increased, but has for four years decreased. Previous to the repeal of the old law there was one murder for every 800,000 people. For the four years since abolition there has been one in every 1,200,000. There is more Lynch law where the gallows is retained."

This evidence might easily be multiplied, and, so far as I know, it all points in one direction.

Next let us take the cases of partial discontinuance.

AUSTRIA.—In decade 1870—9, 806 death sentences, 16 executions.

SWEDEN.—From 1869—78, 32 death sentences, 3 executions.

NORWAY.—From 1869—78, 14 death sentences, 3 executions.

AMERICA.—In Illinois, Tennessee, Indiana, and Oregon, capital punishment is practically discontinued, and in Louisiana and Minnesota almost so.

Of all these cases Switzerland is the only one that even a perverse ingenuity can use in favour of the deterrent effect of capital punishment. Even there, however, the majority of the Cantons dispense with the death penalty, and that in face of the fact that no efficient substitute has been provided. But I am not concerned to haggle over every single item of evidence. In the face of the grievous disadvantages which everyone must admit are inseparably connected with this punishment, it surely lies upon its advocates to prove by overwhelming evidence that society is not safe without it. Instead of this, the evidence points in an exactly opposite direction. Society seems safer and human life more secure where reverence for it is taught by precept and not violated in practice. It may be true sometimes, as Canning said, that nothing is so fallacious as figures except facts; but it is a dangerous thing to assume that because facts and figures both point to a certain conclusion, therefore that conclusion is wrong. Yet this, or something very like it, is the position into which the advocates of the death penalty are driven.

There are several minor points which I cannot discuss within the necessary limits of an article such as this. The irregular and practically secret appeal to the Home Secretary; perpetual imprisonment as a substitute for death; the question of how to deal with attacks on warders where such imprisonment is resorted to; these and other kindred matters are subordinate to the main question. That question as it presents itself to me is shortly this. If other countries and our own kin across the sea can dispense with the awful penalty, why not we? Is there still any grain of truth left in Mirabeau's reproach, or are Englishmen so intractable and ferocious that they must be kept in with a more galling bit and bridle than suffices for their neighbours?

It is sometimes said that the judges and the Church are both in favour of the gallows. As to the former, Burke's fine saying is as true now as it was in the days of Thurlow.

"The law is a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other kinds of learning put together; but it is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and to liberalise the mind exactly in the same proportion." [1]

Lord Ellenborough predicted chaos if men were not to be hanged for petty larceny, and Lord Eldon heartily agreed. As to the Church, if the pews lead the way, the pulpit, as it has often done before, will gird up its loins and follow meekly afar off.

Sir William Harcourt, speaking as a member of the Government, in a recent debate, refused to support the bill for the Abolition of Capital Punishment on the ground that, though he personally was ripe for the change, English public opinion was not. If this be so, it is surely the duty of those who look upon the gallows as an outrage on justice, humanity, and religion to do their best to arouse public interest and ripen public opinion.

Lowell's brave words are singularly apposite:—

"New occasions teach new duties, time makes ancient good uncouth,
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of truth.
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires, we ourselves must pilgrims be;
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate winter's sea,
Nor attempt the future's portal with the past's blood-rusted key."

B. Paul Neuman.

(1) Speech on American Taxation.

THE COMING ELECTIONS IN FRANCE.

A CELEBRATED French politician was asked by my husband not long ago what he thought as to the present prospect of the Republic, and to the question, "Will it last?" he answered, "When I look at the friends of the Republic, it seems to me that it cannot hold out six weeks; but when I look at its enemies, I believe it will be eternal." The luck of the Republic has, indeed, been something beyond belief. Hitherto, it has profited from the follies and mistakes of friends and foes alike. In spite of disturbances at home and wars and adventures abroad; in spite, also, of a financial situation which shows the largest debt in the world, an unmanageable floating debt, a constantly increasing expenditure, and, on the whole, a slackening yield of taxes, and recurring deficits of indefinitely large amounts, Republican institutions appear to grow more stable year by year. Even the struggles for power which go on amongst various pretenders, whose self-interested ambition seems to be a constant source of danger, may not impossibly work to the advantage of the very system which they desire to overthrow.

When 1883 opened in the storm of conflicting aspirations which arose over the grave of Gambetta, the whole world seemed to realise, for the first time, what a host of petty and personal ambitions had been held in check by the mere fact of his existence. As long as Gambetta drew breath, an interminable series of cabinets, all equally wanting in cohesion, were enabled to overturn each other in peaceful succession. It was a matter of little moment to the people whether Waddington vacillated from Marcère to Lepère, or de Freycinet amused himself at the expense of his colleagues by playing his own game with the Vatican; or Ferry—inspired by Lord Salisbury's speech at Berlin—"Prenez Tunis. Vous ne pouvez laisser Carthage aux mains des barbares!"—made shipwreck over the Tunisian insurrection: the public were indifferent even as to whether Gambetta himself officially held the reins of power, provided that he was there, in the sight of men, the one man whose force they knew would be as a tower of strength to the nation in the day of adversity. The moment he was gone the face of things was changed. It was evident that, with his life, the curb had been removed from all those whose pretensions were hostile to the Republic. "We ought to make haste," said the *Gazette de France*; "now that Gambetta is dead, the Comte de Chambord must show himself at once." And the *Constitutionnel* to this retorted, "Conservatives must remember

that the Royalist solution of the situation is not the only one." Happy France! besides Prince Victor, then a minor, she was able to count on Prince Napoleon (Jérôme) and Louise Michel, and, since that date, she has received offers of service from other equally important pretenders of either sex. One at least of those generals, whom Prince Napoleon described in his manifesto of January, 1883, as "the incompetent men to whom the army is given up," has since found a different field for the exercise of his dramatic abilities, and has, in the language of the Comte de Chambord, proclaimed himself "prêt à tout faire."

I am not, however, at present concerned to discuss the ability or incompetency of General Boulanger, or to analyze the means by which, as a friend of mine puts it, "il a su mettre les imbéciles de tous les partis de son côté:" that he has done this much is certain, and the fact may either be a proof of parts or of something very much the reverse. What I wish to put before my readers are certain suggestions and reflections as to the possible future in France, that grow out of the present position of Boulangism, for Boulangism presents features that puzzle the French themselves almost as much as they puzzle the foreigner. In the first place, it must be remembered that the elections to the Councils General on July 28 gave Boulangism a very decided check. The Conservatives, in whose ranks the General had, so far, found his chief supporters, reckoned, it is true, an actual gain of from sixty to seventy seats, but of this total by far the larger share fell to the Monarchists, and the Monarchists, as may be seen from their journals, are becoming more and more uneasy as to their participation in M. Boulanger's adventures. There is no doubt that he is, at present, most seriously damaged by the facts as to the character of his intimates and general surroundings, which have been brought out in the course of the proceedings before the High Court of Justice, and though the Right, with questionable wisdom, made an attempt to screen their associate by disputing the competency of the tribunal before which he was cited, there are not wanting many amongst their number who call to mind the Duc d'Aumale's words when the advantages of an Orleano-Boulangist alliance were placed before him:—"I don't know whether it is to our interest, but I do know that it is not to our honour." These disaffected members of the party have not perhaps got so far as open repentance, but their organs, in the press, are preparing the way for them. We find the *Gazette de France*, for instance, taking a triumphant tone, and with good reason, since it has always predicted that, in the Monarchist-Boulangist league, the Royalists would end by finding themselves seriously compromised; the *Monde*, too, has begun to address severe remonstrances to its readers; even the *Soleil*, now roundly declares "that it is by no means indispensable that the

stream should bear on its breast Boulanger and his fortunes." All this looks very much as if the present generation of Orleanists were inclined to consider that the charge brought against General Boulanger of having applied public money to private purposes, had at least injured his reputation. This is a feeling, too, which will undoubtedly have a considerable effect on the voting of the more enlightened portion of the general public at the coming legislative elections.

These elections will, it is now understood, probably take place on the 22nd or 29th of September. At first, the Government was supposed to have intended to fix a much earlier date, but on studying the results of the elections to the Councils General, M. Constans has doubtless thought it more prudent to await the verdict of the High Court of Justice, and to give time also for the revelations by which that verdict was justified, to circulate among the electoral body.

The Conservative party in France profess to believe that the fact that the coming contest will be carried on under the system of *scrutin d'arrondissement*—or election by single member districts—constitutes a serious hindrance to their success at the polls, though it is difficult for any one else to see how this can possibly be so. From the first, although, even amongst the most thoroughgoing Republicans, opinion as to the comparative advantages and disadvantages of *scrutin d'arrondissement* as compared with *scrutin de liste* has been anything but unanimous, everyone has been agreed that the single member system gives much weight to local interests, whilst the system of departmental lists, as its great advocate, M. Gambetta, put it, "should deliver the central power from the tyranny of local interests." His powerful advocacy of the measure did, however, as much as anything else to secure the rejection of *scrutin de liste* by the Chamber in 1881, for everyone looked upon it as creating an engine which might, at any moment, be dangerous to the safety of the Republic, should a man arise whose general popularity with the masses might inspire him with the ambition of a dictatorship. Nothing, in fact, more certainly contributed to ensure the overthrow of Gambetta than his insisting, after he became prime minister, in the following year, on making *scrutin de liste* the first clause in that unsuccessful scheme of reforms by which he elected to stand or fall. Carried after his death, *scrutin de liste* has betrayed in its working, during the last five years, all the lurking possibilities of danger which its opponents had declared it to contain. The scheme "which had been conceived," as my friend M. Lanfrey once stated, "with the decidedly laudable object of bringing to the front men of general, rather than local, celebrity, lost much of its value, since it had to be bought at the price of an honest vote. In the departments, the majority of the electors were strangers

to those who solicited their suffrages . . . they had to trust blindly, therefore, to the recommendations of a committee, and give a vote which was a vote of confidence—a vote essentially anti-Republican." The daily encroachments of Boulangism showed that the machinery of these departmental committees did, indeed, constitute, under given circumstances, a danger to the state, and the sense of alarm which was aroused resulted in the recent repeal of *scrutin de liste*. The legislative elections will, therefore, take place under *scrutin d'arrondissement*, and we shall see the influence of local interests telling on them with the same force as on the elections to the Councils General, so that we may prophecy something like the same results.

Certainly, one would be led to suppose that, under a system which allows the full influence of that insensible pressure which is inherent to the possession of wealth, the Conservative party in France, numbering, as it decidedly does, most of the richer members of society, would have everything to gain. It is therefore with the utmost surprise that we find those persons, who are likely to be most accurately informed as to the probable results of the coming elections, asserting that they cannot reasonably hope to do more than hold their ground, and secure a position, in the next Chamber, about as good as that which they held in 1885. It is, indeed, perfectly clear that they will lose a great many seats in the departments of the west and north, which, in 1885, returned wholly Conservative lists; but this loss of seats in the north and west, where the Conservatives have hitherto been very strong, will be nearly counterbalanced by Republican losses in what were formerly the Republican strongholds of the east and the south-east, whilst in the centre, where, in 1885, the Republican lists carried the day against the Conservatives, the Conservatives will in all probability win. The Bonapartists are certain, it is true, to suffer considerably, but their losses will most likely be made good, when we come to count the Conservative total, by Royalist gains. We may, in short, take it as pretty certain that the country will return to the next Chamber at least two hundred, or, according to the most pessimist Republican calculations, two hundred and ten, Conservative deputies, chiefly monarchical in opinion, and it is, also, likely that we shall find at their side a more or less important Boulangist group.

It will have been observed, that in speaking of the effect produced on opinion in France by the flight of the General, and his principal allies, and by the accusations against their character and mode of life—"ære alieno obruti et vitiis onusti"—which were formulated during the proceedings of the High Court of Justice, I have expressly guarded myself, by limiting their damaging influence to the enlightened classes. Having seen something of the way in which the imagination of the French lower class has been skilfully impressed, both in

the towns and in the country districts, it seems to me very unlikely that the populace will cut General Boulanger adrift as lightly as the more educated section of French society may choose to do. A coloured lithograph and a flattering legend; a popular song to a catching tune; these conjure up in the untutored mind, brilliant, fancy pictures, which facts, however ugly, cannot avail to deface. Everyone therefore feels, that it is impossible to predict with certainty the final and total eclipse of a man who has more than once regained popular favour in the most extraordinary manner, in spite of acts which might have been counted on to overwhelm another with shame and ridicule. And this uncertainty as to the line which the electorate may one day be induced to take about this last claimant, makes it probable that not a few Boulangist candidates will be returned to the Chamber; some professing, it is true, Republican sentiments, but having a bond of union with the Monarchists and the Bonapartists in that they too have hitherto been ready to make common cause with General Boulanger, on whose ultimate return they will, for the moment, speculate. This group is our most doubtful quantity, but, supposing that we put it as low as possible, still these opposition returns, Monarchists, Bonapartists, and Boulangists—if united—though they may not produce a solid majority of the Chamber, will certainly constitute, in any case, an opposition of the most formidable character in the way of any government.

What, indeed, is the nature of the forces which will be arrayed against this body of Conservatives? The supporters of the party at present in power are, it is thought, likely to be represented, in the next Chamber, by numbers much inferior to their present strength, whilst Independent Republicans, on the other hand, will probably be returned in considerable strength. There will be, it is understood, a plentiful supply of men who, like M. Amagat, describe themselves as "sincere Democrats," and look on the supporters of the government as "Republican apostates;" men whose narrow, if honest convictions, have constantly disintegrated the ranks of their party and, not unfrequently, caused the fall of Cabinets engaged, on the whole, in carrying out their own policy. It seems probable, therefore, that the future Chamber will show, on the one side, a heterogeneous mass of Republican deputies of the most various shades of opinion, whilst, on the other, we shall find a more or less compact phalanx of Conservatives; for the members of the Boulangist group—even those who, like M. Andrieux, have been notoriously Republican in the past—must act steadily with their Conservative friends. There seems, indeed, no other course open to them, and they are practically united to the Monarchists and Bonapartists by a common hatred of the present Republic.

Everywhere, indeed, we hear Boulangist candidates denounced by their opponents as the enemies of any form of Republican government. "There can be no Boulangist Republic," thunders *La République Française;* "this cardinal truth is as the ray of sunlight which should illumine our electioneering struggles, and prevent us, at the polls, from fighting our friends in the dark. Everyone feels the force of this truth: all the irreconcileable enemies of the Republic—Monarchists, Clericals, and Boulangists—have never hesitated, but, from the very outset, guided by the sure instinct of hate—which is none so blind—they went straight for General Boulanger, crying out, 'Here is our man!'" This is a good specimen of the tone of the Republican press. It is unanimous in proclaiming that, supposing, contrary to all calculation, there should be a decided Conservative majority in the next Chamber, the Reactionaries are right in believing that, riding into power on the black horse, the destruction of the Republic, which they all alike detest, is certain. In this country, too, it is commonly assumed that the inevitable consequence of a reactionary majority in the elections will be the downfall of the existing form of government and a scramble for the succession. There are, however, various reasons which may lead us to think that, while a coalition would certainly be formed to upset the present managers of the Republic, and possibly even the present President, the form of government itself would not stand in danger. Even should the "brave" general be privately pledged to destroy it, we may recollect that as he has found no difficulty in repudiating the letters he has written, he may with equal ease repudiate any pledges he has given; and it is understood that he has given so many that, to be true to any, he needs must be false to some.

As M. de Laveleye has shown, one of the many reasons which must give a certain following at the elections to Boulangism will be the dislike of the Clerical party to the Republic. Their political attitude has always been secretly hostile, if not openly aggressive, as was admitted, in the case of the religious orders, by the Bishop of Amiens, in his pamphlet, *La Crise Religieuse;* and there can be little doubt that, in the event of the return of a majority of the House by the Monarchists, Bonapartists, and Boulangists, the Church question will form the nominal and ostensible ground of a subsequent working union between these parties. Just as the Clericals used to combine with the Radicals, in order to wreck the hopes of the Liberals, so they will be found ready to play into the hands of this new political trinity; and whilst they furnish to their allies that decent semblance of principle necessary to secure the allegiance of all those who are affected by Clerical sympathies, the hope of patronage will offer a powerful lure to others. Embassies will be promised and given to Royalist dukes, who have already deigned to profit by the petty

favours which General Boulanger was able to accord them for their sons when he was Minister of War; treasurerships and prefectships will be bestowed on many of the leading wire-pullers of the Monarchical party; some small satisfaction will be made to the Church, accompanied by the full understanding that her quiet shall not be disturbed by another "Clause 7." These arrangements having been carried out, it will be seen that, as some Monarchists are already beginning to say, the chestnuts have been taken out of the fire, for power will rest with Boulangism and with the Republican wing of the present opposition. The Comte de Paris and the various princes of the Napoleon house will be impartially put in the corner by their present comrades, and may sing, at their leisure, in chorus :—

"Ce n'était pas la peine assurément
De changer de gouvernement."

In such a state of things, is it in the least likely that circumstances will lead to the overthrow of the Republican form of government? We are told that the Republic cannot exist without two essential conditions: it must have such an amount of freedom assured to it as will permit the enlightenment and clear enunciation of public opinion, and it must have a representative system, leaving the exercise of power, not in the hands of one man alone, but in those of the duly elected representatives of the country. And we are told that it is clear that the Reactionaries, who have abused the freedom given them, and who "have replaced calm discussion by insult, scandal, and systematic calumny and misrepresentation, have acted thus, by calculation, in order to prepare the way for the suppression of all liberty." But suppose that President Carnot accepts the situation, remains at his post and allows the formation of a Conservative ministry. Or suppose, what is by no means impossible, that President Carnot stands firm—he showed great steadiness when he replaced his former chief, M. Varroy, in Ferry's cabinet, and may well fight with the Senate at his back (remembering Gambetta's prophecy that the Upper House might one day be the salvation of the country)—against the reactionary majority in the Chamber of Deputies. In that case it is, however, possible that M. Carnot may be beaten by the same process of boycotting which was successfully applied to his predecessor. In either of these cases it seems likely that the net result of a Conservative majority may be the consolidation of the Republican opposition under M. Carnot's old leader, M. Ferry, and the strongest men of the, then for the first time, thoroughly united Republican party.

How invaluable such a result as this would be to the Republic a glance at the parliamentary history of the last ten years will show at once. I have spoken above of the want of cohesion betrayed by

successive French cabinets. Political life in France presents, though for very different reasons, something of the same want of party cohesion which reduces political life in Italy to a state of perpetual crisis. In Italy the abstention of the Clerical party from the poll leaves (as I had occasion to remark some years ago) an important element of the national life unrepresented: were it once to find its way into the Chamber—and it is more dangerous by its absence than its presence—the consequence would probably be a stricter definition of principles, involving more solid union in the ranks of parties. In the same way the presence of the Reactionary party in power would force all true Republicans to sink personal and academical differences as to men and methods, in order to unite in serious effort. The only chance which the Conservatives will possess of retaining their popularity and their position will be in becoming as Republican as their opponents. The form of government will thus be secured, for the political forces which have never, hitherto, been properly organized either for or against the Republic, will be worked into cohesion. There will then grow up that first essential to strong party government—a strong opposition, and we shall see two rival sets of politicians, as in the United States—calling one another, certainly, very bad names—struggling for, and alternately gaining, the predominance; but, whether the one or the other be in power, the Republic will be equally safe.

It is, however, more likely that the results of the elections next month will stop short of any such decided triumph for the Conservative party: it is more likely, according to the most careful calculations, that the Republicans of France will find themselves face to face in the next Chamber with inferior but united forces. Will they then once more submit to see Cabinet after Cabinet overturned, and all stable government rendered impossible by now one, now another, of the many groups which make up their own party, shiftily combining with the consolidated forces of the Conservatives; or will they at last consent to close their ranks against the common enemy?

EMILIA F. S. DILKE.

COLERIDGE AS A POET.

It would need Coleridge the critic to discover the secrets of the genius of Coleridge the poet. To solve intellectual puzzles in verse, to condense a diffused body of doctrine, to interpret what is called a poet's criticism of life is after all not difficult; but to find expressions in the language of thought corresponding to pure melody and imaginative loveliness is a finer exercise of wit. In one of his pieces of blank verse Coleridge has described a vision of the graceful white-armed Isabel reflected in the placid waters of a lonely stream: let but a blossom of willow-herb or a fox-glove bell be tossed upon the pool and the charm is broken—

> "All that phantom-world so fair
> Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
> And each mis-shape the other."

The description might stand for that of Coleridge's own poetry personified, with its visionary beauty and its harmony of exquisite colours; and what shall be said of the critic who flings his heavy stone of formula and scatters the loveliness?

There is a quality of Coleridge's work as a poet which has obtained little attention from the critics, and yet which submits itself to criticism without injury to the beauty of the whole. The critics tell us of the romantic strangeness of his work like that of "a lady from a far countree," its wealth of fantastic incident, its dream-like inconsequence, its cloud-like and rainbow-like splendours; and the critics have a reason for what they say. But they hardly recognise enough the fine humanity in Coleridge's poetry. He has been admirably compared by Mr. Swinburne to a footless bird of paradise. Another great poet, Mr. Swinburne's friend, Dante Rossetti, has a far different comparison, though here also to a bird, in his sonnet on Coleridge, and the lines are valuable, at least, as containing a fragment of sound criticism.

> "His Soul fared forth (as from the deep home-grove
> The father-songster plies the hour-long quest),
> To feed his soul-brood hungering in the nest;
> But his warm Heart, the mother-bird, above
> Their callow fledgling progeny still hove
> With tented roof of wings and fostering breast
> Till the Soul fed the soul-brood. Richly blest
> From Heaven their growth, whose food was Human Love."

"I conceive the leading point about Coleridge's work," wrote Dante Rossetti, "is its human love;" and yet Rossetti least of all men

could be insensible to its romantic beauty, or the incantation of its verse. If we would express the whole truth about Coleridge as a poet, we must find some mode of reconciling the conception of him as the footless bird of paradise with our knowledge of his affluent and sweet humanity.

To understand and to feel his poetry aright we must think of him, not as for ever floating on golden and emerald plumes somewhere above Mount Abora and feeding on the honey-dew, but also as nestling in that cottage at Clevedon or at Nether Stowey with a wife and child, loving the Somerset hills and coombs, rich in friendships, and deeply interested in the great public events of his own time. It was a fortunate time, if to be compelled to think, to hope, and to fear in early manhood be fortunate; a time when the great name for honour or detestation in English politics was that of William Pitt; when the French Revolution was not a thing to be studied in documents, but an enormous phenomenon in process of actual development, a neighbouring Vesuvius, glorious or terrible, in active eruption; when the chief rival political teachers of England were the doctrinaire Godwin with his haughty abstractions of reason, and Edmund Burke who inspired the historical British habit of thinking with the perfervid passion of the Celt; when Hartley's system of physical psychology had all the force derived from its presenting a novel view of human nature apparently in harmony at once with science and with religion; when in literature the return to nature and the sentimental reaction from the dryness and formality of the earlier part of the century were represented by Cowper and Burns, and when with the return to nature there came the discovery of the supernatural and the romantic; when Macpherson's Ossian, if discredited by scholarship, was still an influence; when the genius of Chatterton had aided in the revival of an imaginative mediævalism, and when Mrs. Radcliffe thrilled the nerves of our fair foremothers with her tales of the forest and mountain, the lonely lake, the ruined castle, the vault, the secret passage, the cowled monk, the torturer of the Inquisition, the high-souled chieftain of banditti, and the gliding apparitions of the dead. We smile at the stage-heroes, stage-villains, and tarnished stage-properties, but they interested a simple generation which had not learnt to sympathise with the trials, difficulties, and dangers of fervid young clergymen struggling amid the shallows of biblical criticism.

Such was the time; and the place was no less faithfully mirrored in Coleridge's verse. The landscape poetry of England gains not a little in interest when we can recognise its truthfulness to the local character and spirit of the several districts which it depicts. We hardly do justice to Cowper's descriptive fidelity until we have grown familiar with the low-lying country watered by the Ouse; nor

upon the object, was able to add a page of rare fidelity to the descriptive poetry of our country.

Old Parkinson, in recounting the virtues of the hart's-tongue fern, tells us that divers commend the distilled water thereof to be taken against the passions of the heart; but the ferns of Wordsworth's Glen—and the fact has not been noticed—exerted a malign influence over Coleridge. My readers will remember the unhappy "Drip, drip, drip, drip" in the cavern scene of *Osorio*, and the sorry jest of Sheridan, to whom Coleridge had sent his manuscript—"In short," said he, "it was all dripping:"

> "A jutting clay-stone
> Drips on the long lank weed that grows beneath;
> And the weed nods and drips."

The cavern in which Osorio murders Ferdinand is in Grenada, among the Alpujarras; but we have only to glance at "The Lime-Tree Bower my Prison" to make sure that the ferns are those of Somerset, for here too we find "the dark green file of long lank weeds" that "nod and drip beneath the dripping edge of the blue clay-stone." Dioscorides, who saith that the hart's-tongue water is a preservative against the stings of serpents, as regards this instance at least did vainly teach.

The character of the Quantock landscape is interpreted in Coleridge's poetry, but what of the inhabitants of the district—cottagers of Stowey, toilers in the fields and shepherds of the hills? Where are they? Nowhere in any of his poems. He lived with his own thoughts and fancies in dell or on upland, his affections twined themselves around the beloved inmates of his cottage and certain cherished friends; he was deeply interested in great national questions of the day, but neither now nor at any other time did he exercise his imagination with the joys and sorrows of the humble men and women among whom his lot was cast. We must turn to Wordsworth's poems of this period if we would find any imaginative record of the life of the inhabitants of the district; it is there we read of the Holford peasant mourning for the last of his dwindled flock, of the wronged and distracted mother bearing her infant on her breast, of the old huntsman Simon Lee and his pathetic gratitude, of Martha Ray and the mysterious hillock of moss beside the solitary thorn-tree, of the idiot boy and his moonlight adventures.

Coleridge's domestic life was not fortunate or wisely managed, but at Clevedon, for some time after his early marriage, he was as happy as a lover. Every one who knows his early verse remembers the frequent references to his beloved Sara, which are provoking in their lack of real characterisation. With the most exquisite feeling for womanhood in its general features, he seems to have been incapable of drawing strongly the features of any individual woman. His

nearest approach to the creation of a heroine is perhaps in his Illyrian queen, Zapolya. Even Christabel is a figure somewhat too faintly drawn, a figure expressing indeed the beauty, innocence, and gentleness of maidenhood, but without any of the traits of a distinctive personality. All his other imaginings of women are exquisite abstractions, framed of purely feminine elements, but representing Woman rather than being themselves veritable women. His comment on Pope's line, "Most women have no character at all," is an unconscious apology for his own practice. Shakespeare, he says, who knew man and woman much better than Pope, saw that it was the perfection of woman to be characterless. This, which is conspicuously untrue of the creator of the two Portias, Rosalind, Viola, Isabel, Hermione, Juliet, Imogen, is absolutely true of Coleridge himself, and of what he saw or thought he saw in woman. He can no more paint a variety of female portraits than can Stothard. The delicacy of design and occasionally the exquisite execution almost, but not quite, prevent us from feeling a certain monotony in Stothard's charming pictures of maidenhood, in which no line is ever introduced which is not purely feminine, but in which also a type is presented rather than a person; and so it is with the poet who has justly praised the art of Stothard. We can collect no portrait of Sara Coleridge from her husband's verse, but we get a delightful picture of the happiness of early wedded life from such a poem as that which describes husband and wife seated together in the twilight beside their jasmine-covered cottage at Clevedon, while they watch the darkening clouds and the evening star as it shines forth:—

> "How exquisite the scents
> Snatch'd from yon bean-field! and the world so hush'd!
> The stilly murmur of the distant sea
> Tells us of silence."

We seem to know the baby Hartley through his father's poetry better than we know his "pensive Sara." Coleridge indeed has said nothing of his son in verse so admirable as what he said in a letter which describes Hartley as "a strange, strange boy, exquisitely wild, an utter visionary, like the moon among thin clouds he moves in a circle of his own making. He alone is a light of his own. Of all human beings I never saw one so utterly naked of self." Nor has he written of Hartley in verse anything so happy in characterisation or so pathetic in its power of prophecy as Wordsworth's lines addressed to the fairy-like boy at the age of six. But his father has recorded in a sonnet his hopes and fears while hastening to his wife from a distance on hearing of the infant's birth; and in another well-known sonnet has told of the momentary sadness that seized him when he first gazed into the face of his child, a sadness that

passed away in the rapture of a father's and a husband's love. Nor will any reader of Coleridge forget his midnight companionship with the cradled and sleeping infant as related in "Frost at Midnight," all tenderest paternal hopes and wishes hovering over the cot and mingling with the gentle breathings of the sleeper. We are told that the pensive Sara had a just ground of complaint against Samuel for the late hours that he kept, the Bard pacing up and down the room composing poetry when he and she ought to be sleeping the sleep of the just.[1] Wordsworth looking back upon his past life thought with remorse of the many occasions on which in consequence of yielding to his immoderate passion for walking, he had kept the family dinner waiting. But as we can forgive Wordsworth his domestic crime for the sake of a "Leech Gatherer" or a "Michael," so "Frost at Midnight" may atone for many a darkling reverie of Coleridge in that Stowey cottage where solitude and silence were not always to be had in the workaday hours. In another of the Nether Stowey poems, while Coleridge recalls the "skirmish and capricious passagings" of the nightingales, his fatherly thoughts turn to his boy, just now beginning to "mar all things with his imitative lisp," and he imagines how the little one would hearken to the nightingale's song with baby hand held up:

> "And I deem it wise
> To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
> The evening star; and once, when he awoke
> In most distressful mood (some inward pain
> Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream!)
> I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
> And he beheld the moon, and, hush'd at once,
> Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
> While his fair eyes, that swam with undropped tears,
> Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam!"

"Well," adds the poet apologetically, "it is a father's tale." Let us not mar the tale by cynical conjecture as to how the mother, his serious Sara, may have regarded this mode of treating an infant's "inward pain." Let us rather think of what Rossetti dwells on, the human love in Coleridge's poetry, and think also of the pathos of these paternal cares and fears and hopes when viewed in connection with Hartley's gentle yet not blameless future life.

Although in his poetry Coleridge never deals, as Wordsworth does, with the characters and lives of the men and women among whom he dwelt, his verse no less than his prose informs us how deeply moved he was by the general concerns of the nation and by the public events of his time. His earliest volume of poems had given utterance, sometimes in turbid rhetoric, to his democratic ardour and that desire to simplify life which was one of the better

(1) Mrs. Sandford's *Thomas Poole and his Friends*, i. 239.

characteristics of the revolutionary temper. The young ass which he hails as "Brother" (with all the emphasis of capital letters), if transported to the dell of peace and mild equality on the banks of the Susquehanna, would frisk as gleesome as a kitten, and his Bray of Joy would be more musically sweet to his poet than warbled melodies—

"That soothe to rest
The tumult of some Scoundrel Monarch's breast!" [1]

Earl Stanhope, the "Friend of the Human Race," is great and glorious because he has redeemed himself from "that leprous stain Nobility," and refuses to sit with the rest complotting against Gallic Liberty—

"Who from the Almighty's bosom leapt
With whirlwind arm, fierce Minister of Love."

The sainted form of Freedom mourns over the errors of Burke (styled elsewhere by Coleridge the Hercules Furens of politics) whose crime it was, not indeed to be corrupted by the bribes of tyranny, but to be bewildered by the disturbance of his own nobler faculties, by "stormy pity" and "proud precipitance of soul." The name of Iscariot, a convenient term of reproach then as now, is reserved for the statesman whose name was formed by letters four, him who kissed his country with the apostate's lips—

"Staining most foul a godlike father's name."

Yet his abhorrence of Pitt's policy could not wholly alienate Coleridge's affections from the land of his birth. The declaration of war against France put a strain upon his loyalty, and he felt as Tom Poole and many other excellent men felt, that he could not wish for success in arms to the Powers leagued against what seemed to be the hope of the whole human race. But even when he opposed or stood aloof from the action of the English nation, he did this, as he believed, out of a care for the highest interests of the country. In the ode which apostrophises Albion as "doomed to fall, enslaved and vile" (to be significantly altered in a later text to "not yet enslaved, not wholly vile"), occurs that exquisite address to his sea-encircled native land—the Somerset landscape appearing once again, but now in the ideal light of imaginative vision—of which the last lines haunt the memories of all lovers of poetry who are lovers of England, almost with the charm of some of Shakespeare's patriotic words:—

"And Ocean mid his uproar wild
Speaks safety to his island-child."

In the *Fears in Solitude*, while Coleridge still declaims against the

(1) Altered in the edition of 1797 to "The aching of pale Fashion's vacant breast

sins of England, and protests against the mad idolatry of national wrong-doing, which in claiming the appellation of patriotism insults that great name, he yet utters himself before the close with all the filial loyalty of a true son of England, and he declares in a noble strain of eloquence how the foundations of his patriotism have been laid in the domestic affections, in friendship, in the strength of natural love, in the spiritual influences derived from the beauty of external nature, and in whatever other ground there may be for joys and hopes that ennoble the heart.

> "There lives nor form nor feeling in my Soul
> Unborrow'd from my country! O divine
> And beauteous island! thou hast been my sole
> And most magnificent temple, in the which
> I walk with awe."

Such patriotism as this can only be uprooted together with the very foundations of our moral being.

Now in these two things—first, his alienation from the policy of England and attachment to principles of broader import than the traditional; and secondly, his loyalty to England founded on deep and abiding affections—lay much of Coleridge's future way of thinking and feeling. He broke with tradition in the vulgar sense of the word; he broke with tradition in theology, philosophy, politics; yet he did so in a spirit more truly loyal to the past than was the common orthodoxy in theology or philosophy, or the common Toryism in politics. One of the chief moral and intellectual effects of the French Revolution was that it threw ardent young minds abroad upon a search for first principles. "In tranquil moods and peaceable times," Coleridge writes, "we are quite practical. Facts only and cool common sense are then in fashion. But let the winds of passion swell, and straightway men begin to generalise; to connect by remotest analogies; to express the most universal positions of reason in the most glowing figures of fancy; in short, to feel particular truths and mere facts as poor, cold, narrow, and incommensurate with their feelings."[1] The passion for truth-seeking and the desire to find rest in primary principles were, through all his changes of opinion, characteristic of Coleridge from first to last, and if these had not their origin in, they derived a confirming impulse from, his early revolutionary excitement. As a critic of literature he lights up the subjects of which he treats, because he is not willing to pronounce dogmatic judgments as if from a magisterial chair, but rather seeks after and finds the inner springs of life in each work of art, and so puts us on the track which the artist followed in the act of creation. As a thinker on politics he begins by comparing the several systems of political justice and tracing the origin of govern-

(1) Coleridge's *Lay Sermons*, p. 16, third edition.

ment to what he holds to be its true foundation in expediency and prudence. When he would write of the National Church he must first ascertain the "idea" of the Church as the clerisy of the nation, comprehending not the ministers of religion alone, but also the learned of all denominations. His writings on theology have been pointed to as aiding at once the development of the High-Church school of thought and the rationalistic movement; for in fact he could not think on behalf of a mere party. "Even with regard to Christianity itself," he says, "like certain plants, I creep towards the light, even though it draw me away from the more nourishing warmth. Yea, I should do so, even if the light had made its way through a rent in the wall of the Temple." If anything imparts unity to his marred life, now soaring high or diving deep, now trailing in the dust with broken wing, it is this, that alike in the glory of his youth and the dawn of his genius, in the infirmity and conscious self-degradation of his manhood, and amid the lassitude and languor of his latest days, he was always one who loved the light and grew towards it.

But he grew towards the light with his affections as well as with his intellect. A movement merely critical and destructive could not satisfy his spirit. Even in his most ardent revolutionary days he expected his Utopia not from the downfall of thrones and churches, but from a reformation of life, a reformation for which in its commencement he supposed a little group of chosen individuals, placed under advantageous circumstances in the New World, were competent, a reformation social and religious, which should not rend but draw closer all the bonds of natural love. The Pantisocratic scheme was religious, founded on the worship of God; it was also founded on the fidelity of wedded love and the idea of the family. It abolished private property in the little community, but in every country where property prevails, property, Coleridge held, must be the grand basis of the government. "To the intense interest and impassioned zeal," wrote Coleridge in later life, "which called forth and strained every faculty of my intellect for the organization and defence of this scheme, I owe much of whatever I at present possess, my clearest insight into the nature of individual man, and my most comprehensive views of his social relations." For young men whom the excitement connected with the French Revolution had interested deeply in the first principles of social order there was a philosophy ready-made, immense in its pretensions, seeming at a first view most elevated in its moral purpose, and apparently as precise and well-assured as the demonstrations of geometry. It was that which afterwards spell-bound the intellect of Shelley, and which is largely responsible for the errors of his life—the philosophy set out in full in the volumes of Godwin's *Political Justice*. It spoke much of

reason and universal benevolence, while cutting at the roots of all the humbler natural affections. Even patriotism was for it a prejudice; the ties of kindred, of gratitude, of wedded union, were the shackles of the slave. Coleridge was already prepared to accept some of Godwin's opinions, for his honoured teacher Hartley had convinced him of the truth of the doctrine of necessity, a corner stone of Godwin's philosophy. Like Godwin, he had dreamed of the perfectibility of man and the omnipotence of truth. Like Godwin, he was filled with ardent hopes for society, hopes inspired by the sudden uprising of the spirit of liberty in France. Yet in the addresses which he delivered in Bristol in February, 1795, when he was little more than twenty-two years of age, he bids his hearers beware of "that proud philosophy which affects to inculcate philanthropy while it denounces every home-born feeling by which it is produced and nurtured." And a year later, replying to a certain Caius Gracchus, who had rebuked *The Watchman* in the pages of the *Bristol Gazette*, Coleridge writes: "I do consider Mr. Godwin's principles as vicious, and his book as a pandar to sensuality. Once I thought otherwise; nay, even addressed a complimentary sonnet to the author in the *Morning Chronicle*, of which I confess, with much moral and poetical contrition, that the lines and the subject were equally bad."[1] In *The Friend*, no passages, perhaps, are more valuable than those in which the writer analyses the essential character of Jacobinism in politics, a system which denies all rightful origin to government, except so far as it is derivable from principles contained in the reason of man, and at the same times denies all truth and distinct meaning to the words right and duty, by affirming that the human mind consists of nothing but manifold modifications of passive sensation. Coleridge could with truth declare that at no period of his life had he been a convert to the Jacobinical system.

In the spring of 1798 appeared in *The Morning Post* the noble poem in which Coleridge renounces his sympathy with revolutionary France, known to us now as *France, an Ode*, but which originally was entitled *The Recantation*. This ode, which Shelley thought the finest in the English language, is remarkable not only as an expression of its author's political feeling, but on account of the [illegible] of passion and imagination with which the theme is evolved. [illegible] Coleridge's first volume of verse he had styled a considerable number of the pieces "Effusions," in defiance of Churchill's line—

"Effusion on effusion pour away."

These so-called effusions include even a number of sonnets, for he

(1) It was probably while his mind was at work on the Bristol addresses that his opinion of Godwin underwent a change, for the sonnet appeared in January, 1795, the addresses were delivered in February.

felt that his poems in that form seldom possessed the unity of thought which is indispensable in a true sonnet. Before the second edition appeared Charles Lamb implored him for Heaven's sake to call them sonnets and not effusions, and from that edition the word of offence is banished. But it really served to describe not unaptly some of Coleridge's early pieces in blank verse, written apparently without that previous conception of the whole and that strict evolution which we should expect in a work of art. The poet, in these effusions, places himself in some environment of beauty, submits his mind to the suggestions of the time and place, falls as it were of free will into a reverie, in which the thoughts and images meander stream-like at their own pleasure, or rather as if the power of volition were suspended and the current must needs follow the line of least resistance; then, as if by good luck, comes the culmination or some soft subsidence, and the poem ceases. In the earlier odes—that on the *Departing Year* and the *Monody on the Death of Chatterton*—there is indeed an evolution, but it proceeds sometimes by those fits and starts which were supposed to prove in writers of the ode a kind of Pindaric excitement. The poet is less of the artist here than the enthusiast. "Enthusiast"—it was a name rejected by the youthful Coleridge as a thinker on politics and applied by him as a term of reproach to the disciples of Godwin, but it describes well enough his conception of the poet. And it clearly enough marks the distance that had been traversed from the Restoration days, when a poet desired before all else to be a "wit," and from the age of Anne, when the poet was both a "wit" and a "man of sense." When Coleridge pictures the youthful Chatterton roaming the woods near the Severn with wild unequal steps,

> "In Inspiration's eager hour,
> When most the big soul feels the maddening power,"

he conceives him not as the artist or the wit but as the enthusiast, and this is the conception generally present in Coleridge's earlier verse. The sequences of thought and feeling in these earlier poems are often either of the meditative-meandering or the spasmodic-passionate kind. Now, however, in his *France* he produced a poem strongly concatenated in thought and emotion, and from the first line to the last faultless in its evolution. Here freedom in artistic handling is at one with obedience to artistic law. Mr. Theodore Watts, in his article on Poetry in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has called attention to what he describes as its fluidity of metrical movement. "The more billowy the metrical waves," he says, "the better suited they are to render the emotions expressed by the ode;" and he points out how in the opening stanza of the *France* the first metrical wave, after it has gently fallen at the end of the first quatrain,

"leaps up again on the double rhymes and goes bounding on, billow after billow, to the end of the stanza." The mastery of a prolonged period in lyrical poetry is rare even with great writers; we find it in Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind;* we find it in Coleridge's *France;* and the sense of power which accompanies it lifts these poems into quite another class than that which includes the tesselated odes of Gray. The ideal of liberty presented in Coleridge's *France* is one which he sorrowfully admits cannot be found in any human society, which indeed cannot possibly be realised under any form of human government. Yet it is true, he maintains, for the individual man so far as he is pure and inflamed with the love and adoration of God in nature. The close of the poem in its recoil from society to the individual soul resembles the close of his earlier ode on the *Departing Year*. It seems not improbable that when Shelley wrote his great *Ode to Liberty*, a song inspired by the highest hopes for society, he had before his mind Coleridge's words of despair, for freedom as conceived by Shelley—and it is freedom for a people, not merely for an individual, of which he sings—comes not alone but accompanied by justice and love and wisdom, the memory of what has been and the hope for what will be.

The ode *France* is dated February, 1798. The spring and early summer of that year were a season of radiant beauty. Coleridge had been relieved from anxiety about his worldly ways and means by the generosity of the Wedgwoods. Young Hazlitt eagerly accepted his invitation to Nether Stowey, and on the afternoon of his arrival Coleridge took him over to Alfoxden. Wordsworth was not at home, but his sister Dorothy received Coleridge and his friend for the night, and gave them free access to her brother's manuscripts.[1] Next morning, seated on the trunk of an old ash-tree in Alfoxden Park, Coleridge read aloud in his musical voice some of Wordsworth's Somerset poems, and on his walk homewards he lamented, says Hazlitt, that his fellow poet was not prone enough to believe in the traditional superstitions of the place, and that in some of his poems there was a something corporeal, *a matter-of-factness*, a clinging to the palpable. Hazlitt remained three weeks at Nether Stowey, often spending his afternoons in discourse with Coleridge in the arbour of bark built by Tom Poole; and before they parted he accompanied Coleridge on an excursion to Lynton and the Valley of Rocks. A like excursion to the north coast of Devon had been made in the late autumn by Coleridge in company with Wordsworth and

(1) Some readers of Coleridge's words describing Dorothy—"In every motion her innocent soul outbeams so brightly, that who saw her would say, 'Guilt was a thing impossible with her'"—may have been puzzled by the last words. He is here quoting from his own description of Teresa in *Remorse*, and this passage seems to prove that the first scene of *Remorse*, which does not appear in *Osorio*, must nevertheless have been written in 1797.

his sister, which earlier visit to Lynton is connected with a memorable event in the history of English poetry.

It was on a November afternoon of 1797 that this earlier tramp began.[1] "The evening dark and cloudy," writes Miss Wordsworth; "we went eight miles, William and Coleridge employing themselves in laying the plan of a ballad, to be published with some pieces of William's." This ballad was the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, with which originated the conjoint volume published in the autumn of the following year. Two classes of poems, it will be remembered, were to appear in this volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, "in the one the incidents and agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural, and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. . . For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life," and these were to be interpreted and illuminated by a meditative and feeling mind, and by the light of imagination. Such is Coleridge's well-known account of the origin of the *Lyrical Ballads*; and it indicates exactly wherein lies the importance of the publication of that little volume in the history of our literature. A few words will serve to make this clear.

In the literature of the time there were two powerful tendencies, each of which was liable to excess when it operated alone, each of which needed to work in harmony with the other, and to take something into itself from the other. A little before the death of Johnson English poetry had almost reached the lowest ebb. It has often been said that its revival was due to the excitement and enthusiasm caused by the Revolution in France; but this is certainly untrue. In 1785 appeared Cowper's poem, *The Task*. Two years previously the most remarkable of Crabbe's earlier group of poems, *The Village*, had been published. In 1786 the Kilmarnock edition of the poems of Burns was issued. Thus our poetry had sprung into sudden and splendid life before that memorable year the centenary of which has just been celebrated in Paris. And by what means did English poetry renew its life and regain its vigour? By a return to nature. Burns sang direct out of his own warm heart and out of the joys and sorrows of his fellows. The daisy in the furrow, the mouse in the stubble-field, the dying ewe in the ditch, the rustic patriarch among his children and servants, the humours of Scotch drink, the humours of Scotch ecclesiastical parties, and the passions of his own wayward heart supplied him with the themes of his song.

(1) In Wordsworth's Fenwick note to *We are Seven*, as printed by Professor Knight and elsewhere, the tour is dated "in the spring of the year 1798." In the *Memoirs of Wordsworth*, by Christopher Wordsworth, vol. i. p. 107, the same note is printed, and the words are "in the autumn of 1797." There seems to be no doubt that the tour actually took place in November, 1797.

Cowper turned from the wire-drawn abstractions in verse which had done duty as poetry and looked around him in his walks about Olney, or filled his senses and spirit with the domestic pleasures of Mary Unwin's home, and uttered in verse the feelings aroused in him by his garden, his walk in the crisp December morning, his evening fireside, his newspaper and easy chair. And Crabbe resolved to set down for once the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about the life of the peasant or the rough fisher on our eastern coasts. He was sick of the ideality of Sweet Auburns and of Corydons complaining of their amorous pains, "the only pains, alas, they never feel." He aimed at being what in our present critical phraseology we term a realist or naturalist.

> "I praise the cot,
> As truth will paint it and as bards will not."

He was unable to select from a crowd of details, for everything should be recorded. But with this tendency there coexisted another which was also strong. It was the tendency towards romance which gave their popularity to the *Mysteries of Udolpho* and *The Italian*, which appears in the modern-antiques of Chatterton, and in connection with a sentiment supposed to be that of primitive poetry in Macpherson's *Ossian*. The Gothic revival which in our own century became learned and antiquarian was then sentimental and imaginative. As Crabbe may serve to represent the extreme of naturalism in art, so "Monk" Lewis may serve to represent the other extreme, the extravagance of the romantic tendency. His *Castle Spectre*, a play brimful of supernatural horrors, was produced in the year in which Coleridge and Wordsworth met at Nether Stowey, and it had a run of sixty nights. His *Tales of Terror* were published in the year after the *Lyrical Ballads*. In *The Monk*, published in 1796, Ambrosio, tempted by an evil spirit, and guilty of monstrous crimes, is tried and tortured by the Inquisition, and is at length dashed headlong from an airy height by Lucifer. Raymond is haunted at night by the spectre of the bleeding nun: "She lifted up her veil slowly. What a sight presented itself to my startled eyes! I beheld before me an animated corse." The gross marvel and mystery amassed in *The Monk* would suffice for an entire stand of our paltry *Hansom Cabs*.

Here then were two movements in our literature, each operating apart from the other and each proceeding to excess—naturalism, tending to a hard, dry, literal manner, unilluminated by the light of imagination; romance, tending to become a coarse revel in material horrors. English poetry needed first that romance should be saved and ennobled by the presence and the power of truth, and, secondly, that naturalism, without losing any of its fidelity to fact, should be

saved and ennobled by the presence and the power of imagination. And this was precisely what Coleridge and Wordsworth contributed to English poetry in their joint volume of *Lyrical Ballads*, which in consequence may justly be described as marking if not making an epoch in the history of our literature.

Relying largely, as he did in his poems which deal with the supernatural, on the effect produced by their psychological truth, Coleridge could afford to subdue the supernatural, and refine it to the utmost. His regard for truth even in the description of minute physical phenomena, though in the midst of a world of wonders, is illustrated by the alteration of the line in the *Ancient Mariner*, "The furrow followed free" to "The furrow streamed off free," because when on board a ship he perceived that as seen from the deck, though not from the shore, the wake appears like a brook flowing off from the stern. More important than truth physical he felt truth psychological to be. And attaining this, he did not need, as Monk Lewis did, to drag into his verse all the horrors of the churchyard and the nether pit of Hell. None of us can tell what was that sight of shame or anguish revealed to Christabel when the Lady Geraldine unbound her girdle and dropped the robe to her feet. We can imagine how exact in his description of the dreadful object Lewis would have been. And it seems certain that in the manuscript a line existed in this passage of *Christabel* which never was permitted to appear in the published text:—

> "Behold her bosom and half her side,
> Hideous, deformed, and pale of hue,
> A sight to dream of, not to tell."

The words "hideous, deformed, and pale of hue" are known to us through a quotation made from memory in the pages of Hunt's *Examiner*, and Coleridge preferred to leave a line without its rhyme rather than retain words which define a horror better shadowed in mystery. Again, in the "Ancient Mariner" where the spectre-bark approaches the doomed ship, and the forms of Death and Life-in-Death are visible playing at dice for the mariner and his companions, a verse full of charnel abominations occurs in the original text which was afterwards judiciously omitted. Coleridge felt that these hideous incidents of the grave only detracted from the finer horror of the voluptuous beauty of his White Devil, the night-mare Life-in-Death:—

> "Her lips were red, her looks were free,
> Her locks were yellow as gold,
> Her skin was as white as leprosy."

She it was, this Life-in-Death, who with her numbing spell haunted Coleridge himself in after days.

It is remarkable that a poem which impresses us so much as an

imaginative unity, the work of one who had a genius for the finer kind of supernatural invention, should in great part have been a compilation from several brains and books. Young Cruikshank, a neighbour of Coleridge at Nether Stowey, had dreamed of a skeleton ship worked by a skeleton crew, and this was the starting-point of the whole. It has been suggested that the blessed spirits who bring the ship to harbour came from one of the epistles of St. Paulinus of Nola, the friend of St. Ambrose. The crime of the Old Navigator (as Coleridge loved to call him) was Wordsworth's suggestion derived from Shelvocke's *Voyage round the World.* Shelvocke describes the insupportable cold of the South Atlantic Ocean, and the perpetual squalls of sleet and snow. They had not seen since they passed the straits of Le Maire a single living creature save one disconsolate black albatross, which accompanied them for several days, as if it had lost itself, till the second captain in one of his melancholy fits shot the bird, imagining from its colour that it was of evil omen, and not doubting that they would have a fair wind if it were destroyed. Wordsworth can hardly have omitted to mention the ominous colour of the albatross, but in Coleridge's poem it becomes the friend and companion of the mariners, and we must imagine it a white-plumed majestic creature. The device of animating the bodies of the dead crew with a troop of seraphs, whether the suggestion is due to St. Paulinus or to Wordsworth, is so conceived and executed as to illustrate admirably Coleridge's power of evoking beauty out of horror. Nor are his strange creatures of the sea those hideous worms which a vulgar dealer in the supernatural might have invented. Seen in a great calm by the light of the moon these creatures of God are beautiful in the joy of their life:—

> "Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
> They coil'd and swam; and every track
> Was a flash of golden fire."

And it is through a sudden welling-forth of sympathy with their happiness, and a sudden sense of their beauty, that the spell which binds the afflicted mariner is snapped. That one self-centred in crude egoism should be purified and converted through a new sympathy with suffering and sorrow is a common piece of morality; this purification through sympathy with joy is a piece of finer and higher doctrine.

Mrs. Barbauld once told Coleridge that she admired the *Ancient Mariner* very much, but that there were two faults in it—it was improbable and it had no moral. As for the probability, said Coleridge (and the good Mrs. Barbauld might perhaps have observed a twinkle in the noticeable man's large grey eyes), that might admit some question; but as to the want of moral, he told her that in his

judgment the poem had too much; the only or chief fault, if he might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination. The mariner is punished for shooting an albatross; the curse passes away when he blesses the watersnakes. Coleridge might have called his critic's attention to the fact that the professed moral is serviceable at least as an artistic device. The beautiful stanza beginning,

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small,"

sets forth this professed moral. Its real effect is admirably described by Mrs. Oliphant, when she says that the soothing words "bring our feet back to the common soil with a bewildered sweetness of relief and soft quiet" after the imaginative strain with which we follow the tale of the voyage through strange seas. If any reader require a moral he can find it elsewhere; he can find it in that passage which tells how a sense of the incomparable beauty and the rapturous life of the world quickens and redeems the withered soul of the mariner. "How do you know," asks William Blake, "but every bird that cuts the airy way is an immense world of delight closed by your senses five?" It is the opening of our senses and our hearts to the miracle of beauty and of life everywhere surrounding us that (if we must have a moral) is the highest spiritual effect wrought by the poem.

We shall not dispute with the excellent Mrs. Barbauld as to the improbability of the narrative. Have we not submitted to the spell of the mariner's eye, which compels us to listen like a child and suspends our incredulity? The bride, red as a rose, and the nodding minstrelsy pass before us, but the gaiety of the village festival makes us only the more sensible of the solitude of the narrator "alone on the wide, wide sea," and of that subsequent solitude, and yet at the same time need of sympathy, created in him by an intense and unique experience, which even here and now isolates him, yet mysteriously connects him with his fellows. The majesty and beauty with which some of the old and common facts of nature are described, as only an eye-witness could describe them, vouch for the truth of the stranger incidents. In regions far from the stir of human life there is yet a constant action going on, and the actors are not alone the Polar Spirit and the spectres of the skeleton hulk, and the troop of blessed angels, but the sea and the sun and the moon and the stars of heaven. How majestically the sunrise at sea is expressed:—

> "Nor dim nor red, like God's own head
> The glorious sun uprist."

It is like the solemn apparition of one of the chief actors in this

strange drama of crime, and agony, and expiation, and in the new sense of wonder with which we witness that oldest spectacle of the heavens we can well believe in other miracles. How exquisite is the description of the journeying moon, what magic in the simplest words:—

> "The moving moon went up the sky,
> And nowhere did abide;
> Softly she was going up
> With a star or two beside."

These regents of the upper air are not dead balls of matter, but living powers, and "everywhere," says Coleridge in the gloss which he added to his poem, "the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country, and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival."

In *Christabel* the human and the supernatural elements interpenetrate each other more completely and more subtly than in the *Ancient Mariner*. The presence of higher than mortal powers for evil and for good is everywhere felt, yet nowhere is it thrust forward. We can reconstruct a story almost the same in which the incidents shall proceed in accordance with the acknowledged laws of the world; we can imagine an innocent girl coming under the influence of a woman older than herself, of beautiful person and powerful intellect, but of depraved character, who shall disclose to her some bosom-sin under conditions which render indispensable for a time an inviolable secrecy; to shield the maiden from harm she shall possess, besides her own purity of heart, the pious memory of her dead mother. Thus by merely lowering the key all the action of the poem might be transposed from the supernatural to the natural. Even the malign influence of Geraldine's look askance could readily be translated into its moral significance—the fascinating power of evil over a virginal soul, the mere knowledge of vice seeming to imply a horrible community with it during, at least, one dreadful moment before the instinctive recoil from sin has had time and force to come into operation. Coleridge's story is far other than this; but thus we may interpret the moral and psychological truth on which Coleridge's story is founded. The poem is not a piece of didactic morality, nor such a spiritual allegory as one of its critics, Mr. Cotterill, has fancied; it is an imaginative romance pervaded throughout by the supernatural; and yet it is founded in spiritual truth, and, as Christ*Mariner* North has said, while we read it, we are all the while in our impr real and living world, and in the heart of its best and most ridgeatful affections.

a tw The first part of *Christabel* was written at Nether Stowey; and it so perhaps worth remarking that in Dorothy Wordsworth's diary, in

which we can trace the origin of some of her brother's poems, we also find touches which are manifestly connected with this romance of her friend. In her frequent walks with Coleridge in the neighbourhood of Alfoxden observations of nature were made, and little incidents were noticed and talked of, which became a common possession for the memories and imaginations of both.

> "There is not wind enough to twirl
> The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
> That dances as often as dance it can,
> Hanging so light, and hanging so high
> On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky."

That impish leaf of the oak against which the witch lady leaned was seen near Nether Stowey on March 7, 1798. "One only leaf upon the top of a tree," writes Dorothy Wordsworth, "the sole remaining leaf, danced round and round like a rag blown by the wind."

> "The thin grey cloud is spread on high,
> It covers, but not hides the sky.
> The moon is behind, and at the full;
> And yet she looks both small and dull."

So the poem. And Dorothy Wordsworth, noticing also the apparent diminution of the moon behind a fleecy cloud: "When we left home the moon, immensely large, the sky scattered over with clouds. These soon closed in, contracting the dimensions of the moon without concealing her." And it may be that the baron's mastiff which howls at intervals in answer to the clock was ennobled by Coleridge from "the manufacturer's dog" near Alfoxden, that "makes a strange, uncouth howl, which it continues many minutes after there is no noise near it but that of the brook. It howls at the murmur of the village stream."

Although in *Christabel* we are aware of the ghostly presence of the maiden's mother, we never see the phantom; we only know that the witch lady tries to wave her off, and that she comforts her daughter with sweet visions as she lies dreaming in the arms of her foe. But Coleridge has elsewhere created a visible ghost, a ghost which appears under the strangest circumstances, a ghost itself so strange that Coleridge may be said to have invented a new spiritual fear. It is indeed the first of the many ghosts that have appeared upon our earth, much more ancient than the old man of Endor, for it is the spirit of the first human being who left the mystery of life on our globe for the mystery of death. Here again in *The Wanderings of Cain* loveliness and terror are allied. The boy Enos, son of the first murderer, beautiful in his innocence and encinctured with leaves for his only garments, plucks by moonlight the fruits not of

the happy garden but of the wilderness. There is a majesty in the mighty limbs of Cain and in the intolerable grief which wastes his frame like fire. Behind the pair lie the cavern-like recesses of the forest; before them, the desert sands, white in the moonshine, with one rock casting its shadow on the sands. And here in the shadow of the rock lurks the piteous ghost of Abel, the shape as of a young man, apparelled in unclean garments, his skin as white as the moonlit sands, and his voice sweet but thin and querulous, "like that of a feeble slave in misery who weeps and laments." And why should not he weep, who having served during his life the God of the living has now become the sad servant of that other and strange God, the God of the dead? Moonlight—the wilderness—the solitary rock with its shadow—and these three figures of the innocent boy, the first fratricide, and this forlorn ghost with his sweet querulous voice and his dreadful secret—what a strange, and, Mrs. Barbauld might add, improbable invention! Unquestionably, if we might have our choice of a ghost to haunt us, we should say give us one of those comfortable domestic larvæ who rattle chains and draw the midnight curtain, and save us from the sight of such a ghost as this lamentable youth of the moon-illumined desert and from the cadence of his sweet and plaintive voice.

The poems of the Nether Stowey period are in the main Coleridge's poems of joy; those written after his thirtieth year are, with few exceptions, poems born of sorrow. Two visionary figures seem to mediate between the earlier and later groups, two visionary figures that are seldom absent for a long time from his verse—those of Love and Hope. But the imagery changes mournfully as the years go by. In an early poem he recalls the cloudless day of boyhood—

> "When by my native brook I wont to rove,
> While Hope with kisses nursed the Infant Love."

In a poem of his elder years he pictures the same pair, but how differently!

> "Hope keeping Love, Love Hope alive,
> Like babes bewildered in the snow,
> That cling and huddle from the cold
> In hollow tree or ruined fold."

And yet more sadly in another poem:—

> "Thee, O genial Hope,
> Love's elder sister! thee did I behold,
> Drest as a bridesmaid, but all pale and cold,
> With roseless cheek, all pale and cold and dim,
> Lie lifeless at my feet."

and when Love enters and would revive her pale sister with a kiss,

"Alas! 'twas but a chilling breath
Woke just enough of life in death
To make Hope die anew."

Mr. Traill, in his biography of Coleridge, speaks of the years from 1800 to 1804 as the turning-point, moral and physical, of his career. According to his own statement the habit of drinking laudanum, taken at first to sop the Cerberus of physical pain, had become fixed about 1803. But we know that the dream-poem of *Kubla Khan* came into being while Coleridge was under the influence of an anodyne, and the date of its creation is the summer of 1797. As De Quincey records in succession the pleasures and the pains of opium, so Coleridge places side by side this Eastern vision of imaginative delight and *The Pains of Sleep*, in which the nightmare terrors of disease are so powerfully expressed. Both poems have in a high degree the special dream quality—a suspension of all power of volition; but in the one the will is charmed into passivity by images of beauty, in the other it is overwhelmed and prostrated after a desperate struggle with visions of horror and of shame.

The sense that his higher powers were suffering ominous eclipse, the consciousness of duties neglected, the knowledge that friends were falling away in consequence of his inability to respond to their love, the blank of domestic happiness, even his deep regard for Sara Hutchinson, which made him more painfully aware of all that his life had missed, united to produce those moods and long seasons of depression under which he lay inactive. No one had felt more exquisitely than he the visitations of joy, as of a swift light breeze blowing from some Elysian meadow:—

"A new joy,
Lovely as light, sudden as summer gust,
And gladsome as the first-born of the spring,
Beckons me on, or follows from behind,
Playmate, or guide!"

Now such visitations were rare indeed; and in their place Coleridge had grown acquainted with the dull, unchanging cloud of depression which hung upon him for long periods like a pall. All the dull misery of such a hopeless mood is exposed to view in the great ode *Dejection*. Other poems of other authors express a passion of grief, which this does not; when sorrow has us in its grip we are conscious at least of the life within us by virtue of the very pain which we endure. No other poem so truthfully renders the leaden mood of helpless and hopeless prostration, too dull to be named despair:—

"A grief without a pang, void, dark and drear,
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear."

Whatever comfort he was capable of in such forlorn weakness came to Coleridge through human love. The ode, addressed in its later text to a "Lady," who, we are assured by Professor Knight, was Wordsworth's sister-in-law, Sara Hutchinson, had been originally addressed to Wordsworth himself. And it is the generous thought that his friend at least had been true to the duties and the glories of his high calling as poet, that brings some lightening of the cloud of misery.

> "O William, friend of my devoutest choice,
> O raised from anxious dread and busy care
> By the immenseness of the good and fair
> Which thou seest everywhere,
> Joy lifts thy spirit, joy attunes thy voice." [1]

When Wordsworth and his family, escaping from Dove Cottage, Grasmere, which had grown too small for their needs, were settled through Sir George Beaumont's kindness in the farm-house at Coleorton in the winter of 1806-7, Coleridge with his son Hartley visited them. It was one of the saddest periods in Coleridge's homeless life; but among these faithful friends he received all the tender ministering of love. One evening Wordsworth read aloud for him a portion of *The Prelude*, and Coleridge, roused by the ennobling excitement, composed on that night the loftiest and the most pathetic of his poems in blank verse. The lines which compare the pain of life and love awakening in his heart after its long syncope to the suffering experienced by the drowned when they begin to breathe again, must be in the memory of every reader of Coleridge. But certain lines which precede these as the poem was originally written have remained unknown; they are for the first time printed from the manuscript by Professor Knight, and they tell much of the strength and the weakness of the writer's heart. Dear shall be the "Orphic song" to which he had listened, exclaims Coleridge:—

> "Dear shall it be to every human heart,
> To me how more than dearest! me on whom
> Comfort from thee and utterance of thy love
> Came with such heights and depths of harmony,
> Such sense of wings uplifting, that its might
> Scatter'd and quelled me, till my thoughts became
> A bodily tumult; and thy faithful hopes
> Thy hopes of me, dear friend! by me unfelt!
> Were troublous to me, almost as a voice
> Familiar once, and more than musical;
> As a dear woman's voice to one cast forth,
> A wanderer with a worn-out heart forlorn,
> 'Mid strangers pining with untended wounds."

(1) In the earliest printed text "Edmund" appears instead of "William," and from later texts of the poem these lines are omitted.

Among the sorrows which resulted from his neglect of duties, not the least was the loss of love. "To be beloved," he says, "is all I need," and it is true that he more than men of hardier and more self-sufficing nature found repose in affection.

> "O for some dear abiding-place of Love,
> O'er which my spirit, like the mother dove,
> Might brood with warming wings."

So he writes in a poem of leave-taking, and the lines may have suggested to Rossetti the thought of his sonnet to Coleridge quoted in the opening of this article. It was not easy for Coleridge's friends to continue to love a man who met all their solicitude and tenderness with silence and seeming indifference. Yet part of his misery arose from the fact that while unable to give evidence of his affection, as he lay inactive "deeper than ever plummet sounded," he had nevertheless a constant craving for sympathy. He was sensible that his friends, though deeply concerned on his behalf, could not give him the love that he required, and such kindness as theirs counterfeiting absent love is described by him in one of his poems as "the pang more sharp than all."

Yet to the last there were occasional beamings forth of the spirit of delight and poetry even in those elder days when his body did him grievous wrong, and when his mind, though it had recovered much of its intellectual power, had not recovered its early illumination of hope and joy. One of these out-wellings of poetry, among the latest and loveliest, is to be found in the lines which accompany the delicate engraving of the garden of Boccaccio, after Stothard, in *The Keepsake* for 1829. "The love, the joyance, and the gallantry" of the Florentine pleasance as seen in Stothard's design conquer the numbness of his dreary mood, and bring back for an hour all his lost youth, all the glory of his early manhood.

Coleridge wrote for his own epitaph those lines in which he speaks of himself as one who

> "Many a year with toilful breath
> Found death in life."

I like better to remember him in connection with that memorial poem adapted from the Italian of Chiabrera, where Coleridge names himself Satyrane the idoloclast—idoloclast, because he hated the objects of vain worship of his own day; Satyrane, because, like the sylvan protector of Spenser's Una, he had a "wild-wood fancy and impetuous zeal." In this *Tombless Epitaph* he tells of his years of weary days, and of the sickness that besieged him "even to the gates and inlets of his life." Yet he declares that he maintained the

citadel unconquered, that he was "strong to follow the delightful Muse:"—

> "Not a rill
> There issues from the fount of Hippocrene
> But he had traced it upward to its source,
> Through open glade, dark glen, and secret dell,
> Knew the gay wild flowers on its banks, and culled
> Its med'cinable herbs. Yea, oft alone,
> Piercing the long-neglected holy cave,
> The haunt obscure of old Philosophy,
> He bade with lifted torch its starry walls
> Sparkle, as erst they sparkled to the flame
> Of odorous lamps tended by Saint and Sage.
> O framed for calmer times and nobler hearts!
> O studious Poet, eloquent for truth!
> Philosopher, contemning wealth and death,
> Yet docile, childlike, full of Life and Love."

Not merely then a "footless bird of Paradise," but "childlike, full of life and love." With this word I may fitly close.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

DRY-NURSING THE COLONIES.

In a recent article in this magazine Mr. Joseph Thomson formulated a serious charge against the Downing Street management of our Colonial policy in East and West Africa. The head and front of his charge is apathy.

"For over twenty years, he says, Downing Street has stood calmly by and watched the Gambia being transformed into a French river in all but name. It has seen the gradual isolation of Sierra Leone from the interior and raised not a finger to stop it. It has permitted Germany to seize the Cameroons, to expel our traders and missionaries, and establish itself in Togoland, in spite of our incontestable priority of rights. In no case can it urge ignorance of what was going on or plead inability to act. Every step of the way has been marked by showers of warnings, remonstrances, pleadings; but, Sphinx-like, Downing Street has looked calmly across the waters unmoved by what to it was a petty turmoil."

He shows the results to have been what might be well expected—

"Our political influence was lessening and being restricted with marked rapidity, while our commerce was declining at an equally alarming rate with a corresponding improvement in the political and commercial position of the French and Germans."

Fifty years ago we had no rivals in that region, and now, while France has annexed the whole of the country to the north of the Gambia, and has rounded the headwaters striking south till she has included within her sphere of influence the whole upper basin of the Niger, we are—

"Practically confined to the coast region, to strive and fester among its deadly swamps, our governors given the old woman's task of palavering over petty disputes between various tribes and our merchants degraded into barterers of gin, rum, tobacco, gunpowder and guns, by means of which the civilization of the negro goes on apace."

South of the Niger on the same coast the French have got Grand Bassam and Great and Little Popo, and the Germans have established their influence over Togoland. So far politically, and commercially it has been no better. The Government spends enormous sums on official salaries, but nothing on enterprise or experiments which tend to develop the countries under our influence. No roads are made into the interior, botanical and mineral research are alike unattempted. The administration is inactive, and private enterprise has to be undertaken under the cold shade of official indifference. "Government has distinctly refused to precede the merchant and secure a position for him in the interior. As distinctly has it made clear that it will not back up any independent commercial enterprise or take steps to ensure the enjoyment to the promoters of the fruits of such enterprise." The gin trade alone flourishes, and our West

African settlements, "instead of being bright jewels in the Imperial Crown of Great Britain, are at this day standing monuments to our disgrace."

In East Africa the story repeats itself. "East Africa in recent years presents an example which still stinks in the nostrils of all who love our country and our country's honour." Mr. Thomson shows it explored by Englishmen, traded with by Englishmen, enlightened by Englishmen. We all know how English missionaries have everywhere penetrated from the coast inland spending hundreds of thousands of English capital in its villages. A recent return from five of the principal missions shows the money spent within the last seven years alone to have amounted to £300,000. Its great lakes did not exist for the civilized world till Englishmen found them out. English enterprise has put steamers upon them and stations upon the East African roads. Nowhere had the individual Englishman a better right to expect to be supported by his Government. Yet when Germany discovered that she had rights and interests in these parts and stepped in to support them, "we scuttled from the place like a miserable cur before a lion." As a result of Downing Street policy in East Africa we see—

"Our honour trampled in the mud, our fellow-subjects, thousands of them, irretrievably ruined, crying in vain for redress; our political prestige destroyed; our missions ruined; an enormous impetus given to the slave trade on land; rising towns laid in ruins and bespattered with native blood; a flourishing infant civilization dashed to pieces."

The picture is strong, but except for the redeeming features offered by private enterprise, it can hardly be said to be overcoloured. And Mr. Thomson attributes the whole to the apathy which has characterised Downing Street rule. He declares this apathy to be so great that it paralyses our Colonial system, not only as a whole in the general scheme which demands Imperial direction and support, but even in its pettiest local details. During his late travels in Eastern and Western Africa he found, he says, that apathy of the most pronounced type reigned supreme equally among the officials and the merchants, and he contrasts it much to our disadvantage with the feverish energy displayed by the French and Germans. But he attributes no blame for it to our authorities on the spot. They had their hands tied by all sorts of absurd regulations. They were entrusted with no independent power of action. Downing Street thought it knew better how to govern and what was good for West Africa than the officials on the spot. Nothing could be done unless Downing Street were consulted. For all the mistakes that he records he holds that the blame belongs to Downing Street alone.

So much for the indifferent and let-alone policy of Downing Street. I take Mr. Thomson's charge simply as an example which

serves well because it is fresh in all our memories and summarises in short and comprehensive statements what has to be said from that side of the question. But it is only an example. This happened in East and West Africa. Those who know have similar stories to tell circumstantiated with graphic detail, not only of our colonies, but of our dependencies; not only of one continent in the east and west, but of the whole world in east and west and north and south. What does Downing Street care for Egypt? Or what for that matter does it know? Troublesome thorn in English flesh! Oh, that we might abstract you and throw you for ever away! is the sentiment which probably represents the views of both parties at the Foreign Office. What, again, does Downing Street care for the development of West Australia? Unmanageable young colony! Why does your double electoral majority get into conflict with appointed government? Why do you outgrow your political tutelage and desire to break out in a development of public works, of which, unless we get rid of responsibility, we must accept the risk? It is natural that no one in London should care supremely for a railway of which the terminus is to be on the Swan River. The business of the London official is with the English not with the Colonial public. He may sit in the Colonial Office. He may occupy himself all day with Colonial affairs, but the Government of which he forms a part is English; it is not colonial. The electorate which directly or indirectly sent him to his place is an English electorate, the men he meets in the street when his day's work is done, the men with whom he dines, the men whose sons and daughters marry with his daughters and sons, whose grandchildren will be his grandchildren, are Englishmen, not Colonists. He may be the most conscientious man in the world, most sincerely desirous of doing his duty by the interests which he is appointed to watch over, but his very *raison d'être* is that he is an expression of public opinion, and he is absolutely less than human if he is not influenced by the medium in which he lives and moves and has his being. He is an English public servant, and he listens to and obeys the voice of the English public. So long as the English public was profoundly influenced by the Cobden school of politicians, indifferent to Colonial expansion and disinclined to accept responsibility for Colonial enterprise, Downing Street could not do otherwise than reflect the opinion which built Downing Street. The individual Englishman might do what he liked on the far edges of the empire. The official attitude was necessarily apathetic.

But all this is for the most part to be spoken of in the past tense. There are signs now of a change. A new order is springing up. Imperial Radicals and Tory Democrats are taking the place of the Manchester school. They are spreading their ideas and, from a condition of apathy and indifference with regard to the expansion of

the Empire, the public is passing into a condition of eager and excited interest, accompanied, of course, by a pressing desire to meddle with everything that is being done. Societies which used to be purely philanthropic are becoming political; chartered companies with political objects are multiplying themselves; the emigration question has become one of the most practically important on the political field. Every man in the street now has an opinion as to the manner in which our Colonial affairs should be administered. Without doubt this new and stimulating atmosphere must influence Downing Street. The question is, in what direction? East and West Africa have furnished examples of the old system—the system of the last twenty or thirty or fifty years. South Africa shall give an instance of the new system—the system of the last two, or three, or five years. First, by what method does the new system work? Roughly it may be answered by the interference of the irresponsible public with the responsible official. This may be for good or for evil. It is too thoroughly in keeping with our English tradition to interfere when we choose; and it is too essential a corollary of our illogical, unwritten, but well understood and serviceable constitution, that we should with a sharp back-hander put it right when it goes contrary, for any one to desire a time or condition of things in which our public should lose its vigorous habit of assuming responsibility at will. We have a certain pride in remembering, in the words of George Saville—

"That there is a soul in that great body, the people, which may remain for a time drowsy and inactive, but when the leviathan is roused it moves like an angry creature, and will neither be convinced nor resisted."

We have as a nation a hearty admiration for our leviathan, and not one of us, except, perhaps, the over-worried official in his moments of irritation, would desire to see him tamed. But that being fully granted there are none the less many occasions on which we would willingly, and, as a matter of fact, do very impatiently sometimes say, "Gently, good lion! Your growls here are very much out of place."

Amongst these occasions are those in which we see that the intricacies of our Colonial policy are about to be decided by the dictates of an angry creature who will neither be convinced nor resisted. In South Africa the new principle of supplementing responsible government by irresponsible interference is specially exemplified by the action of the old Aborigines Protection Society, which has now enlarged itself into the South African Committee. This Committee, having no responsibility but representing as it believes—and no doubt justly believes—a very considerable section of public opinion, has constituted itself in some sort the voluntary adviser and extra-legal guardian of the Empire. I have followed Mr. Thomson in his description of East and West Africa under the old system. Almost

at the time that he was writing it Mr. Mackarness was also describing South Africa under the new system. I happen to know that every word of this latter article is endorsed by high authority, and though I do not confine myself to his statements, I follow him chiefly in putting the case from the new point of view. His quarrel is not with apathy but with activity.

He points out that the society in one or other of its developments has interfered more or less effectively, during the High Commissionership of Sir Hercules Robinson, in Zululand, Basutoland, Pondoland, Bechuanaland, and the Cape Colony itself, and adds that its effective interference can be traced by the bloodshed and disorder which have followed it and that where peace has been maintained the society's advice has generally been disregarded. In Zululand, where we had entered into a war with the object of destroying the military despotism and dynastic influence of Cetewayo and his family, the society determined to restore Cetewayo. After two years of agitation in Zululand and in England it was done—done by Downing Street in the teeth of local opinion. Sir Henry Bulwer, Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, Mr. Osborn—the British Resident in Zululand, and Lord Wolseley, all men of special acquaintance with the circumstances of the case, were opposed to it. The Natal Legislature entered a solemn and unanimous protest against it. It was a direct breach of faith to the Zulu chiefs whom we had set up as rulers in the place of Cetewayo. But whatever private opinion may have been in the Colonial Office official opinion was influenced by the agitation outside to such an extent, as to bring about the restoration of the king. The result has been altogether bad. Fighting broke out at once between the chiefs and the king. Cetewayo died after all a refugee and anarchy reigned in Zululand. It seemed necessary then and was judged so by local authority to restore order through annexation. The society opposed this solution and led the Zulus to look to the Boers for protection against us. The treaty by which one-third of Zululand with rights of supervision over the whole was given to the Boers was arranged by Mr. Grant, the correspondent of the society. The result was again unsuccessful. The Zulus quarrelled with the Boers and turned to England for protection. It was granted. Sir Arthur Havelock negotiated the release of a great part of Zululand from the Boers but the Zulus, dissatisfied at not finding their former blunder entirely repaired, grumbled against their new protectors and were encouraged to do so by the society. Grumbling came to a head in rebellion, ending of course in repression, which has been accompanied by the removal and imprisonment of Cetewayo's son and brothers. This is not a good record of the results of activity in Colonial politics, and it has been more or less the same all the way round the chapter. In Basutoland it was not more fortunate. In 1880, Basutoland was a part of the Cape Colony.

Even in the capacity of Imperial watch-dog the society had evidently no right to interfere between it and the Cape Government, but on the occasion of a law issued with regard to the carrying of arms by the Cape Government, the society denounced the promoters of the law and encouraged the Basuto chiefs in their disaffection. The Basuto rebellion followed and Downing Street was forced by public opinion at home to tie the hands of the Cape Government in dealing with it, with the result that the rebellion was successful. For two years Basutoland, like Zululand, was thrown into a state of anarchy. To deal with it under the conditions imposed by Downing Street was impossible. The Cape Government finally handed it over to Downing Street to deal with directly as it pleased. In Pondoland, where war was averted solely through the generosity and forbearance of the Colonial authorities, the society was responsible for doing what it could at a critical moment of the negotiations to force Downing Street into an unwise interference on the ground that the Colonists were contemplating a barbarous war against the Pondos and that it was the duty of the Imperial Government to prevent the adoption of so iniquitous and short-sighted a policy. Again with regard to the Registration Law in the Cape Colony itself the society made soreness and disunion between the Colonists and the mother country by its efforts to force the Colonial Office to obtain a royal veto of the act. In this instance it was fortunately unsuccessful, but here as in Bechuanaland its action served to accentuate the attitude which it has taken and which it endeavours not always unsuccessfully to force upon the Colonial Office—an attitude defined by one of its warm supporters, Sir Charles Warren, in the following short and clear form of words. "Some may assert," he has said, "that the Imperial and Colonial policy ought to coincide, but this cannot be." Now whatever any individual may think of this leading clause in the creed of the South African Committee, it can hardly be doubted that a Downing Street, stirred to activity by the pressure upon it of such a form of public opinion, might work more disaster to our Colonial Empire in five years than the most apathetic Downing Street of the past could have conceived in fifty. It is by no means only in South Africa that the influence of this cry of antagonism to our own Colonists is making itself felt. Western Australia is evidently about to furnish another example. But let South Africa suffice. It is for the present with South Africa that we are concerned. As a result of the change in public opinion the Downing Street tendency in South Africa of late years has been to assume the responsibilities of direct rule. Since Sir Hercules Robinson went out to the Cape he has seen the Imperial Government take over the direct rule of Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Zululand, establish a protectorate over Northern Bechuanaland, declare Matabeleland and Mashonaland to be within the sphere of British influence and enter into engagements virtually protecting Swaziland and

Tongaland against foreign invasion. I think that all authorities upon Colonial matters will agree that part of this list is good and part is bad. I take the whole, however, for the moment only to prove the close connection which exists and must exist between the reawakened activity of the public mind upon Colonial matters and the activity of Downing Street. Downing Street is the face of the clock and its actions are but the movements of the hands stirred by the machinery, which is the great body of the Nation behind.

If Downing Street therefore has been shown to make blunders equally whether it is giving expression to the will of an indifferent or of an active-minded people, and if it be true that it cannot act otherwise than in response to the people, has not the time come to examine the policy associated with the name of Sir Hercules Robinson in South Africa, and to make up our minds what we think of it, and whether we are prepared to apply it to other colonies besides the one in which it first came to the open issue of discussion? It involves two leading questions. The first is, Is our Imperial policy to be friendly or antagonistic to our Colonies? and the second is, Where and how can the Imperial Government profitably interfere in Colonial development? If the first question is to be decided in the sense of the South African Committee, and we are to accept the conclusion that Imperial interests and Colonial interests cannot coincide, it is evident that the answer to the second one will be profoundly modified by that conclusion, and the Imperial Government will not desire to interfere for but against the profitable development of the Colonies. If, on the contrary, we accept the Sir Hercules Robinson view, and agree that our interests and Colonial interests are in all the best senses one, then let us accept it heartily in its full acceptation. Let there be no more crying of peace when there is no peace; and do not let us on each occasion on which Imperial and Colonial interests are involved break out into eloquent diatribes which have Imperial patrimony in variations for a key-note. If the patrimony be indeed ours in the sense in which the family fortune belongs to a parent, all that we want with it is to keep enough to dower younger children, and in this, when it is justly made known, we may confidently reckon upon the support and countenance of the older Colonies. They are quite willing to take their share of responsibility. "Great Britain," says the *Cape Argus* of the 24th of last month, "is but a small part of the Empire, which should be in our minds when we speak of Imperial interests." The latest issue of the *Australasian* which has been received in England speaks in the same sense, and if these leading journals represent general Colonial opinion it is evident that we shall have to enlarge our common conception of Imperialism or be content to return after all to the views of the Cobden school and see our Colonies withdraw one after the other from an Empire grown too small for them.

It has been the fortune of Sir Hercules Robinson to bring this great question within the range of practical politics. Hence the extraordinary interest which has attached to his speech at Cape Town. In it he first stated distinctly the issue which has arisen between the mother country and her Colonies. But the speech has been by many people misunderstood, and can only be rightly comprehended when it is taken in conjunction with the later developments of the colony in which it was uttered. I must, therefore, ask patience while I summarise once more the portion of South African history which has been so often retold.

The geography of South Africa, too, is beginning to be well known to us—so well known that it is hardly necessary to ask any one to look at a map in order to remember how the states and colonies and foreign possessions lie in relation to one another. Cape Colony and its dependencies occupy the whole southern point of the continent. In the line immediately to the north lying roughly between 32 and 22 south latitude the coast is held on either side by Portuguese or Germans, while the interval is filled by the Dutch Republics, Bechuanaland and the Kalahari desert. When Sir Hercules first went out in 1880 it seemed likely that Portugal and Germany might stretch out from their respective coasts and join hands across the continent, thus barring any further northern development of the Cape Settlements. This aspect of the situation is important to touch because it illustrates what are Sir Hercules Robinson's views with regard to the true function of Imperialism in Colonial development. His action in the matter was described in his speech. "I soon saw that a forward policy was indispensable, for if we did not advance others would. From a very early period of my administration, therefore, I cast longing eyes upon the high healthy plateau, which as the gate to the interior of South and Central Africa, seemed to me of infinitely greater importance than the fever-stricken mangrove swamps on the East coast, or the sandy waterless fringe on the West. I accordingly devoted my best efforts to the acquisition of that territory, and the ultimate result has been that instead of the Cape Colony being as it were hide-bound and shut in on the north by a foreign power, we have to-day in that direction, first, the crown colony of British Bechuanaland, next, the Bechuanaland protectorate, extending to the 22nd degree of south latitude, and beyond it the exclusive sphere of British influence, extending to the Zambesi." This territory was acquired, it will be remembered, by peaceful negotiation in 1884. About a million and a half was spent from the Imperial exchequer in necessities of administration and development, and the colony costs still from £50,000 to £70,000 a year. The money was spent in the largest sense imperially and almost entirely in its immediate application for the benefit of the Cape. There was no division of opinion with regard to the desirability of making the acquisition, but Sir Hercules Robinson held the

view, that as it had been made primarily for the purpose of keeping the gate of Central Africa open to the Cape, the Cape was bound in honour to assume the expense and burden of the new colony as soon as possible. His view was, that when the Imperial Government was relieved of this charge, it might consistently with its own duty to the Empire go a step further, and devote the sum granted by the Treasury at home, to the object of turning the present protectorate into a crown colony, and so prepare the way for the Cape to come again up behind its heels and absorb the tract, at the proper time, into the administrative system of our South African colonies. In all this no be-littling of the Empire can be observed—only a definite distinction drawn between Imperial and local functions of government. The Empire alone can enlarge its borders and admit new districts to the protection of its flag. Questions of police and administration are best determined, and the expense of them most rightly borne, by the governments in the immediate neighbourhood of the localities that they affect.

It was from the Cape that Sir Hercules looked for opposition to this view, and from the Cape that at first it came. The Ministers of Cape Colony did not want to saddle themselves with the expense of the new administration. That it fell or did not fall within their proper local functions was of small consequence: it was being done for them free of expense, and they preferred the arrangement. From the point of view of the local treasury official it was natural that they should. The Colonial Office at home shared the opinions of Sir Hercules Robinson, but all representations to the colony fell on deaf ears till last year, when circumstances conspired to change the situation. Among these circumstances, the only one that need now be noticed is a very important shifting of the balance of influences in Colonial public opinion. The political public of the Cape is divided into three parties. There is the Afrikander Bund, there are the Ministerialists, and the Opposition. The Afrikander Bund is not necessarily composed of Dutch people, but it represents the current of Dutch sympathy at the Cape. Until quite lately it entertained the warmest feelings of brotherhood with the Transvaal, during the war it sent substantial help to the Boers, and it held as a doctrine that the development of Cape Colony was to be looked for through republicanism and ultimate union with the Transvaal and Orange Free State. But since the discovery of gold and the unprecedented development of Johannisberg, the Transvaal is not what it used to be in the days of adversity. It has become puffed up in its own conceit. It rejects the advice and guidance of its brothers in Cape Colony. So bigoted is it in its own opinions, that not only does it insist on five years' residence within its frontier before it will grant the franchise to miners from the Cape, who are practically making all its wealth, but in its official service it will employ only Dutchmen from Holland. A Dutchman from the Cape

—the brother Afrikander who for so long has maintained his fidelity to the Dutch centre in South Africa—is supposed to be tainted with English sympathies, and though he live in the Transvaal for ever, he is for ever incapacitated from taking any share in its administration. Protective duties in the Transvaal are enormous. Monopolies of manufacture are granted for almost every article of human use, proposals for railway expansion are rejected, and the young republic, inflated by its sudden wealth has, by a policy which seems from the point of view of its own advantage suicidal enough, resolutely broken all family ties outside its borders. Under these circumstances the Dutch of Cape Colony have been thrown back upon their English connections. Instead of looking for development through republicanism, they have been forced to look for development through Imperialism. As soon as they set their faces in this direction, the Imperial Government became worth conciliating. Renewed proposals on the part of Sir Hercules Robinson that the Bechuanaland colony should be taken over were considered more favourably. The Colonial Prime Minister, Sir Gordon Sprigg, thought that he might venture to propose it with some hope of acceptance, and in October last he made a tentative speech at East London with a view to feeling the pulse of his own public. Immediately the South African Committee party in England, true to its profession that Imperial and Colonial interests cannot coincide, and ready therefore to believe that what the Colony desired the Empire should oppose, set itself to rouse public opinion, and brought such pressure to bear upon Downing Street that the hands of the clock flew round, and a scheme which had been originally urged upon the Colony was hastily declared by telegraph to be outside the possibility of consideration. Naturally the Colony was indignant, indignant with Downing Street vacillation and indignant with an English public which deemed it unfit to be trusted with the direction of its own simple interests. The slap which republicanism had received on the left cheek was now balanced by a blow to Imperialism upon the right. The Colony was still standing stunned and smarting between the two when Sir Hercules made his great speech.

His part in South Africa has been from first to last that of a peacemaker. He found the Colony, eight years ago, in a state of almost universal war. He left it with peace on all its borders. He found the Dutch and English populations in the sharpest antagonism. He left them welded into one people. This is not a figure of speech, for it will be remembered that in all the late questions of general policy which have arisen, the Cape Parliament, where the Dutch party numbers thirty-four and the British party thirty-nine, has passed its resolutions without a dissentient vote. It is not therefore surprising that in his last utterance in the Colony Sir Hercules should have made a supreme effort of conciliation. Up to that time his function

had been to make peace between dissonant elements of the same colony. His final task was nothing less than to reconcile the Colony with the Empire.

He endeavoured to explain to his hearers, the colonists, that the blow which had been dealt to them did not come from the Empire, but from the regrettable meddling of irresponsible and ill-informed persons in England, and to assure them that they were right to trust to Imperialism for their future. And then he clearly stated his own political creed. Not that of the South African Committee, but the exact opposite. He believes—and his object in speaking was evidently to communicate that faith to his audience—that Imperial and Colonial interests are one. Let any fair-minded person, with the recollection of the political situation to which Sir Hercules Robinson addressed himself in his mind, read the speech and see for himself what he finds in it. "As Governor of a self-governing colony," Sir Hercules Robinson said, "I have endeavoured to walk within the lines of the constitution; and, as her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa, I have, whilst striving to act with equal justice and consideration to the claims and sensibilities of all classes and races, endeavoured at the same time to establish on a broad and secure basis British authority as the paramount power in South Africa." He then describes that forward policy in Bechuanaland which illustrates his conception of the broad and secure basis on which British authority should rest, and continues. "The true British policy for South Africa seems to me to be what may be termed Colonialism through Imperialism; in other words, colonial expansion through imperial aid, the Home Government doing what the Colonies cannot do for themselves, having constitutionally no authority beyond their borders." After this follows the statement which raised such a storm in England, but which, read with the context both of events and words, is surely much to the point, to the effect that he saw no permanent place in the future of South Africa for direct Downing Street rule. The Colonists to whom he spoke were intimately acquainted with all the facts of Downing Street blunders which I have briefly summarised in the early part of this article. They knew that Downing Street does not mean anything but English public opinion. They believed, and they had good reason for believing, that English public opinion, however respectworthy in itself, was not the opinion by which their public affairs should be guided; they were all sore at the moment from the late proof that their destinies as a people were being determined by the will of an irresponsible body of ill-informed individuals six thousand miles away, who could never by any possibility be called on to bear the consequences of their mistaken judgment. Was it not necessary that the man who united in his own person the double office of their Governor and Imperial High Commissioner should say to them, "Bear with this mismanagement for the present.

There is no permanent place for it in the future of South Africa." It was his conviction, his conviction as an Imperialist, and he expressed it, not knowing apparently how different was his conception of Imperialism from that of some parties at home. That this was so is shown by the definition he gives later on of the attempt to separate Colonial and Imperial interests, to disunite the offices of High Commissioner and Governor, and to set up a dependency in the interior, which should be governed directly from Downing Street and have no political relation to the Cape. He does not regard this kind of thing as Imperialism at all, but as idle and useless amateur meddling. Here is the paragraph. He has been speaking of Colonialism and Republicanism as the only permanently competing influences in the Cape Colony. "Whether these will always retain, as at present, their separate organisms, or whether one will, like Aaron's rod, absorb the other, is a problem which I will not attempt to solve; but I venture to think that British Colonialism is very heavily handicapped in the race by the well-meant but mistaken interference of irresponsible and ill-informed persons in England. The tendency of such amateur meddling, to my mind, is injurious in the long run to the natives; whilst it makes every resident in the Republics, English as well as Dutch, rejoice in their independence and converts many a colonist from an Imperialist into a Republican."

The peculiar position of Sir Hercules as Imperial Commissioner and Colonial Governor gave such words coming from him a special effect. They did what he intended that they should do. They pacified the colony. They gave also an opportunity to the Home Government, which had it heartily seized, the bonds of the Empire would have been drawn close, in a manner to defy all Republican loosening. Had the Imperial Government said openly to the Cape Colony, "Yes, the High Commissioner is right. This is our conception also of the Imperial function. We believe with him that your interests and ours coincide, and we repudiate the outside meddling, which represents only a small portion of the nation's voice!" Had it made good its words by sending back Sir Hercules with full powers and assurances of support, how different would our position be at this moment in the eyes of all our Colonies. But no! While it listened with one ear to the Cape and murmured in response to what it heard that Sir Hercules was right, and that it had no desire to alter in any respect his very successful policy, it turned the other ear to the South African Committee and suggested diplomatic compromise of a kind which seems to the ordinary mind to presuppose every member of the Committee to be—with all respect—a fool. "We can't exactly change our policy and smash up our Colonial interests to please you," so the agreement appears to have run, "but we can do this. We will pretend that we don't agree with the other party, and we will send another man instead of Sir Hercules Robinson. He shall carry out Sir Hercules Robinson's

policy, so the country will not suffer, you will be pleased, and all be well!" Is it dignified? Is it worthy of the soul which slumbers in that great body, the people, that our Colonial policy should be conducted on such lines as this?

And the upshot of it all? The upshot of it all is that we have been made to think, that we have been made to ask ourselves each by his own hearth what is our conception of the Empire, and that we are dividing ourselves into Imperialists who include and Centralists who exclude Colonial interests from the future scheme of Greater Britain. Which of us is right is a question to which the future only can reply. But those of us who include the colonies in our scheme of things have little doubt that if the Empire is to take the place we hope for, it must cultivate a larger trust both in itself and them. We venture to think that it should hand over to them frankly the management of their own local concerns, and that such direction, interference, and assistance as they receive from London should be in connection with questions of essentially Imperial importance.

Shall there, then, be no place for the public? Shall the man in the street just waking to interest in the colonies have nothing to say to them for the future? By no means. In the first place Imperial questions are precisely those on which it is worth the while of the Leviathan to arouse himself. They present broad issues which it is possible for him to judge; they affect him, and they are his concern. In the second place, there is still another method by which the public can take part in building the Colonial Empire. The chartered company, which has done such good service in the past, has good service still to do. It combines responsibility with the will and the energy to interfere. If the South African Committee would form itself into a chartered company for the administration and development of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, the feeling of Cape Colonists towards the committee would undergo a rapid change, and Sir Hercules Robinson would probably be one of the first to back its endeavours. As a chartered company there would be no fear of it stirring up war with the Transvaal, for it would have to bear the consequences of war. As a chartered company it would not encourage native rebellion, for upon it would fall the responsibility of restoring order. It is not against the intervention of the public as such, but only against irresponsible intervention that Sir Hercules Robinson, and with him our principal colonies, have uttered their protest. May we not take it that the facts and the protest point alike to one solution, namely, that so long as Downing Street fills the position of the indicator of British public opinion it should take immediate direction only of affairs of British public concern. While it remains as it is now, responsible for both Imperial and local matters throughout our dominions, it is unable to attend fitly to either.

FLORA L. SHAW.

OUR NATIONAL PASTIME.

THAT our national pastime is horse-racing I think no one will doubt. For though the followers of Nimrod continue to flourish, and Waltonians are more numerous than ever, yet all manly sports must give way to the one I have named. I shall confine what I have to say about horse-racing to some few of the events that have taken place within the last fifty years, which is about the period during which we English have held the first place among the nations as breeders of race-horses.

Fifty years ago Lord George Bentinck—"the Napoleon of the Turf," as he has admiringly been styled—was at the height of his power and at his instigation sweeping reforms were made. He punished delinquents for trivial offences with most unrelenting severity. He also framed rules, or was the cause of their being made, for the guidance of officials, and when broken he fined the offenders without compunction. He was the first who habitually gave high prices for yearlings and brood mares. Before his time brood mares were usually bought for about £200 or £250, whereas through his influence the price was quickly raised to £700 or £800 a-piece. He had the largest breeding establishments in England, at Doncaster and Danebury, containing about seventy brood mares, many of which were the most costly and best bred animals in existence, besides several stallions. Camerine he purchased for 1,500 guineas, and a yearling, afterwards called Glenlivet, for 1,000 guineas at Sir Mark Wood's sale; Hare Park, Newmarket. He purchased of Lord Jersey Bay Middleton for a stallion, for which he gave £4,000, a price never given before for any three-year-old, that had broken down, and was not fit for racing. Before his time good-looking and well-bred yearlings could have been bought for £250 or £300 each. A case in point was D'Egville, one of the finest horses and best bred yearlings in England, that was bought as a two-year-old for Lord George for £560, since which time the price has been steadily rising in every decade. Moreover, Lord George transformed Goodwood from a plating meeting to one of the most aristocratic and fashionable of the year, and he ran more horses during the four days than perhaps were ever run by any one person before or since. At his own expense he levelled and widened the course, and improved the training ground, and all this after he left Danebury, at which place he had expended a small fortune not long before, and where, as he said, he was "literally walking on gold." His betting, and in fact everything that he did in connection with the turf was

done in the same costly and extensive way. These few facts will be sufficient to show that Lord George Bentinck inaugurated a new era on the turf. That he did good in so extensively patronising the sport and in spending so much on its surroundings, no one will doubt. When Lord George gave up racing and betook himself to politics Mr. Mostyn purchased his stud, in which undertaking Lord Clifden afterwards joined him, and these two raced with success. These were the days of heavy betting, Harry Hill and others making a £10,000 yearling book on the Derby, so that one could in those days have won a very large stake on this race alone. About the year 1852 stud companies began to be formed for breeding racehorses on a large scale, and individuals were actively employed in doing the same thing. Rawcliffe at York and Middle Park at Eltham were among the most prominent. But before these institutions were formed there were in existence many other establishments for the purpose, the Queen's at Hampton Court, Mr. Jacques', Eastby Abbey, Theobold Park, Willesden, and many others. But at that time few were a success, or thought to be so. The Middle Park Stud to the owner was a veritable gold mine, and certainly, it was a great success, financially speaking, if in no other way; but the Rawcliffe was a disastrous undertaking for the shareholders, and it ultimately came to grief just as Cobham and other stud companies did afterwards. There were too many paid officials engaged in it; from this cause and the want of proper supervision the speculation was a loss to the company, and after some years the establishment was broken up. About fourteen or fifteen years later, or in 1867, we see the turf in a further state of transition, for large stakes were introduced and more races were run about this period. Of such meetings I will mention but two, and those briefly. The turf had just received large accessions of some of the foremost and best men of the day. We had then as owners of racehorses, the Dukes of Beaufort, Newcastle, and Hamilton, Lord Stamford, and the indomitable Marquis of Hastings, Messrs. Saville, Chaplin, Sturt (now Lord Alington), Sirs Frederick Johnstone and Hawley, all of whom knew how and when to bet. Lord Stamford lost over Hermit for the Derby £70,000, and Lord Hastings did the same thing, but on Lecturer for the Cesarewitch the latter won £75,000, and he thought but little of winning or losing £10,000 on a race. If Lord George Bentinck could fairly be called the "Napoleon of the Turf" in 1839, Lord Hastings was deservedly entitled to the appellation in 1867, for he had no superior in the magnitude and value of his stud or the price he gave for yearlings. He paid Mr. Padwick £11,000 for Kangaroo. His three two-year-olds—Lady Elizabeth, See Saw, and the Earl—were perhaps at one time equal to, if not better than, Sir Joseph Hawley's trio—Blue Gown, Rosicrucian, and Green Sleeves. Good-

wood was then at the height of its prosperity with its thirty-six races and thirty-five starters in a race. The Duke of Beaufort, always one of the best supporters of the turf, had nineteen starters in one year at Goodwood and won four races, which included both the Cup, the Stakes, and the Three Hundred Sov. Stakes won with Vauben. The Marquis of Hastings won the Lavant and the rich Post Sweepstakes of three hundred sovereigns each with Ines. These stakes were run for at the Bibury and Stockbridge Meetings. His lordship's lucky star was in the ascendant, and the racing had never been so good before. In the thirty-three races that were run for his horse started thirty-four times, winning ten races of the value of £7,200. Whether we look at his gigantic betting transaction or the number and value of his horses and the stakes they won, it cannot be denied that the Marquis of Hastings was then the first man upon the turf. I may now allude to yearlings and the price they then fetched. At Middle Park about 1867, or soon after, yearlings fetched extraordinary prices, as much as 1,500 guineas and 2,400 guineas were given, and out of a lot one year the average price was 500 guineas, or 20,000 guineas for the forty. Such prices no one thought would be exceeded, or even ever reached again. But prices have still gone up, and brood mares have increased in value as much as the yearlings, and, in fact, every sort of race-horse has augmented in value in like proportion, till now over 3,000 guineas are given for a brood mare, and over 4,000 guineas for a yearling. Stallions have fetched 16,000 guineas, 20,000 guineas have been offered and refused for a horse in training, and 5,000 guineas was a sum not sufficiently attractive to secure a yearling that was offered for sale by private contract this year.

To show still more clearly the enhanced value of thorough-bred stock, I may record the prices of some yearlings which were sold in the July Meeting (at Newmarket) this year; forty-seven of these yearlings made no less a sum than £60,410; this most extraordinary average being over £1,280 each. Not one fetched less than 500 guineas, whilst others made 3,000 guineas each. Considering that this is nearly the first great yearling sale of the year, and that large prices will surely be realised at the later sales, the wealth we possess in thoroughbred yearlings alone is very great. Approximately we may estimate it at £800,000, or more than three-quarters of a million sterling a year, if the yearlings are all only put at 400 guineas each, which, after what has been shown of the price others have fetched, and when the enormous value is considered of those belonging to the Dukes of Portland and Westminster, and many other gentlemen, who breed the best yearlings for racing purposes, cannot be considered an extravagant price for each of the two thousand bred. Indeed, I think it is an under-estimate rather than

one of exaggerated value. But these facts and figures, gigantic and surprising as they are, dwindle into utter insignificance when compared with the value of Hermit. This wonderful and lucky horse stands alone as a race-horse and stallion, for Hermit has won in stakes and bets for his fortunate owner, Mr. Chaplin, somewhere about £150,000, and has since earned at the stud at least as much more, and may still further augment this almost incredible sum. Again, Donovan, up to the present time, has won in stakes more than any other horse ever did, and may and most likely will add many more thousands to his record. He has already secured £39,962, and may yet even surpass the mighty deeds of Hermit at the stud, as he has triumphed over his performances on the race-course. Ayrshire, another lucky horse, has won for the same ducal owner nearly as much as Donovan himself, having secured in stakes alone over £36,000 up to the present date, and may, like him, yet increase largely this magnificent sum before his racing career is terminated, and afterwards be at the stud as great a success as either of the two extraordinary horses I have just mentioned. These few cases, to which many others may be added, will show us the present value of our race-horses, and how greatly it exceeds the worth of those of any other age or country.

It is, of course, impossible to make these calculations with mathematical accuracy, but undoubtedly they are sufficiently correct for my purpose, and certainly within the range, not only of probability, but of the actual truth. Still more startling I think will be my opinion that we have not reached the culminating point of the value of blood-stock in the United Kingdom, which opinion assuredly may be looked upon as something more than a mere assumption. The many great stakes that are given to be run for are increasing in number and value every year, and so long as this tendency obtains, so long will our blood-stock become more and more valuable. Foreign buyers, also, will be stimulated by the increased value of the races that are run for abroad to give higher prices for blood-stock of every description than they have ever given before. The Argentine Republic is now following in the footsteps of France and other nations, in giving high prices for horses and large stakes to be run for, and many of our horses in training have lately been sent to Buenos Ayres. To mention but one instance of this, £4,000 was recently given for Bismarck for this purpose. Again, as a racing country Uruguay has been infected with the spirit of rivalry, and has emulated the deeds of her neighbour on the opposite side of the River Plate. For we hear that the Government of Monte Video proposes next summer to give nearly £3,000 to a handicap. In other words, foreign race-meetings are steadily increasing in number and the prizes are steadily growing in value. These causes increase the

value of race-horses, and as the best race-horses are still to be found in the United Kingdom, we may expect in the near future a far larger increase in the value of our best stock than the home demand alone could be expected to bring about.

"It was," writes a sporting contemporary, likely to be well informed, "decided in 1887, when the French Government placed the 'pari-mutuels' under state control, that 2 per cent. of all moneys collected by this system on suburban racecourses should be appropriated for certain charitable purposes to be specified from time to time by the authorities. We now learn that the Minister of the Interior intends to devote two-thirds of the proceeds of the tax collected at Longchamps, Auteuil, and Vincennes in 1887 and last year to the Municipal Outdoor Relief Fund, which by this means will be enriched to the extent of £36,000. That amount tends to show how much the 'pari-mutuel' system is appreciated by our neighbours across the Channel, for to obtain this sum no less than £2,700,000 must have changed hands in twenty months on three race-courses alone, exclusive of bookmakers' transactions and private bets."

Surely here is an inexhaustible source of wealth, which should attract the attention of all racing men, but more particularly of the lessees of race-courses, and those that have the supreme command in their management. This source of wealth might be applied for the benefit of racing or for the improvement of the social and moral condition of the community. Besides the good which in other ways is done by such a system of wagering: here is £12,000 added to the funds for the increase of sport, by augmenting the number and value of the stakes to be run for. What, one may ask opportunely, would be the amount such a system would earn in this country? And the immense amount of good that may be done with the proceeds, if applied partly to charitable purposes and partly for the improvement of racing, by enlarging the stakes and increasing their number, should not be ignored. Who, after such a revelation, can deny that the breeding of race-horses is financially a national advantage to this country, and ought to be encouraged as much as the improvement and increase of our different breeds of cattle, sheep, and pigs, that we annually export at fabulous prices? Foreigners, who have for many years past purchased of us, at first sparingly, have of late increased the number they have bought, and have given large sums for both mares and stallions, as well as for horses in training and yearlings. The sale of our blood-stock for exportation to the four quarters of the globe is steadily increasing, and a considerable advance in prices has recently taken place. As much as £10,000 has lately been given for an untried stallion to go to France, yet some years ago, within our recollection, the then Lord Chesterfield sold to the foreigners Priam, one of the best horses we had in England in his day, after he had been at the stud long enough to get Crucifix, for, as it was then termed, the extraordinary price of 3,500 guineas. Yet Priam, like Glencoe and other good stallions

that were sold to foreigners, never sired any horses at their new homes as good as we have got. I know we have, during these last five and twenty years, seen a few good horses from abroad, such as Fille de l'Air in 1864; also Gladiateur in the following year, Kisber from Austria in 1876, and Iroquois in 1881, the American bred horse, were winners of our great three-year-old races. But these are exceptions which prove the rule that we sell but few horses to our own injury. In New Zealand alone there are nearly as many well-bred mares kept for breeding purposes as we have here, and these mares have all been exported from this country, or stock-bred from stallions and mares that we once possessed; and New Zealand is still purchasing largely from us. Yet this is but one outlet which we have for our surplus stock. Look at France and Germany, by far our best customers, and twenty other foreign countries to which we are continually sending horses, and some idea may be formed of the number and the value of our blood-stock that we are annually exporting.

The advisability of our parting with so many of our best-bred stock is questioned by some and deprecated by others; but I cannot see wherein the evil exists. If we can breed a yearling for £250 or £300 that the foreigners will, and often do, give us a couple or three thousand pounds for, we ought not on commercial principles to refuse such a lucrative mode of barter. The most regrettable feature in our breeding is that the numbers of our blood-stock have not multiplied this last twenty years in the ratio that one might have expected, knowing the benefits that have accrued to those employed in this branch of industry, as I well do. I have in a former work shown the necessity of breeding from the best stock, both sire and dam, and know of no reason why such an excellent rule should be departed from. That there is plenty of room for more breeding establishments, both large and small, admits of no doubt, and that we have plenty of first-rate available stock that could be used for the purpose is equally certain. The time for commencing such an undertaking is the present moment. Owing to the agricultural depression of late years and the low price of cereals, much arable land has been turned into permanent pasture for feeding purposes, and for growing green crops for soiling this arable land may be hired for a "song." Provender was never more easy to purchase than at the present moment, and money is abundant and cheap. High, perhaps the highest prices that were ever given for blood-stock may be obtained now, and these prices are sure to increase. All this points to one great and most desirable end, the advantage we should gain by increasing the number of our brood mares twofold, that our yearlings and race-horses may be augmented in the same ratio. Of stallions we have already enough for double the quantity of mares we possess. And there are hundreds, or, perhaps, thousands of

maiden thorough-bred mares, still in the prime of life, now running in Hansom cabs in the metropolis, or drawing other vehicles in the provinces, which could be bought cheaply, as well as those that are now ridden as hacks or used for hunters. Many of such mares may have been sold when yearlings as too small to breed from or not fast enough for racing, and may have grown in after life and become fine animals; they may also be well-bred and valuable for breeding. After Deception had won the Oaks that ingenious and indefatigable worker, Lord George Bentinck, traced her sister from the hands of the breeder, Mr. Sadler, till he found her running in a butcher's cart in London, and bought her for a moderate sum, and placed her in his own stud. It is not the most expensive mares that are the best for breeding purposes. The dams of Melbourne, Hero, and Crucifix did not cost £100 together, the two latter having their respective treasures then at their side, and many others as good may at times now be bought equally cheaply. I see nothing in the nature of the work these animals have been accustomed to that would render them unfit for stud purposes, or less valuable as brood mares than others that have not been so treated. Of course, all such animals would not be eligible for breeding purposes, but there are many that would be as good, and perhaps better, than some that are now at the stud paying their way. I contend that it would not be a difficult matter, in about a couple of years, to double the number of our breeding mares, and so in a few years to double the number of our thorough-bred stock of every description, thus increasing our national income by £800,000 for yearlings alone, and perhaps double as much or more for other descriptions of horses, or a total gain of £2,400,000 a-year. In 1869, or twenty years ago, we possessed over three thousand mares, and the like number in 1877, and in 1884 we had only 205 mares more, and probably at the time of writing we have not many in excess of this number. Our breeders have not kept pace with the times in supplying our own wants, or the increasing requirements of foreigners. We know how sparingly the foreigners bought of us till about 1867, and the Middle Park sale of yearlings, in or about that year, was the first occasion on which I remember seeing them assembled in large numbers, and making purchases on any considerable scale. Since then their attendance has been more constant, and their purchases much more numerous and of greater value. In 1876 as far as I have been able to ascertain we exported, in round numbers, 250 horses of all descriptions, a larger number than was ever before sent abroad in a single year. Since then the foreigners have considerably augmented their purchases; but there is no account kept of the number sold that I am aware of, except in the Stud-book, which, however accurate it may be, as far as it goes, is in this particular far from being compre-

hensive or complete. Indeed it cannot be otherwise than imperfect, however carefully it may have been put together, for hundreds of horses are sold privately. This book states that in 1881-4 we exported no less than 550 stallions and about 1,000 mares, or about 400 mares and stallions a-year, being 150 in excess of those shipped in 1876, and this number must be considerably below the average so disposed of. Other statistics may here be given, by way of comparing the number of horses that were running in 1874 with those that were running in 1887. At the former period there were, of all ages, 1,965; in the latter, 2,007, or an increase of 42 in thirteen years, a little over 3 a-year. It is more than probable that the number we have exported for years past has been very much under-rated. It may, however, be said that if we bred twice the usual number of racehorses in England, the market would be glutted, which would tend to bring down prices; but of this, at present, I have no fear, for the reasons I have already put forth. For not only is racing supported by royalty and the most aristocratic members of society, which makes it popular, but also, the turf is continually being enriched by the accession of merchant princes, and the heads of the most influential banking and commercial houses and wealthy traders of all sorts, to whom money is of no object, who once thought to be known as a racing man meant ruin to their commercial respectability and credit. Such an idea no longer exists, and so it comes about that many of this class are now enjoying the sport as owners of large and expensive studs. Whereas but a few years ago, only a few wealthy or speculative home purchasers could be found to give a thousand guineas for a yearling or a brood mare, there are now fifty or a hundred, and as many foreigners that would give double the price; and these prices, high as they are, will probably increase still more rapidly in the years to come. Therefore by all means let us, as far as practicable, make use of the advantages we possess, and utilise stock that at the present time is rendered, comparatively speaking, useless through our neglect in not turning it to account. This is the most pleasant part of the subject on which I intended to write—the use of racing and the benefit the country derives through this invaluable institution—a fact that I think is clearly established, though it has been but briefly described in this article, in which space is wanting to elucidate its many intrinsic advantages to the community. Let us hope these remarks will stimulate others to join in a productive enterprise in which we so greatly excel all other nations upon earth. To the suitability of the climate, perhaps, more than either the breed of our horses, or the way in which they are managed, we are indebted for the advantage we possess over other and less favoured nations as breeders of horses of every description. But the cause

from which we derive our advantages in breeding is not a subject here to be discussed. To know that it exists is sufficient, and that it is a fact must be manifest to the most casual observer. Therefore the more horses we breed, and the more we sell, the better it is for the individual breeder and for a very large section of the community.

There is, too, another and most important branch of industry, a great and almost incalculable source of wealth, that is closely connected with the sport of kings. This, I may say, is the improvement of our riding-horses and others of various descriptions used for driving in all sorts of vehicles, both heavy and light, which, but for the improvement in crossing with our race-horses, would have remained as clumsy and useless as they were fifty or a hundred years ago, and which, without further and continual interbreeding with the race-horse, would soon degenerate and return to their original state, and be of no greater advantage to us than they were to the ancients themselves.

From the facts and figures adduced in relation to our national pastime, its immense superiority over all other out-door amusements is obvious, and its usefulness as well as the pleasure it affords to thousands and tens of thousands of her Majesty's peace-loving subjects can scarcely, I think, be denied. In the preceding pages there is nothing but what is of a cheering nature and is of good hope to all. But I might go further and say that horseracing should not only be vigorously supported by all interested parties, but that every Englishman who has the power, should assist in a work that helps to sustain so many thousands of the poorer class that otherwise would be driven from their native country in search of a livelihood. Here comes in the political part of the question, and it is one well worthy the study of those who have to look after the welfare, the wants, and the necessities of this great nation, of which as Englishmen we are proud to say that we form part.

With these few concluding remarks as to the first part of my essay, I may now proceed to consider the second, which is an unenviable task, though one of the greatest importance. For who that has eyes does not see and deplore the many evils which debase and degrade this innocent amusement?

I shall now proceed to lay before the reader a few of the abuses that are a standing disgrace to us as supporters of our national pastime. But do not let me be understood to say, that I think racing-men as a body are worse than others following a different profession or occupation, for I have before expressed my opinion that this is not the case, and in these words:—"I think it is not too much to say that the worst practices on the turf are outdone daily in other occupations. We have dishonest bankers,

stockbrokers, solicitors, and tradesmen, whose culpability will outvie any charge ever whispered against the owner of a race-horse, or his trainer or jockey." Still the fact remains that we do allow abuses to go unchecked that may easily be remedied, or the mischief they create so restrained as to be no further a cause of disgust to the honourable portion of the community. To take one small fact: Is it not most regrettable that our race-horses are in many and most places galloped oftener and more often tried on a Sunday than on any other day of the week, to suit the convenience and depraved taste of owners? There can be no doubt that the majority of trainers would willingly give up a practice as distasteful to themselves as it is at variance with the dictates of reason, and against the inclination of every moral man. It is a practice countenanced in no other business, trade, or profession: then why should it any longer be tolerated, approved, or looked on with indifference in this? Who but careless or thoughtless owners would insist on keeping every man and boy in the employ of their trainers, at work perhaps harder on that day than on any other of the six in which we are commanded to work? Surely the finer feelings of some of the more sensitive members of the Jockey Club may prompt them to assist in doing away with such a practice. If nowhere else, the ruling powers have authority to prevent such unseemly exhibitions at Newmarket. This done, other trainers would gladly follow such a commendable example, and the scandal be removed from a large body of deserving men.

To explain and elucidate other evils complained of and partly redressed, it will be necessary to go back some years to the time of the introduction of lists, and show the unfair way they were worked by the list-keepers. This is of national importance. About the year 1852 this sort of betting had risen to such a height that it became absolutely necessary for the well-being of society to abate the evil or suppress it altogether. There was betting under the Reformers' Tree in Hyde Park, when Mr. Russell, after receiving thousands of pounds of the public's money, levanted, as did many others before him and as numbers have done since. Such men regularly attended at various places in the metropolis, and accommodated their legions of friendly victims to any amount. There was scarcely a public-house that had not its list on every race of any importance exposed to view, for the purpose of inducing the public to bet. Even little boys took their shilling or half-a-crown, and invested them on something they fancied or heard the people say in the phraseology of the ring, "was a good thing." Not only was this so at licensed houses, but many list-keepers had offices for the purpose, and received daily hundreds of letters from the country, containing money for investment on different races about to take place. Though this may be known to some it is new

to others, and necessary to mention, as well to show the extent of its ramifications as the amount of mischief it created among the poorer classes of society. Davis, the Leviathan, kept a list at a little public-house leading out of the Strand, which drew crowds so great that the traffic was impeded and the nuisance complained of. If you can't win you can't lose is a principle recognised in betting, and a fair one. Many of these list-keepers, however, exposed the names of every horse that had been entered in any race, though many of them had long before been dead or struck out, and as they knew this the price against such horses was always a tempting one (about 200 to 1), which tempted most of the ignorant backers, and often indeed little boys, to invest on such animals without a possibility of winning. This was neither more nor less than an atrocious robbery committed wilfully. When this fact became generally known, an Act of Parliament was soon passed to do away with the lists altogether, though not till many of these desperadoes had made large fortunes by ruining their silly dupes. Now this law is contravened and the enactment openly broken, and the legal authorities insolently defied on every race-course in England throughout the year; where attractive lists of various colours and in large writing and bold figures are exhibited, and list-keepers of the very lowest order may be seen plying their trade with impunity.

There is no denying this fact or the illegality of the practice. On future events there is but little or no betting by the reputable book-makers, except on the St. Leger. But I allude more particularly to handicaps, and on these book-makers have no book till the declaration of the weights. But not so the list and list-keepers, for I read in public sporting papers that before even the entries were made or published for the great autumn handicaps to be run for at Newmarket, "the lists have restricted their prices to 25 to 1 about two horses (named)." And again, "the list-keepers have also (naming the horse) at a comparatively short price, and another at 17 to 1." What can more clearly prove my contention respecting the keepers of lists and ready-money betting, which is but a list in another way, than the above statement publicly made? To give some idea of the extraordinary wealth of men in this occupation and the way they obtain it, I may mention that Davis lost £40,000 to Mr. Bowes, the owner of Daniel O'Rourke, in one bet, when that horse won the Derby. Whilst at dinner the evening after the race, Mr. Bowes expressed some anxiety as to whether Davis would be able to meet his engagement, for he knew of others to whom he had lost largely, and in fact Davis was said to have been "hard hit." Mr. C. C. Greville being one of the guests at the table that evening and hearing the conversation, mentioned the circumstance to Davis the next morning on the course, who im-

mediately wrote Mr. Bowes a cheque for the amount and gave it to him. This wealth was made, and tens of thousands of pounds more, by small sums received at the list in shillings and half-crowns by a carpenter—for this was once the daily occupation of Davis, the greatest better ever known. Through the supineness of the police and the indefatigable energy of thousands of ruffians, the list evil exists as I have shown to-day, though worked in another shape, and probably carried to a greater extent than ever was known before; for there is scarcely a village, hamlet, or town throughout England where there are not men that gain a living by ruthlessly robbing their neighbours and friends by list-keeping.

What is so plainly seen and well known to every one but the police, is to them, it seems, a profound secret, and the illegal and destructive practice is allowed to remain unchecked. We have, indeed, occasional raids on clubs, alias public-houses, in London and other large towns for illegal betting and gambling, which always end in a victory for the authorities, and rightly so too. Yet in the country, where far too much of it may be seen, there is no notice taken of its illegality. Surely if such commendable vigilance on the part of the police authorities has been exercised in a few instances in larger towns with so much discretion and success for the suppression of an acknowledged, wide-spread, and growing evil, there can be no possible reason for not using the same powerful means for suppressing as effectively the intolerable nuisance in any and every other part of the country. This is surely another of the abuses that so many regret, and would gladly see stopped, both in houses and on the course, by the restraining hand of the law. Surely if it was found necessary to be at the trouble and expense of passing an Act of Parliament for the repression of crime or any objectionable practice, the enactments should be impartially and rigorously executed by those whose duty it is to enforce them, else what was the good of formulating laws that were not intended to be, or are never, put in force? This is our enfeebled position, and it is pitiable to behold; for we make laws which we allow others to break at pleasure to the shame of our rulers and the inconvenience of us all. But without a public prosecutor, who is to take the initiative in abating the nuisance? The police do not care to interfere or contend with the hydra-headed monster, at any rate in the provinces. And so it continues, and so it will, till there is introduced some mechanical means, such as other nations have wisely adopted, that can be used by all, and which will supplant the present evil system of wagering, and place it on a firm and durable foundation. This done, and farewell to the occupation of betting men. The gate-money meetings, which have been developed within the last fifty years, have completely revolutionized racing. The first of them that I remember seeing was at the Hip-

podrome, Bayswater, in 1838. Since then others have sprung up, and are flourishing in abundance, to the detriment of some and the total extinction of a few of the oldest and pleasantest meetings in the kingdom. Financially these were unable to cope with their new and more powerful rivals. Yet racing has not decreased, but has considerably increased, for as many as six or seven meetings now take place every year in places where formerly but one was held, and in others where none existed before; Sandown, Kempton, and Alexandra Park are cases in point, and of the like there are many others. The result has been to increase the stakes in value and number considerably, till £1,000 to be run for now is thought no more of than was a £100 a few years before the introduction of gate-money meetings. Yet there were more horses found running for the smaller prizes than are now seen at the post to compete for the larger. This retrograde movement is accounted for by the greater number of races now run than in past days, and by the fact that there are not many more horses to run for them, as has been already shown. Stakes have gone on increasing in value till they have reached the unprecedented sum of £11,000. Yet but few horses were found to contend for this amount and better animals have been often seen running for the old-fashioned Queen's Plate, over two miles of ground, of the value of 100 guineas. Even the Eclipse Stakes this year of £10,000 could not induce more than six runners to go to the post, whereas a few years ago over forty-three and forty-four horses might have been seen running for a stake not a fourth of its value. These gate-money meetings, however, are productive of sport, and the popularity of the amusement may be inferred from the numbers who attend for the sake of seeing the races only. Though none of these meetings can vie in number of visitors with the old-fashioned gatherings, such as Ascot, Epsom, and Doncaster, that still retain their ancient character. To keep within the law it was at first deemed necessary to head the cards or list of the races by the notice, "No illegal betting will be allowed on the course;" though no attempt was made to enforce this order or to assist the law-officers in the execution of their duty, or to protect honest sight-seers from robberies of the most scandalous kind. But even that warning is not thought necessary any longer, and its abandonment has so far emboldened the ruffian, that on most race-courses, even those enclosed, may be seen list-keepers in abundance, and even card-sharpers, plying their iniquitous games in sight of hundreds and thousands of visitors, without fear of the police or the interference of the authorities that control them. I may advisedly go further, and say without fear of contradiction that these men on some race-courses actually pay for their standing. This is mostly done when the lessee or owner lets

the ground for the erection of booths, and standings for shows and other amusements, to a person for a round sum, who sub-lets them, as this practice saves owners the trouble of collecting the amounts themselves in small portions. Here the authorities actually confer a right on list-keepers knowingly to pursue an unlawful and detestable trade. It is time such a practice was done away with. Whatever difficulties—surely not insuperable—there may be in capturing these men on open courses, there can be none whatever in enclosed meetings, where it would be impossible for them to escape, if only a desire was shown to do away with such-like practices by punishing these lawless offenders; then the nuisance would be abated. To all intents and purposes owners of race-horses are the pillars and main support of racing, and to these must we look for a continuance of the sport in its present flourishing state, though some people think and act differently. To establish these large stakes I suppose it was at first thought necessary to induce the generous breeder to enter his foals or yearlings, and to run the risk of losing a subscription of a few sovereigns by including in the condition of the race that the breeder of the winner should receive £500 out of the stake, and the second and third £300 and £200 respectively; and in some cases such sums are given to the nominator of the winner, though he has neither bred him or any other horse. But this no longer remains a necessity, even if it ever was desirable, and it should form no part of the condition in future races. In fact a rule should be passed to abolish such an anomaly. Such sums may with advantage be added to those already given to the owners of the second and third horses, for this would be sure to increase the number of starters in most cases, the very thing which is wanted. Breeders who can and do breed yearlings that fetch in the public market 500 or 1,000 guineas each, or even 2,000, are in no need of other encouragements to continue breeding in order to enable them to invest a few sovereigns for entrance to such races, which after all the purchaser mostly pays, the yearlings being bought with their engagements. Therefore breeders are in no need of assistance from the funds of a plethoric club for doing nothing. As I have said, such sums should go to help the earnings of the second and third horses, and if need be £100 may be given to the owner of the fourth horse in these large stakes. This would indeed be supporting the true pillars of the turf, and not the men who derive their benefit from racing in other ways. Breeders besides give no stakes to be run for—do not in any way contribute a penny to the funds of the meeting. Then what possible reason can be assigned for the practice of rewarding a nominator or breeder of a winner of a certain race or races out of the funds of the said meeting? But if some of these de-

serving breeders would like a memento to remind them and future ages that they did breed such-and-such valuable horses, and were the first men on record to do this, that, or the other great thing connected with the turf, then I say in all such valuable races let it be a condition that the breeder should be presented with a gold medal, and let the second and third respectively receive one of less value out of the funds of the meeting, just as breeders or exhibitors of prize-taking cattle, sheep, and swine at the Royal Agricultural and other shows receive an acknowledgment for their honourable labour in producing the best animals of any sort. In 1879, or now ten years ago, I first advocated the prohibition of Saturday's and Monday's racing in these words in *The Racehorse in Training*. "I would have the racing at all meetings confined to four days in the week, leaving the Mondays for the settling at Tattersall's and the Saturdays for the yearlings sales." Again, "even at headquarters, four days a week should satisfy the most ardent sportsman. If the time did not permit all the races to be run off it would be better to have eight annual meetings instead of seven, concluding the racing season at headquarters as now with the Houghton Meeting." These, with several other suggestions I advocated at the time, have at last been carried into effect in exactly the way I proposed. For, says Mr. Lowther, on the part of the stewards of the Jockey Club, "If we agree to do away with Monday's racing we shall propose an additional meeting should be held in June or July," thus leaving the fixtures for the Houghton Meeting unaltered. I may further observe that though the Saturday's racing was after my proposal to do away with it soon abolished at Newmarket by the wisdom and influence of Lord John Manners,—except in the Houghton Meeting, and even that has long since been a thing of the past,—it will not be till 1890 that we shall reap the full benefit of repealing Monday's racing at Newmarket, and by that time I hope the Jockey Club will extend the usefulness of such an excellent rule by applying it to all race-meetings in the kingdom where the rules and enactments of the Jockey Club are in force. Monday's racing on Bank Holidays would of course be an exception. Saturday's racing near the metropolis and other large towns may in some cases be excusable for the pleasure it affords those who can see them on no other day; in other cases I hope Saturday's racing after January, 1890, will, like Monday's, be no longer in existence.

The suggestions I have named I hope will receive the attention of the authorities before the publication of the revised code. And this done, we shall meritoriously have "won golden opinions of all sorts of people" for our honest endeavours to benefit the deserving, and for upholding the honour and welfare, as well as extending the usefulness and pleasure of Our National Pastime.

WILLIAM DAY.

NOTES OF A FORTNIGHT IN BOSNIA.

April 26th.—Owing to the swollen condition of the river, instead of starting at midnight as advertised, our Danube steamer did not get under weigh till nearly seven o'clock, and continued steadily ploughing up stream all day under a heavy downpour of rain. At this time of year the banks of the Save are very monotonous from an artistic point of view. Here and there the water has risen to the edges of the forests, from whose thickets big grey-horned cattle peer curiously, and now and again a clearing and a swamped hut show where the charcoal-burners work, but most of the landscape is flat, dreary, and uninteresting. The food on board is bad and dear, and every device of ingenuity is put into force against the traveller, even to a charge of ten kreuzers extra for mustard. All the officers dined on deck in the smoking-room, which is the only spot reserved from the third-class passengers, who, regardless of the rain, were sprawling about in every direction from stem to stern. Most of these were peasants and navvies accompanied by their families, made up of children and dogs. The little puppies nestled comfortably to sleep on the chests of their snoring masters, and the children were all eating when awake, and slumbering when not feeding. It was wet and slippery above and hot and stuffy below, with no books or good company on board, so the first day dragged very wearily through till bedtime. There are no separate cabins, but a common saloon fitted up with rows of bunks which are by no means inviting.

27th.—We had to anchor all night at Zupanji on account of the furious hail and rain which hid the banks from view. All the canvas was torn to shreds, and some of the plate glass broken by this small artillery. At five o'clock we got under steam again, and with the weather still raw, cold, and showery, passed through the Iron Gates. The flooded state of the river almost hid the famous rocks, but the scenery for the first time was striking as we picked our way in and out of the channels of this dangerous passage. On rising I missed a packet of tobacco, and insinuated to the steward that one of my fellow-passengers had stolen it in the night. He sorrowfully assented and bought me another. Later on my own turned up, but the incident showed the opinion which experience has taught the waiters of their first-class travellers. At eleven we arrived at Brod; Bosnian Brod on the left bank, and Slavonian Brod on the right, connected by a fine bridge paved with wood rafters, which are the home of countless pigeons. Half-an-hour's walk brought my servant and myself to the "Hotel of the Austrian

Empire," a very third-rate inn, but the best, apparently, in Brod. Here were some wandering German artists preparing to give an evening performance, and a chatty commercial traveller. After some sort of a lunch I dispatched Heinrich to try and buy a cart and pair of ponies, to the undisguised disgust of the landlord, who evidently considered all such transactions should have been carried out through him. Having prophesied the entire impossibility of getting such things as a travelling waggon and pair in the haphazard manner we were trying, he spent the afternoon in sardonic enjoyment of my servant's grief as I rejected several sorry teams brought up for inspection. Half an hour sufficed to see the town of Brod, which consists of one long street, and as the rain continued ceaselessly, I could only amuse myself with watching the preparations for the night's entertainment. A temporary platform was erected on two beer-barrels, and flanked by a barrel-organ, and such a ludicrous air of deepest melancholy pervaded the faces of the wretched artists, two quite young fellows and girls of the same age, the stage, and the whole surroundings, that it was difficult to keep back what would have been rather cruel mirth.

That night Heinrich returned triumphantly with the news that he had secured a fine cart and the two fastest ponies in the neighbourhood. He was accompanied by the owner, a truculent-looking Mohamedan, who bore out his statements with many appeals to Heaven. By the light of a couple of tallow candles, which were incontinently extinguished every moment by the rain, I examined the turn-out—a little peasant-cart, and small twelve-hand ponies, in wretchedly poor condition but apparently sound—and then made my offer of two hundred guilders. Of course it was rejected with scorn, and equally, of course, after an hour or two's discussion over plum brandy with Heinrich, it was accepted. Meanwhile the performance commenced in the Hotel to an audience of seven people, including myself, but later on the whole official world of Brod, with their wives and daughters, trooped in, entirely surrounding my table. A military officer stepped up to me with a flourishing salute, and announced himself as Captain So-and-So of such a regiment. I replied by giving him my own name, and hoping I was not in the way. Not at all; and in a minute or two we were all discussing fresh glasses of beer, the company being much amused at the idea of my going to Serajevo by road when there was a railway handy.

18th.—Having given orders to start at five, we discovered at the last moment that we were supposed to procure a certificate of ownership and good health for the horses. The veterinary surgeon, or the gentleman who called himself such, was of late habits, and did not appear till nine o'clock, and by ten we had not succeeded in fulfilling the necessary formalities beyond obtaining a declaration to the effect

that one of our pair was nine years old and the mare thirteen. As their respective ages were five and seven this did not inspire me with confidence, and I declared that unless we had the papers delivered in a quarter of an hour I should take all risks and go without them. Whereupon we received two certificates, marked four kreuzers each, for which, however, we had to pay nearly five florins—a palpable extortion, as I guessed at the time and discovered afterwards.

Having well greased the wheels and stowed a load of hay on the seats, we whipped up the rats of ponies, and started at a slinging trot, which was kept up all the way to Derwent, which we reached about half-past twelve. As we left Brod the weather cleared, and the drive led us through pretty lanes, with young woods and flowering fields on either side. Being Sunday, all the peasants were dressed in their best, and amusing themselves with games and very open flirtation. Although they had not yet quite discarded winter costumes for the gayer summer attire, both women and men were picturesque enough. Some of the groups of long-haired youths, with their sweethearts, would have made wonderful sketches; and when a dozen or so were playing round games on the grass, it was hard not to stop and join in, so thorough was their enjoyment. It was rather difficult to distinguish the sexes from a little distance, as the men wear long skirts and loose hair, and the girls' petticoats only reach the knee. As a rule, however, the men are shod and the women bare-legged. They are very handsome in these parts, much better looking than we met in any other district, mostly fair-complexioned, with regular features and good figures. All along the road were families of pigs, who are heirs to the Emperor's highway in Bosnia, and who are only kept out of private properties by enormous wattle fences, and by decorating them with triangular spiked collars. In the copses and fields, however, they grub away contentedly at every turn, with that pleasing air of earnestness in the occupation of fattening themselves for our benefit which is so admirable a trait in porcine character. The honours of the way are divided with the pigs by the Bosnian cattle, with grown-up, mature faces and diminutive bodies not larger than a donkey's—comical miniatures of even our own little Highland breed.

Derwent is a flourishing town which offers the unique spectacle of a church and two mosques, all within a radius of a hundred yards. Moslems and Christians live in entire good fellowship in Bosnia, and all my inquiries failed to establish the existence of any trace of fanaticism from one end of the province to another. A full and vigorous choral service was going on in the church as we passed, and the streets were gay as a flower-show with the white-coated peasantry, this prevailing colour being relieved by the most brilliant head dresses, broideries, sashes, and stockings. After an hour or

two's halt to replace a cast shoe we went on over hill and dale till five o'clock, when we sighted the Ukrina, and descended rapidly into the valley, where we put up at a wayside inn kept by Germans. As we drove up a picnic party from Doboj were just departing to escape a thunderstorm which seemed to be brewing, and we soon had the premises to ourselves. They consisted in a low-roofed, mud-floored room, with a clay stove in the corner, and a wooden bench for accommodation. It was lit by two windows a foot square, in one of which the family cat persisted in taking up her position. Beyond some watery wine and eggs there was not much to be had, and the principal amusement consisted in the vagaries of an extremely drunken individual, who loudly proclaimed that he was a serf, and that nothing would prevent him from living and dying a serf. It appeared that he was the mainstay of the establishment, which gave him a credit of twenty pounds for drink. When called upon to pay he would slaughter a sheep or two and settle. Another character was the stable-boy, with a seamless happy face and vacuous smile. His countenance was innocent of hair, and he looked about seventeen. In reality he was forty-five years old, and had once been a rich man, till he went into partnership with a rogue who swindled him out of all he possessed. It did not seem to have affected his temper, however, in the least. Just opposite a house was being built, and we were informed in confidence with much respect that it was to cost an extravagant sum—in fact, that before it was finished there would not be much left of eighty pounds. About ten o'clock I had had enough of the society of the patriotic drunkard and the groom, and was shown the room—the only other one in the inn. I had hardly undressed, however, before permission was asked for the "Frau Mutter" to sleep in the same apartment, and it ended by the lady and her two eldest sons also coming in, which rendered it insufferably close and stuffy.

29th.—We left about eight, and went straight through Doboj without stopping. The town is well built on a rising eminence, crowned with a fine old ruined Turkish castle. The cottages, instead of being thatched, are roofed with black shingle; and this, with their whitewashed walls, gives the whole a queer piebald appearance. In the plain below a company of Austrian regulars were manœuvring as we passed, and we heard that two companies are in permanent garrison there. After Doboj the road runs on a dead level till the Usora is reached. The river was still high with melted snows, but clear as crystal, like all the Bosnian waters. The banks were lined with tiny mills as large as bathing-machines, through which the torrent tumbles in foaming prismatic cascades. Where the road crosses the Usora the scenery begins for the first time to grow rugged and varied, the crags rising high, bare, and bold in some places, and in others the

wild forest reaching down to the lips of the river. A little farther on we came to the Tesanjska, a tributary streamlet, and by the road-side we stopped to buy bread and apples at a cottage which looked so clean and tidy that I decided to come back and spend the night there, and made arrangements accordingly. We were now some ten miles off the direct Serajevo road, and the way to Tesanj led us up and down over a succession of hills and through a few pieces of lovely scenery; many of the shady lanes, thick copses, and stretches of meadow reminding one irresistibly of England. The bird and insect life was abundant, and in five minutes I noted the following by sight and ear: Raven, jackdaw, magpie, jay, cuckoo, nightingale, lark, goldfinch, chaffinch, green linnet, yellowhammer, whitethroat, chiff-chaff, shrike, wheatear, stone-chat, and whin-chat. The tit family were remarkable by their absence. All the familiar butterflies were fluttering round, together with a few varieties not found on our island, and the number of magnificent "purple emperors," lazily sailing among the oat-tops and swooping over the hedges, would have made an English entomologist's mouth water. The nearer we drew to Tesanj the prettier the way, and no description would do fair justice to it. A little before noon we descended the last hill, and a turn in the road brought us suddenly upon our goal, which is entirely hidden from the traveller's view in a nest of wooded hills, till he is within a mile of the first cottages. Most of the inhabitants are Moslems, and did not appear very friendly as we asked our way to some house of refreshment. At the "Hotel Florian" I found a loquacious host, who informed me that Tesanj was the quietest town in Bosnia, but that the people were very "fanatical." In answer to a query of how or why he thought so, he replied that they ate little meat and touched no beer or wine—a somewhat new view of "fanaticism." After some beer and bread and cheese I set out to inspect the grand old Turkish fortress which dominates not only Tesanj but all the country for many a mile. The rock on which it is built is very steep, and the climb no easy task. Half an hour's scramble up its face, however, brought me through the postern-gate. The whole building is in ruins, and tenanted only by jackdaws and lizards, but the walls are covered with ivy, clematis, and honeysuckles, and half the turf is violets and primroses. Just as I was about to leave a streaming, breathless individual appeared, and remarked that it was hot. On my assenting and preparing to pass on, he volunteered the statement that he was a police-officer, and would like to see my passport. I produced it, but as he was painfully endeavouring to write my name down as "Mr. Salisbury," I relieved him by inscribing myself in his pocket-book. This was not enough, however, and the pass had to go to the Hauptemann. Later on I had to follow to the Prefecture, and was introduced to a fussy

and ferocious officer in jack-boots, who demanded in a voice of thunder by what authority I entered Tesanj. It was hard to restrain one's mirth at the ridiculous airs of the creature, but he grew very angry at not creating the impression he intended, and proceeded to read me a lecture on the impropriety of my behaviour in not at once reporting my arrival to him—a step which I ought to have taken at every police station on my past route, and which he advised me not to omit in the future. On my mildly remarking that, according to his own regulations, strangers were only bound to report themselves if they stayed twenty-four hours in any place, he grew very apoplectic again, and repeated his solemn counsel with a tone of command. Whereupon I retorted that I should take care to report myself to the Governor at Serajevo, coupling his own name with mine, and that I insisted on leaving forthwith. Reluctantly he let me go, after wasting half an hour, and the circumstance is only worthy of note as being the only instance of any difficulty whatsoever with the authorities, by whom I was elsewhere treated with the utmost courtesy and civility. On leaving inhospitable but beautiful Tesanj behind I elected to walk, as the jolting of the cart had become insufferable. For a few hours, or for a day or two even, it is bearable, but from that time Heinrich was left in undisputed possession of the ponies, and my own feet carried me from Tesanj to Cettenje. A little before sunset we reached our cottage on the Tesanjska, which was kept by a young couple, who have a neat kitchen-garden behind their premises.

The public room for coffee making and drinking opened on to the high road, and a liliput bedroom (about 10 feet by 8) on to the back garden. A kitchen was somehow squeezed in between the two. As I was to have the bedroom the owners were to sleep in the garden. Whilst dinner was being prepared I sat on the bench outside listening to a competition of nightingales from the opposite wood, which absolutely made the air vibrate with melody, a distant accompaniment of pigeons and cuckoos mingling with the murmur of the Tesanjska at my feet. Owing to some difficulty with the potatoes, dinner was late, but at length the fatted hen (from which I was informed five eggs had been just taken!) was served up at about nine o'clock. Whilst waiting I had scraps of talk with customers and passers-by, one of whom was a fine old "Turk," reputed to be the richest man in those parts. The information was given me by a young fellow who rode up on a pony with a gun slung over his shoulders. As a proof of what he advanced he declared that the old gentleman did not know "within eight hundred" how many pigs he possessed. The youth himself had been out fox shooting, as it was close time for all feather. Late in the evening the owner of the house came in from the fields. Both he and his wife wore an anxious, worried

look, and confessed that they found life was not much of a joy. My friend the Tesanj policeman persistently refused to grant them a licence to sell spirits or tobacco, and the profits from eggs, milk, and fruit were very small. There was no reason given for this refusal, nor did the young couple seem to bear any malice for it, though it had at first seemed hard. Now their whole aim and object was to scrape together the seven florins which had to be paid punctually every quarter as rent. It was not a high rental, but they declared that it was all they could do sometimes to meet the call. Their house belonged to a "Turk" or Mohamedan Slav. Since the Austrian occupation the Turks have withdrawn as much as possible from trade, except a few in the large towns, but they still keep considerable possessions in house and landed property. Many Moslems came into the coffee-room during the evening, and talked and joked with their Christian neighbours in most perfect amity. A physical peculiarity at this place was the prevalence of goitres which I noticed nowhere else except round Tesanj. Out of six men we met on the road four were goitrous, and one out of every three or four who came to the cottage for refreshment was similarly affected.

30*th*.—Next morning, as we had a long day before us, we rose early and were on the move at five. Our bill amounted to two florins for ourselves and horses, so I presented the lady with a ten-gulden note, begging her to keep the rest to pay her rent. Her astonishment and delight were boundless. At seven we struck the highroad again, and joined the Bosna, which ran along with us, and cheered the landscape with its foaming, noisy flood. We entered Maglaj ("the cloudy") about an hour before noon, and stopped for lunch and repairs to the ponies. Here I had the company of several officers of the regiment stationed there and of the police, who showed themselves very friendly in contrast to the bombastic hero of the day before. The military shoeing smith was sent for to attend to our horses, and a smart young sergeant accompanied me down to the spot where the Maglaj monument stands. It is easy to picture the fearful scene—the terrible position of the Austrian troopers, fording a swift river half a mile wide, and exposed, both front and rear, to a hail of shell and shot at a range of three hundred yards. The monument is simple, with a short inscription only—"To the memory of the eighth squadron of the 7th Hussars who fell in the massacre of Maglaj on the 3rd of August, 1878, this stone is erected by their comrades." My sergeant was chatty and well informed. He had not been long in garrison there, and disliked the place and the duty. He detested the "Turks," but preferred them nevertheless to the "Serbs," and pointed out all the best houses in Maglaj as belonging to one family of Turks, who, he said, were rich men simply because they never spend any money.

The town is now divided into New and Old Maglaj, the new half being laid out in regular Austrian style, consisting of military quarters for officers and men, with concomitant hospitals, pleasure-gardens, hotels, &c. Old Maglaj, on the other side of the river, is one of the most picturesque and beautiful places it has ever been my fortune to see. Attempt at description, however, would only end in entire defeat and disappointment. One must see the splendid ruined castle, the rushing river under the old bridge, the old town straggling up the mountain side lost in its gardens, and asserting itself here and there with a slender minaret and burnished dome, the whole against a background of succeeding chains of hills green with great forests anear and fading into misty grey and blue in the distance, before any idea can be formed of the picture. As soon as we left Maglaj behind the road grew wilder and wilder on to Zepsheh, through which we passed, despite the blandishments of the innkeepers, and entered a rocky gorge wooded with luxurious old trees, through which the Bosna dashes in a thousand cataracts over and between great black and green boulders of basalt and serpentine in magnificent style. I had intended to push as far as Vranduk that day, but when we reacked the "Turkish" Khan of Kolubinje Heinrich declared the ponies were tired, and so we put up. We had done some eighty odd kilomètres, and it was a relief to get one's boots off and paddle in one of the ice-cold streamlets which were trickling along the roadside in every direction. The preparation of dinner, as usual, took some time, and it was nearly nine before I was shown to an upper room and served with a repast which would have sufficed for half-a-dozen ogres. As soon as it was over I turned in, to be wakened at intervals with the (to me) familiar cry of the Muezzin. This rather roused my curiosity, as I had seen no Mosque anywhere near, but next morning the riddle was explained. The building opposite my sleeping apartment was used half as a stable and half for purposes of prayer. My ponies were bedded down below, and the faithful went through their devotions above. As the whole colony consisted of about twenty people, the accommodation was doubtless sufficient.

May 1st.—Contrary to forebodings born of experience in Turkish khans, I had a clean and cool night's rest, and amused myself and my host, while the cart was being got ready for Heinrich, by sitting on a rail and sketching my last evening's lodging, starting off again soon after six. If possible, the road was prettier than the day before and more deserted. Between Kolubinje and Vranduk we only met one peasant. Vranduk itself is perched on the top of a crag, and is only approachable by a rough path fit only for a chamois. The road passes under the village through a tunnel—called, of course, the "Franz Josef" Tunnel. Nobody took any notice of our passage, and

we found no chance of the breakfast we had expected. A mile or two farther we came to a café, but were told the master was asleep. Heinrich, in desperation, went up-stairs to see, and found him in the society of two Moslem ladies, who fled squealing away. Being very sulky at the intrusion, he professed to have no bread, milk, or anything else, and stoutly refused to try and get any, so we were forced to go on, heartily anathematizing him as we went. It was some time before we reached the next "mehana," and here again the master was away, and his Moslem wife refused to show herself or to give voice or answer. At length a peasant came up and offered to fetch the man, which he did by standing still and yelling for five minutes or so. A venerable old gentleman with a ploughshare then came up from his work in the fields, and in a very short time produced all sorts of good things in lordly dishes—sweet yellow maize bread, poached eggs, cream cheese, and a huge bowl of fresh milk. As I did not want to go beyond Zenitsa that evening, we did full justice to breakfast, after which I took a swim in the Bosna and a doze on the grass, starting again on our way soon after noon, after paying sixty kreuzers to the "Turk" for our entertainment. We reached Zenitsa early, and after wandering all over the town at last succeeded with difficulty in procuring a room and stabling at the Hôtel Orient, near the railway station.

2nd.—Next day I went to the Central Convict Prison for all Bosnia, which has lately been established at Zenitsa. The Director, M. Emil Taaffer, received me with the greatest courtesy, and positively insisted, with justifiable pride, in showing me every inch of his domain. He had been sent by the Austrian Government on a tour of inspection to all the prisons of other countries, and had come back firmly convinced of the superiority of the Irish convict system. Having had a perfectly free hand, he had constructed his own after our model, and referred with much pleasure to his visit to the sister island, his experiences of Mountjoy, Lusk, and Spike Island, and his recollections of Captain Barlow, who had acted as cicerone. As far as possible he had reproduced all he had seen, with some trifling modifications, and had christened the various divisions after their Irish prototypes. A small book might easily be written on the three or four hours spent in the company of this energetic official and his prisoners. One of his first cares was and is for their spiritual welfare. On taking the work in hand he discovered that more than eighty per cent. of his charges had no ideas of God or of an after-life. Out of one batch of two hundred and twenty-five *soi-disant* Moslems, thirty-nine were passably informed on their own religion, one hundred and thirty-four had only the vaguest notions of any faith, and fifty-two were in absolute ignorance. Of these latter, though, thirty were Tsigains or gipsies. Now they all receive reli-

gious instruction, and Greek Orthodox, Catholic and Moslem priests hand in weekly reports on the character and behaviour of their respective flocks. One of these reports, written in Bosnian, in a fair hand and with admirable clearness, was shown me as the work of the Moslem Imam, himself a prisoner in the comparative liberty of "Lusk," who had learnt the Bosnian language and caligraphy in four months. Later on we came across him in one of the cells with a fellow-prisoner. He almost shed tears of joy at being addressed in Turkish, for though half the population is called "Turkish," this man was the only one I found able to speak that tongue. A further fellow-feeling was engendered by his seeing a curtain-ring from the Kaaba—the gift of an old Hadgi—on my finger, a fellow to which, being a Hadgi himself, he also wore. His note-book—kept half in Turkish and half in Arabic—was quite a curiosity. His first interview with the man in whose cell we found him was reported as follows:—"Without faith and ignorant of prayer." The next entry the man had made some progress and expressed a wish to learn more, and the third he had been so far moved to repentance as to confess his crime with all its attendant circumstances. And so the entries went on for each of his flock. It was with mutual regret that we parted and I left the worthy man to his ministrations.

All the prisoners in "Lusk" were engaged in active work and looked contented and almost too happy. They enter after serving half their time meritoriously, and on completing another fourth in "Lusk" are allowed to return home under police surveillance till the expiration of their terms, or their lives, as the case may be. Before reaching Lusk, however, the discipline is very strict, not a word being spoken by the miserable wretches from year's end to year's end. At the time of my visit there were six hundred and fifty inmates, but the prison will hold twice that number. The cost of the whole, including the price of the land, which was bought from some hundred different small proprietors, was 567,965 florins. The premises include 417,000 square mètres, devoted to agriculture, where the convicts learn and practise sowing, ploughing, and reaping; 40,000 square mètres of orchard, 20,000 of vineyard, and 90,000 of vegetable garden. Besides these resources, which are expected some day to produce a considerable revenue, there are extensive workshops for the manufacture of all sorts of iron and wooden industrial implements, for rope-twisting, bootmaking, and tailoring. A heavy contract has just been entered into with the Tobacco Regie for a supply of rope and twine. There are also large depôts of timber, rough and sawn. Some of the cleverer workmen were engaged in turning out ornamental objects, salad-spoons, portrait-frames, watch-stands, &c. Besides buying some of these as souvenirs, I entirely refitted the cart with harness, and Heinrich with boots, all the work of the con-

victs. There is a neat hospital where the patients seemed well looked after, but the majority were hopeless cases of lung disease. There is also a photographic studio for the purpose of noting the prisoners. The kitchens and wash-houses are models and the food excellent, so much so that by repeated tastings I entirely spoilt my appetite for lunch. And the final pride of the place is its ice-house and fire brigade, the latter of which has already done good service in the town.

With this most inadequate account of a most interesting morning it is time to pass on. It was three o'clock before we left Zenitsa, and going through Yanitsa kept along the beautiful banks of the Susava, up to Buksovac, where we put up at a little German inn of patriarchal exterior, whose proprietor was loud in his lamentations over the departure of the troops, who, bad payers as they were, nevertheless brought him a certain amount of custom. After dinner the father, daughter, and eldest boy took their fiddles and treated us to a garden concert, at whose conclusion I engaged the youth at chess, much to his delight. Having proved himself too doughty for all Buksovac, his principal occupation now consisted in working out the problems in the illustrated papers—an exercise in which he declared he never failed.

3rd.—Next morning we were up at five, and having paid two florins and a quarter for our total bill, started for Serajevo, sixty-five kilometres. Beyond the few minutes necessary to purchase some fresh bread we did not stop at Kisseljak, where there are baths and mineral springs, producing water which could compare favourably with any of the better known brands. Owing to all sorts of restrictions, however, the bottled Kisseljak has not yet penetrated farther abroad than Serajevo, where its consumption is universal, at sixpence a flask. About half-past two we reached a tempting spot by a stream, where we rested awhile, and as both ponies were suffering from lampas I lanced them—a proceeding much resented by the mare, who scampered away up the hill-side. In an hour or so, however, she came back, and having discarded wheels since Tesanj I mounted again to make a properly dignified entry into the capital of Bosnia.

Altogether I stayed five days at Serajevo, being indebted for most of the pleasant recollections I carried away to our genial Consul, Mr. Freeman, whose house is the rendezvous of all the best part of society of all nations. A thorough sportsman and good judge of a horse, he has already succeeded in engrafting some English healthy tastes, and tennis and polo promise to become national sports in the capital. The former game was especially popular, but the devotees of polo were mostly absent at the time of my passage, and no game could be made up. It was, nevertheless, played last year with meritorious

ardour. Mr. Freeman's fishing-book would be a revelation to most British anglers, and I hope I am not indiscreet in quoting days of "seventy grayling," "a dozen trout weighing 40 lbs.," "one trout 22½ lbs.," and many "Danube salmon" averaging from 15 lbs. to 18 lbs., but running over 20 lbs. These trout have almost exactly the appearance of their English brethren, whom they so much outweigh, being perhaps a shade darker on the back, but otherwise apparently of precisely the same race. Though not strictly within the scope of this paper, I may be allowed to add my own experience a fortnight later on in Montenegro, with a young ash-tree for a rod, string for a line, and some of Mr. Freeman's flies, in full support of the freedom and courage with which the Balkan trout do battle with the fisherman. The only rod I could get in Serajevo was carried away by a big fish in the Narenta directly I began to spin a spoon, and it was not till I left Bosnia that I had an opportunity to try again. From Mr. Freeman's business-like records, however, it is certain that Bosnia and Herzegovina are destined to become a paradise for the lovers of the rod and reel when once the wand of Cook and Son shall have been spread over the land.

The general impression left by Serajevo is a mixed one. There has been an enormous influx of capital, both governmental and private, much of which has been carelessly squandered and lost. The result is that only the more solid enterprises and substantial capitalists remain. Following the Occupation, a horde of German Jews swooped down on Serajevo, believing they had found a new El Dorado. Two-thirds of these have failed. The survivors have profited by their ruined companions, and have concentrated almost the whole trade in their own hands. The first question which naturally rises to the lips is whether the country has profited or not by the change. It is difficult to answer, because the country is made up of so many different interests. On the whole, and taken as far as it is possible to do so as a whole, one may be allowed to doubt if it has. The relief from the military exemption tax, which the Christians used to pay on every male, from the day of his birth, is certainly enormous to that portion of the population, but on the other hand the drain of the conscription is very heavy, and it is carried out, I was told, more thoroughly and more rigorously here than in any part of the monarchy. On parade the Bosnians make good soldiers, but there is an undeniable want of confidence between officers and men, and the former have been heard to confess that in action they would have more to fear from the bullets of their own regiments than from those in front. Nor is this altogether to be wondered at, if the harsh treatment to which the Bosnian recruit is subjected be taken into consideration. The Austrian private receives no very gentle attention from his superiors, but I regret to say I have seen the Bosnian

much more roughly handled. The patience with which the kick from the corporal's boot or the stroke of the whip is borne is belied by the covert indignation of the eye, and the silence only veils an indignation stored up against the hour when it can break out—not only in words.

The present army of occupation is about 80,000 strong. The life led by the officers, especially on some of the out-stations, is a very hard one, and suicides are painfully frequent amongst the subalterns, who either cannot face the utter dreariness of their existence, or else by some trifling slip, generally connected with money, have laid themselves open to the terrible disgraces with which the army code visits such delinquencies. One gentleman informed me that within the circle of his own personal acquaintances he had known eighteen suicides recently. Probably one of the obscure causes which contributes to this fatality is the severity of the rules as to marriage. No Austrian officer is permitted by regulations to take a wife without depositing a sum, extravagantly large in proportion to his pay, in the hands of the State, which pays a moderate interest on it. Such moneys may be much better invested, but if the bachelor contemplates matrimony, he must sacrifice all profit and withdraw his capital from the better investment to place it in the State coffers. Commercially and industrially, there does not seem to be much difference between Austrian Bosnia and Turkish Bosnia of old. Official reports naturally show great improvements, but many private researches failed to confirm the fact. Perhaps when the railway is finished between Ostroratz and Mostar, thus connecting the interior with Metkovitz on the Adriatic, a change may come. The railway will then run from Pesth to Brod, to Serajevo, to Mostar, and so to the sea, through the length and breadth of the occupied provinces, which will be put in direct communication with Hungary and the Danube. At present, however, it is not so much want of communication as Austrian jealousy and exclusiveness which paralyses trade. Their commercial treaties are so protective as virtually to exclude all foreign goods. With the one exception of English sewing-cotton, it is hard to find an article of outside manufacture in any town of Bosnia or Herzegovina. The largest company at Serajevo is the Bosnian Gesellschaft, half the shares of which are Government property. Nevertheless it is not a success. For some years it worked manganese mines at a loss, and now is principally engaged on chrome mines near Vesoko, the only ones in Europe since those in Greece were closed. All the remaining enormous mineral wealth of the provinces is allowed to lie fallow from a fear of rivalry with Austria's own as yet only partially-developed mines.

The general appearance of Serajevo is flourishing, and building is going on in all directions. Its site in the Mijalska valley, sur-

rounded by snow-capped mountains, and watered with countless little streams, is naturally very beautiful, and the town itself, with its gleaming domes and minarets, has often been called the Damascus of the West. And it does bear some slight resemblance, though the plain through which one enters is not so pretty as the Merj, nor are its rivers equal to the Basada—the Abana and Pharpar of story. As soon as one enters all the illusion disappears, for instead of the gorgeously picturesque crowds of El Shâm, the people of Serajevo are singularly badly and unbecomingly dressed. Nothing more ungraceful can well be imagined than a woman with a short jacket and heavy pair of baggy trousers, causing her to waddle atrociously and killing any natural charms she may possess, whilst enhancing all defects. The younger unmarried Moslem women are not very particular with their veils, and on St. George's Day I witnessed a very curious spectacle—unique, I believe, in Mussulman practice. All the maidens who were in want of husbands adjoined to a plateau high up on the mountain side, and remained there on approval from ten in the morning till seven at night, singing, playing and dancing with uncovered faces, and in free intercourse with the men. The amalgamation of the Turkish and Christian customs is perhaps more advanced in Serajevo than anywhere else, even to keeping the same feasts. Shortly after St. George's Day (Yorgidan) was to come the feast of St. Elias, kept identically by the Mussulmans under the name of Ali-gyuni.

A great deal more might be written of Serajevo, but it would leave little of the allotted space which is already nearly filled. Before starting I sold my carriage and pair, and packed Heinrich off home again, as being a very superfluous luxury. With him I sent all my traps, and set my face for Cettinje with no further encumbrance than a rug and a little satchel, buying changes of linen as I needed them. I was furnished with a shooting pass as a curiosity, since the month of May is close season for all game, and with a permit to fish in all the streams of Bosnia and Herzegovina. These were kindly given to me gratis through Mr. Freeman, though I believe some infinitesimal charge is usually made. Since the occupation the shooting has been entirely spoilt in all but the remoter districts, but an officer I met at Mostar, who was stationed at Focsa, told me that during the winter the wolves and wild pig walked about the principal street at night, and he had shot two bears within a mile of his barracks. He declared, and his assertion was confirmed by many others, that a sportsman who would take the time and the trouble might get magnificent big game shooting anywhere along the mountain ranges. A curious fact he related is worth quoting, namely, that whereas in his district the wolves were usually so numerous as to become very troublesome and dangerous,

during the Bulgarian War not one was to be seen. They had all crossed to the battlefields. Next year they reappeared in normal numbers. On the 8th I left Serajevo and walked to Tavcin, a small military outpost, where I picked up a carriage going to Konitza, where I arrived that evening, thus terminating my Bosnian trip and entering Herzegovina.

In reviewing the pleasant fortnight spent between Brod and Konitza, it is impossible to refrain from astonishment at the little which is known of this inviting and lovely country by English sportsmen and tourists. Not long after my return, in a fashionable drawing-room I happened to mention that I had been in Serajevo. "Oh, do tell us the latest news of Stanley, then. You must have seen him quite lately!" was the exclamation of one of the guests. Names ending in *yo* and *jo* only conveyed an idea of Central Africa: and I had to explain that Serajevo was within a couple of day's reach by rail. The communication between London, for instance, and the capital of Bosnia is very direct, and five days' easy travelling would land the explorer in what seems to be almost *terra incognita* up to the present. He will find the officials most courteous and obliging, if he fulfils the ordinary formalities and behaves himself, and travelling as comfortable and much cheaper than in most parts of Europe. The people are honest and kindly and the scenery magnificent. The route followed by myself through Bosnia is very fine, but there are many others as practicable and surpassing it in interest and beauty.

Wherever one goes nature revels in still and living luxury around. I have not attempted any description of the pictures which met me at every turn, as it would require an artist's pencil rather than my dingy pen, not to do them justice, but to inspire even a faint idea of their charm. Suffice it to repeat that every imaginable combination of rock, forest, and stream, mountain, valley, and plain, await the wanderer, who can never feel lonely in the company of the nightingales which sing all day as well as through the darkness, the cheery crickets, and the myriads of butterflies which keep the air alive with glancing colour. At least if he does he must be a prey to most incurable melancholy, and such had better stay at home. To the enormous majority of blasé tourists who are as familiar with the cedars of Lebanon as with Kew Gardens, who have been hauled up the Ghizeh Pyramids and the Nile Cataracts, to whom the Constantinople and Damascus bazaars are no longer novelties, who have climbed Mount Olympus and spent a month at Troödos, who have shot woodcock in Asia Minor and Corfu, and who begin to think that there is nothing new under the European sun—to such I would confidentially whisper, "Next time try Bosnia."

A. Hulme-Beaman.

RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

PART I.—LYING.

THE history of Russian civilisation will, when written, furnish the most striking and convincing proof of the theory advanced by certain modern thinkers, that the loftiness or baseness of the ethical code of a people bears a strict relation to the degree of their intellectual enlightenment; morality being the ethical equivalent of a nation's mental attainments. For the theory of right conduct universally accepted and acted upon in Russia may be truly affirmed to be on a level with the egotistic principles or instincts which determine the unheroic actions of the average man and woman—which is another way of declaring it devoid of ideals. And that this low level of morality is in perfect keeping with the crass ignorance and brutalizing superstition in which the masses are still hopelessly plunged, is abundantly evident to all who possess even a superficial knowledge of the country and the people. Moreover, the efforts that have occasionally succeeded to an appreciable extent in raising the standard of morality in certain circumscribed districts of the empire, owe whatever success they have had to the spread of knowledge among the population; the fluctuations of the intellectual level having always made themselves immediately felt in the moral sphere. In this Russians admirably exemplify the actions of that interdependence which is no less a law of our intellectual and moral faculties than of our physical senses; and it is not more natural that the colour which produces the deepest impression on the sight should at the same time heighten the intensity and increase the delicacy of our hearing, touch, and taste, than that the ignorance, superstition, and apathy which cloud the intellect, should keep down the standard of right living to their own low level. What is more surprising, however, and not explicable by the operation of any known law, is the circumstance that the lower classes of Russians are mostly found to be bereft of those ethical qualities which, although of the essence of all true morality yet have no traceable connection with pure intellect; such, for instance, as sensibility to the appeal of moral obligation, or that fervid enthusiasm which is the chief ingredient of heroism.

I may state here, what should be obvious enough without any express declaration, that neither these general assertions nor the facts that I shall presently bring forward to illustrate and support them, imply anything in the nature of censure or reproach. To blame a people for habits which are the outcome of conditions over

which they had practically no control, would argue ignorance of their history and of the nature of morality itself. It would be just as reasonable to condemn the moth for eating woollen stuffs, or to wax indignant at the depravity of those female spiders of certain species of Epeirides, who coolly devour the males as soon as the latter have discharged their natural functions, as to allot praise or blame for conduct and principles which are practically as independent of the will of the nation as its physical type. One should bring to the study of the ways and habits of men, no less than of animals, if the results are to be worth having, a spirit of intelligent curiosity equally free from prejudice and passion. When, therefore, I affirm that a careful survey of the facts of Russian social life warrants—nay, imperatively calls for—the employment of a standard of judgment widely different from that which we are wont to apply to other European people—the Russians being, as Burke would say, still in the gristle, not yet hardened in the bone of manhood—I merely state a fact which can at worst discredit their spiritual or political guides, if proved to be the result of their negligence or malice. And even a slight acquaintance with the facts of the case is sufficient to show that an abyss divides Russian civilisation from that of Western Europe on the one hand, and that this is, to a very considerable extent, the result of what may be termed artificially arrested development on the other.

By nature the Russians are richly endowed: a keen, subtle understanding; remarkable quickness of apprehension; a sweet, forgiving temper; an inexhaustible flow of animal spirits; a rude persuasive eloquence,[1] to which may be added an imitative faculty positively simian in range and intensity, constitute no mean outfit even for a people with the highest destinies in store. But these gifts, destined to bring forth abundant fruit under favourable circumstances, are turned into curses by political, social, and religious conditions which make their free exercise and development impossible, and render their possessors as impersonal as the Egyptians that raised Cheops or the coral-reef builders of the Pacific. In result we have a good-natured, lying, thievish, shiftless, ignorant mass whom one is at times tempted to connect in the same isocultural line with the Weddas of India or the Bangala of the Upper Congo, and who differ from West European nations much as Sir Thomas Browne's vegetating "creatures of mere existence" differ from "things of life." For most of them, indeed, life, dwarfed to its narrowest conceivable limits, is void of meaning. Hopes, fears, love, sorrows

(1) The celebrated Danish *littérateur* Georg Brandes has a very poor opinion of Russian eloquence at its best—when inspired by genuine enthusiasm. This, however, is not a question of personal appreciation; it is a matter of fact, to the perception of which a thorough knowledge of the Russian tongue is indispensable, and every one possessed of this qualification knows that the Russians are naturally eloquent.

(wholesome hatred has no place in their composition), are all compressed into the narrow compass of their relations to the various manifestations of a tyrannical will; and it is no wonder that the most healthy moral instincts, those that are usually marked by enduring vitality, are utterly crushed out in the process. The following incident, illustrative of a whole category of such, will give some idea of the extent to which not only moral instincts but plain common sense are absorbed by that brutalizing awe of the authorities which is ever uppermost in the minds of the people, hypnotising and deadening them to every human instinct, and which the Russian Government is assiduously striving to perpetuate and develop. In the village of Stepantsy (district of Kanevsky) a peasant hanged himself last April—a merciful death in comparison with that which would have otherwise ended his sufferings. At the inquiry made into the circumstances of his death, it was elicited that hunger and want were, as usual, the motives. The evidence given by some friends of the suicide who discovered him a second or two after he had tied the fatal knot is instructive because eminently characteristic. I translate a portion of it literally from the Russian. "Now he's stark and cold," one witness remarked, "but when we first came up and saw him hanging, he was warm enough; and he dangled his legs about a good deal. There was plenty of life in him then, and for a good while after too. It's gone now." *Q.* "Why did you not cut him down at once?" *A.* "Cut him down, is it? Well, at first we were going to do it. But then we said, 'Best let him take the road he chose for himself; for if we cut him down and save him, *we shall have to* answer to the authorities.' So we let him hang there. And he's as cold as a stone now."[1] There are numbers of Russians whom, in similar circumstances, fear of being answerable to the authorities would keep from saving their own fathers. That same awe of the authorities is firmly implanted in the breasts of most of the members of the educated classes, for whom no infamy is too enormous, if commanded or desired by the Government; and it is developed in them, and as fruitful of results, as that fear of God and awe of their own consciences which was the guiding principle of English Puritans. "What is your view of the immortality of the soul, gentlemen?" the Russian satirist, Schtschedrin, makes a police official inquire of two highly educated Russian Liberals who are disciplining themselves and qualifying for the degree of "loyal" men. "In order to solve this problem in a perfectly adequate manner," is the orthodox reply, "it is absolutely necessary first of all to consult the sources. That is, to discover whether we can lay our finger upon any paragraph of the law, or even upon any command issued by the authorities, in virtue of which we are authorised to hold the

(1) Cf. Russian newspapers of 5th April last.

soul immortal; if so, then there is no manner of doubt, we are bound to act in strict accordance therewith; but if the laws and precepts contain no such paragraph, then it is incumbent upon us to await further orders thereunto appertaining."[1] This is as true and accurate an account of the manner in which the minds of the Russian people are hypnotised by the central power, as if it had appeared in a sober history instead of a biting satire.

Veracity, which has been justly called the vital force of human progress—the one thing needful in the journey onwards and upwards *ad majora*—is precisely that quality in which Russians are most hopelessly deficient. Indeed, in that respect they may without exaggeration be said to outdo the ancient Cretans and put the modern Persians to shame. They seem constitutionally incapable of grasping the relation of words to things, between which, to their seeming, the boundary is shadowy or wholly imaginary; and they lack in consequence that reverence for facts which lies at the root of the Anglo-Saxon character. A Russian can no more bow to a fact, acknowledging it as final and decisive, than he can to a personal appreciation or a mere opinion founded upon insufficient or no grounds; he is ever ready to act in open defiance of it; and the most serious statesman, the most sober thinker, will eagerly start a discussion on such topics as the geographical position of Java, Borneo, or Madagascar, with the same trustful, childlike expectation of seeing entirely new light thrown upon it, as if it were one of the Thirty-nine Articles or Kant's theory of time and space. A lengthy and lively conversation was lately begun between two Russian statesmen by the question put by one of them, a man who had governed his country for half a generation: "Why do you suppose that the Caroline Islands are not in the Indian Ocean?" and the discussion continued quite as long, and was to the full as lively, as if it were upon some obscure question of metaphysics; nor did it once occur to either of the disputants to consult a trustworthy map. This same airy independence of facts is visible like a white thread on a black ground in all departments of Russian life, public and private. Ask a peasant how many miles you have to walk to the next village, and if you look footsore and weary he will tell you three or four. Let your friend, looking blithe and gay, put the same question to him five minutes later, and he will answer fifteen. Facts to him are purely subjective, and he arranges them to his taste, which is often capricious, and according to circumstances which are ever varying. "You lie," is a most common expression in the mouth of one gentleman to another whom he suspects of dealing arbitrarily with the facts, whether deliberately or inadvertently; and the answer of the corrected party is not unfrequently, "Yes, I do lie; it is as you

(1) Cf. *A Modern Idyll*, p. 34.

say." Instead of correcting himself by saying, "I am mistaken," a Russian, who is relating an incident and has inadvertently misstated some trivial fact, will gravely say, "I am lying to you; it was not so, it was otherwise."

It is quite natural under such circumstances that comparatively little attention should be paid to words as exponents of facts, that solemn assurances should be disbelieved, promises distrusted, and calumnies be almost powerless for evil; nor can one feel astonished at that strongly marked tendency to exaggeration which disgusts the newly arrived Englishman in Russia. Russians lack the delicacy of perception requisite to discriminate the degrees that separate extremes, and the consequences of this defect stand out in bold relief in everything they put their hands to: three-fourths of the address on an envelope are underlined; half a book is printed in italics; in conversation statements about the veriest trifles are emphasized by tone, pitch, gesture. People passionately appeal to their Creator in corroboration of the assertion that there were more gnats last year than this, or that the hat you wore on your birthday fifteen years ago was trimmed not with blue ribbon but black. Your ears constantly tingle with the stereotyped oath "*Yay-ee-bó-goo*," uttered by the costermonger, the goods-clerk, the tradesman, solemnly taking Almighty God to witness that the ribbon for which you offer him sixpence cost him tenpence half-penny; and if you are a new-comer in the country you are considerably startled to find half a minute later, as you are leaving the shop, that he lets you have it at your own valuation, and if you indignantly refuse, even for less.

A celebrated Russian General, almost as well known in this country, where he has some enthusiastic admirers, as in his own, whose name has gradually grown synonymous with that of liar *par excellence*, is erroneously looked upon as a contemporary Münchausen, the embodiment of a grotesque exaggeration of the least veracious of his countrymen, whereas in sober reality he is merely the sublimated expression of all that is characteristic of the average Russian. His verified sayings would, perhaps, if collected and published, successfully compete with the most popular book of Mark Twain or the "Danbury Newsman," and deservedly take a high place in that equivocal class of literature, notwithstanding the circumstance that the statements of the American humourists were made to amuse, while those of the Russian statesman were intended to mislead. "Why do you abstain from wine, General?" asked the host one day at dinner, seeing this Russian diplomatist persist in filling his glass with water. "Because," interposed one of the guests, in a somewhat loud aside, "*in vino veritas.*" There is a respectable, but what our Transatlantic cousins would term "shoddy" family in St. Petersburg, consisting of two elderly ladies and a

brother [the Netschaïeff-Maltseffs], who having spent the best portion of their lives in the country, suddenly inherited an immense fortune and straightway abandoned tranquillity and the province for fashionable life in the capital, where their simple, artless ways and their profound veneration for the aristocracy are unfailing sources of delight to the *blasé* princes and princesses who enjoy their hospitality and their *naiveté* with equal gusto. The General, questioned one day why he never appeared at their dinners and balls, replied in a tone of engaging confidence that the fortune they had lately inherited belonged of right—moral and legal—to him, and that they knew it. He scorned, however, to take legal proceedings to recover it, and his kindliness and gentlemanly feeling forbade him to awake in them or intensify by his presence those qualms of conscience which must, he knew, be destructive of all peace of mind. Hence he systematically kept out of their way. And he tells this story with such bland, childlike simplicity and candour, that some persons are to my knowledge still persuaded of its truth. It is perhaps superfluous to remark that as a matter of fact the General has as much right—moral or legal—to the property in question as the Tichborne claimant or Buffalo Bill, and that, not being of insane mind, he knows.

Some people maintain that faces never lie. The clearness or muddiness of the eye, the tell-tale shade of expression, the unmistakable accents of sincerity or prevarication combine, they say, to stamp every statement with its true moral value. To this one can only reply that the physiognomists who think thus would do well to come to Russia to study faces. There the most damnable lie, the lie that blasts and kills, is sometimes uttered with apparent reluctance, with visible pity clothed in a voice trembling with compassion—a voice that seems to come from the heart and to go straight to the heart, pleading, as it were, for the wretched creature it dooms to ruin. The features of the speaker are open, manly, noble; his expression angelic; Carlo Dolci would have been proud to transfer his face to canvas; and yet his soul Dante would have had a grim satisfaction in burying in the nethermost pit of hell. I once had dealings with a favourable specimen of the Russian peasant—at least he was recommended to me as such—a class of men whom until a few months ago Panslavists and Liberals vied with each other in idealising, and who are still regarded by most educated Russians as inarticulate Homers, potential Napoleons, undeveloped Charlemagnes, obscure Bayards—a view which I cannot term utterly groundless. He was a giant in size and an angel in look, and his features seemed of pellucid crystal through which his soul shone visible and pure. The late Edward FitzGerald would have called him "a grand, tender soul lodged in a suitable carcase." He was a member of an

artel—a sort of Russian trades union—to which I had entrusted the removal of some personal property to a distant city. After a few conversations he charmed me. So much practical wisdom, such perfect tact and nobility of soul in one so untutored, seemed like the realisation of a miracle. I could not look upon him without comparing him with a huge uncut diamond of untold price. I soon learned to trust him as a brother, and when he presented his bill for payment, though I winced on seeing so many extras, I paid the money unhesitatingly and without remark. Emboldened by this he went on to mention in a very casual manner an item of £30 insurance money which he had forgotten, he said, to include in the estimate or mention in the contract. Here, however, I drew the line and flatly refused to pay, my belief in his honesty becoming mere notional assent. He looked at me for a long time in silent sadness, then tried to speak, but his voice faltered and he burst into tears, and Goliath that he was wept like a helpless child for nearly half a day, bitterly bewailing his impending ruin and that of his large family in the picturesque and forcible language of a child of nature. The servants involuntarily wept with him; perfect strangers espoused his cause and joined in. I thought myself that I felt something like a film gathering over my own eyes at last. I had already paid more than I was bound to pay by the terms of the contract, and £30 more seemed a large sum to throw away, as it were. Yet I would not willingly contribute to ruin an unoffending man with a large family, merely because he had been guilty of an oversight in my favour and to his own prejudice. So I finally handed him the money in return for a receipt. A week later I learned that not an article had been insured by him; two months afterwards I discovered that this angel in human form had fleeced quite a flock of easy-going persons who believed in undeveloped Charlemagnes and peasant Bayards; that he was a regular embezzler, an inimitable comedian, who could draw tears from a stone and money from a miser.

Apart from cases of this kind, which in commercial dealings are extremely frequent, a Russian, it should be remembered in mitigation, is not conscious of guilt when telling a deliberate untruth. It is very doubtful whether, even in such aggravated instances as the above, he is really conscious that he is violating any law human or divine. For it should not be forgotten that he is suffering from complete anæsthesia of that moral faculty which in more or less-developed peoples is so prompt to condemn lying. To a Russian words are his own, and he simply does what he likes with them, thus exercising an indefeasible right which he freely concedes to others. Being superstitious and impressionable, he attaches great weight to religious and other ceremonies; and the complicated formalities with

which an oath is sometimes administered—formalities occasionally as solemn as those that accompanied Harold's oath to William of Normandy—will at times determine a man to change a specious and elaborate lie into a simple statement of facts. Notwithstanding this, however, perjury is extremely rife in Russia; indeed, I fear that the facts which will be set forth in another paper will show it to be an acknowledged and indispensable institution in the social life of the country as now constituted, regularly and more or less satisfactorily discharging certain functions for which no other machinery at present exists. "You can get as many witnesses as you like," we are gravely informed by the most accredited organs of the Russian press, "for a measure of *vodka;* witnesses who will go anywhere and testify to anything you tell them."[1] "In Lodz an admirably organized band exists for the purpose of bearing false witness," says the journal *Svett.* "The affairs of this gang are in a prosperous condition; for those classes of the population which have need of their services remunerate the members of this curious institution on a liberal scale. The chief of the gang has drawn up a tariff: for evidence in a case of slander three roubles (about six shillings);[2] in cases of violence to the person from five to fifty roubles, and so on."[3] "If I wanted three or four perjurers," said a friend of mine once to me when speaking on this question, "I am acquainted with two lawyers of whom I might bespeak them, without euphemistic paraphrase or apprehension of failure." The journal *Svett,* which has devoted so much of its space from time to time to show up this strange state of things, for which the Government is mainly responsible, is yet highly indignant whenever criminal judges of the Lutheran persuasion, accustomed to a high standard of truth, express doubts of the veracity of witnesses belonging to the orthodox Church. Whether in the following case the hesitation of the judges or the wrath which it roused in the *Svett* is more intelligible may safely be left to the judgment of the reader. A person occupying a responsible position in the capital of one of the Baltic provinces prosecuted a servant for theft and incivility, and produced two witnesses—members of the orthodox Church—to prove the charges. Having heard the case for the prosecution, the judge declared that he felt unable to act upon the testimony of the two Russian witnesses, and dismissed the case; nor did he reopen it until a fresh witness—a Lutheran—was produced,[4] when the prisoner was condemned and punished. For Lu-

(1) Cf. Graschdanin, April 15th, 1889.

(2) Labour is comparatively cheap in Russia.

(3) *Svett,* 5th February, 1889. It should not be forgotten that the journal is describing not something that has been and is now no more, but a phenomenon that still exists and is developing, and is one of the complex forces of modern social life in Russia.

(4) *Svett,* 20th June, 1889.

theran judges—Finnish and German—have been taught by long experience that average Russians, like the prophet Jeremiah's beloved people, "bend their tongues like their bow for lies," and are "not valiant for the truth upon earth."

Whatever blame may appear to attach to this wholesale demoralization of a people capable of quite other things should fall almost entirely upon the Government, which, as will be shown later on, directly and deliberately encourages and fosters this unveracity and makes itself answerable for the result. Unfortunately the very Bayards and Washingtons of Russia, those guiding spirits who serve as a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to the people wandering wearily through the wilderness of despotism and ignorance, even they are deeply marked with this national trait. Born into the world tainted with this original sin, it never wholly leaves them, but breaks out at unexpected seasons and in unforeseen ways to the amazement of Europeans, who are at a loss to account for the mystery. What, for instance, would be said and thought in England of a gentleman of culture, a scholar, a university professor, a modern Samuel chosen from among millions to instil principles of truth and honesty into the tender mind of his future emperor, who systematically lied in the most solemn manner imaginable; who in a text-book on civil law written for his students, deliberately ignored the vast judicial reforms which constitute one of the most durable and solid services that the late Emperor rendered his subjects; and this simply because he disapproved them? Suppose a work were written in this country in the year 1884 on the machinery of English law courts, to serve as a text-book for students, in which the author purposely omitted to treat the Judicature Acts, passed during the Chancellorship of Lord Selborne, as accomplished facts, out of prejudice against the party to which Lord Selborne belonged; spoke of the old system of pleading, procedure, and appeal as still in existence; cited earlier and now obsolete statutes as still in force, and allowed his book to *go through three editions* in the space of several years without changing an iota, knowing that it was being made practically obligatory for all students in the Empire; what, I ask, would be said and thought of such a man in England? In Russia he was first made tutor to the Prince Imperial, now the Czar Alexander III., and then appointed virtual head of the orthodox Church, Ober-Procuror of the Most Holy Synod, for the gentleman in question is M. Pobedonostseff.[1] To give some idea of the extent to which this scholar carries his dis-

(1) "According to the laws now in force every actual possession of real estate, even though illegal, is deemed undisputed, and is protected by the law against violence, until a claim is preferred or a suit begun, and the estate adjudged to belong to another." [Here follow citations from old obsolete statutes.]—*Course of Civil Law*, by K. Pobedonostseff, 3rd edition, 1883, p. 168, &c., &c. This is but one of innumerable instances.

like of the reforms of the late Emperor, and his forgetfulness of the requirements of truth, I may mention that he gravely declares that according to the laws in force in the year 1883, a man or woman may be still disposed of by testament or by deed of sale.[1]

Examples of this systematic unveracity are as numerous as the sands of the sea; there is an *embarras de richesse*. They may be conveniently summed up in the saying of the Russian poet Testscheff: "The thought expressed is already a lie." Turghenieff was in most respects one of the most typical of educated Russians, gifted in an eminent degree with the good qualities, and not lacking those of the bad which distinguish his countrymen, and which a life-long sojourn among cultured foreigners did not suffice to rub off. One or two instances, therefore, of the value which he was wont to set upon his pledged word, his solemn promise, will do more to give English readers an insight into the Russian theory and practice on this subject than whole pages of careful psychological analysis. The great Russian novelist was a regular contributor to the *Contemporary*—a Russian monthly magazine—and once, when it was on the eve of bankruptcy, the novelist being in pressing need of money, asked the editor for an advance of 2,000 roubles. The editor hesitated, was about to refuse, but the contributor clenched the matter by saying: "I am in sore need of this sum; if you do not let me have it, I shall be compelled, to my great regret, to go and *sell myself* to the *Memoirs of the Fatherland* (a rival review), and you will not soon get any of my productions again." This threat worked. The editor obtained the money, we are told by the eye-witness who tells this story, "through my intervention and under my guarantee." Soon afterwards Turghenieff, who had solemnly promised to send a story for the forthcoming issue of the review, failed to keep his word, and had not come to the office for a whole week previous to the latest day fixed for sending it, though he was wont to come every day and dine or take tea at the office. The editor grew nervous; drove over twice to see him, but not finding him at home, forwarded him a note, imploring him to send the manuscript without delay. Turghenieff came, and walking into the office said, "Abuse me, gentlemen, as badly as you like; I know that I have treated you very scurvily, but what could I do? An unpleasant thing has happened to me . . . and I cannot give you the story that I promised. I'll write another for the following number." This statement took away the breath of the two editors Nekrasoff and Punaïeff. At first they

(2) In the following passage, for instance:—"Things capable of being possessed are: 1st, Documents testifying to the entry into possession, if the thing is of such a nature that it cannot be delivered up otherwise than by document, even though it be *personal estate*, as a ship, a sea-faring vessel, *serfs who have no land*."—*Course of Civil Law*, 3rd edition, 1883, 1st Part, p. 44.

were silent—lost in amazement—then they bombarded him with questions: "I was ashamed to show myself," he explained, "but I deem it puerile to deceive you any longer, and thus delay the printing of the review. I have come to ask you to insert something else. I give you my word of honour that I will write something for the following number." "Why? why?" asked the editor. "Will you first promise not to reproach me if I tell you?" "Yes, yes; we promise; say on." "Well, I loathe myself for what I have done. I have sold the story that I promised you to the *Memoirs of the Fatherland*. Now execute me. I was in sore need of 500 roubles. It would have been *impolite* to come to ask you for the money, as I have done too little for the 2,000 roubles you lately gave me." "Is your manuscript already in the hands of the editor of the *Memoirs of the Fatherland?*" was Nekrasoff's next question. "Not yet," was Turghenieff's reply. Nekrasoff's countenance suddenly beamed, and opening his desk, he took 500 roubles from one of the drawers and handed them to Turghenieff, saying, "Here, take this, and write him a letter of apology." The novelist hesitated, but at last said, "Gentlemen, you are placing me in a stupid position. . . . I am a miserable man. . . . I deserve a flogging for my weak character. Let Nekrasoff write a letter of apology. . . . I will copy it and send it with the money." Then to Nekrasoff: "Smear Kraïeffsky's (the editor of the rival review) lips with the honey of promises. Tell him I shall soon write another story for him. I can well picture to myself his black disappointed face when reading my letter."[1]

Another habit of Turghenieff's was to invite friends to dinner and be absent when they came, not deliberately of set purpose, but because of the little value he set on his pledged word, and the very faint impression it used to make upon his mind. He once invited the famous critic Belinsky and five others to dine with him at his house in the country, where he had a *chef de cuisine* whom he looked upon as a genius. "I will organize a banquet for you, the like of which you never dreamt of." He fixed the day, and *made each person give his word of honour* that he would come. "Don't fear for us," remarked Belinsky. "We shall be there without fail; but you must not repeat the trick that you played upon us last winter, when you asked us to dine and were not at home when we came; but lest you should forget your invitation, I shall write to you on the eve of the day of our arrival." "It was a sultry day when the whole six of us set out for Pargolovo in an open calèche at eleven o'clock in the morning," says one of the persons invited. "We were thoroughly fatigued by the heat and dust of the road. Arrived at Turghenieff's country house we alighted with joy in our countenances, but we

(1) Cf. *Historical Messenger* (a monthly review), May, 1889.

were all struck with the circumstance that Turghenieff did not come out to meet us. We knocked at the door of the glass terrace. The silence of death reigned in the house. All our faces grew visibly longer. 'Can Turghenieff have played the same trick as last winter?' exclaimed Belinsky. But we all calmed him, saying that we probably arrived earlier than we were expected. 'But I wrote to him that we should be here at one o'clock,' objected Belinsky, 'what can it mean? If they would only admit us into the room we could wait, but here we are scorched.' At length a boy came out of the door and we all plied him with questions. His master had gone off, he said, and the *chef de cuisine* was in some public-house. We gave the urchin money, sent him to fetch the *chef* who should let us in, and meanwhile we sat down on the steps of the terrace. We waited long in vain. Belinsky wanted us to return, but our hired coachman refused to take us back until the horses had had a long rest. So we sat on, hungry and hot. Panaieff went to the public-house to see if anything eatable could be procured, but there was nothing to be had . . . At last the *chef* made his appearance. 'Where is your master?' cried Belinsky. He did not know. 'Did not your master order a dinner for us to-day?' insisted the critic. 'He did nothing of the kind,' was the reply. Amazement and terror were depicted on all faces. Belinsky flamed up, and looking at us in his significant way, exclaimed, 'Turghenieff has indeed given us a banquet!'"[1]

These things—which are but samples and not by any means the worst—need no comment. Taken absolutely they indicate the width of the gulf that divides the views on veracity in particular and morality in general, which are current in this country from those prevalent in Russia, and considered as the genuine characteristics of a man of Turghenieff's truly excellent disposition and noble aspirations, they amply confirm Pascal's thesis that morality—and the great novelist was from a Russian point of view a highly moral man—changes its aspects with the climates in which it is cultivated. This fact has never been acknowledged fully and frankly enough by those who sit in judgment on foreign men of note, and are wont to look upon Mrs. Grundy's maxims as the only standpoint whence everything and everyone should be judged without appeal. Does the weeping willow violate a law of nature in growing downwards or Australian cherries in wearing their stones on the outside? Was Epictetus depraved because he made no attempt to realise certain of the ideals put forward in the Sermon on the Mount, or Julian the Philosopher immoral, because in the absence of the sun and moon he shaped his course by the light of the stars?

(1) Cf. *Historical Messenger*, February, 1889, and *Novoye Vremya*, 12th March, 1889.

Whatever the causes of this unveracity—and they are numerous and complicated—it has struck deep roots in the Russian character, and it would need the Herculean labours of many generations of earnest men to eradicate it. If a prophet, as in olden times, were to rise up among the people, and show them whither this was leading them; were he furthermore fortunate enough to inspire them with a sincere desire of mending their ways, they are and would necessarily remain powerless to carry out their wish as long as those who govern them pursue a policy which is avowedly dependent for success on the crassest ignorance of the masses and the absence, in their intellectual outfit, of a rudimentary sense of duty. As the Russian satirist Schtschedrin said: "It has been ordained on high, by the powers that be, that if a man is uneducated he is bound to work with his hands; and if a man is educated, his duty is to take pleasant walks and to eat. Otherwise there would be a revolution."[1] No man, whatever his calling, whatever his religious, political, or social convictions, can at present live and prosper in Russia without constantly paying a heavy tribute to the father of falsehood, the patron of the Empire. Take a journalist, for instance. He lives, moves, and has his being in an atmosphere of hypocrisy and deceit which would prove quickly fatal to the toughest moral nature of the west. Ibsen's Hovstad and Billing of the *People's Messenger* are models of fidelity to principles, positive angels of integrity, in comparison with the average editor of a Russian journal, and this, though the latter does not cease to retain and develop those other moral qualities which favourably distinguish him from the majority of his countrymen. Suppose this Russian journalist publishes an article with the Censor's *imprimatur*. If it possesses any real merit, it is almost certain to be denounced by a zealous official, a mischievous busybody, or an envious rival, who writes to some one in authority, attributing a hidden meaning to it. The Minister at once calls the Censor-General to account, who in his turn summons and censures his subordinates. The official who signed the *imprimatur* is dismissed or severely reprimanded, and the writer of the obnoxious article is sent for and treated more like a dog than a human being. He gladly draws up a document, solemnly assuring the authorities that not one of the obvious meanings of the passages objected to was his, and that nothing was further from his intention than to insinuate that anything in the administration needed improvement. The next day he publishes an article embodying his recantation and branding the principles laid down in the obnoxious paper as infamous. And a month afterwards he returns to his old sins of suggestion, insinuation, and writing

(1) *A Modern Idyll*, p. 28.

between the lines, which may possibly again pass unnoticed for an indefinite period. The unfortunate journalist is compelled daily, nay hourly, to sell his soul that his body may not perish—if, indeed, that be the summing up of his life's purpose—or that he may do some little good to his fellow-men, if, as one may charitably hope, that is his object in doing and suffering. Under such circumstances political and religious apostacy is of every-day occurrence; nor does it take moral rank among crimes or sins; it is a result of the law of political gravitation, to which all Russians are subject alike, everything drawing the journalist to the side of power; life, on the other side being only for the extinct race of heroes and martyrs, or for those vain creatures who deem the doubtful good which their words can effect cheap at the price of daily hypocrisy. One is naturally astonished at the Escobar-like immorality of Diderot, who, with perfect coolness and composure, swore that he had no hand in the composition of the *Letters to the Blind*, of which he was the sole author. This, however, was an exceptional occurrence in that philosopher's life, and an oath, it should be remembered, was no more to him than a simple affirmation. But in Russia there are journalists who insert theological sermons unabridged in their newspapers, and profess firm belief in the truths they contain, and yet regard such hateful prevarications and never-ending tissues of lies as part of their daily work which they ask God to bless and their fellow-citizens to admire.

Journalists, however, are not alone. There is scarcely a human being in all Russia who has it in his power to consistently shape his living and working in accordance with the elementary principles of morality. A hero, no doubt, could accomplish it; a John the Baptist, a Fabricius, a Regulus; but heroes are uncommonly scarce in the empire of the Czars, where autocracy, like a scythe, has been for ages occupied in cutting down every head that presumed to raise itself above the low level of the common herd. The average man makes no effort to be consistent. The conception of the unity of human life is unknown there, existence being but an amalgam of fragments, heterogeneous, accidental, mutually inimical, the ever-varying combination of which determines the man's character at a given moment. Thus there are nominal members of the Orthodox Russian Church who have no more faith in the truth of its doctrines or the efficacy of its sacraments than in the stoicism of Epictetus or the teaching of Laou-tsze: some, because they have lost faith in the supernatural; others, because they are at heart Jews, Catholics, Lutherans, Dissenters. Yet they are one and all compelled to stretch their consciences on the Procrustean bed of orthodoxy, and, what is stranger still, most of them comply with but the ghost of a

struggle. Many of them receive the sacraments of confession and communion from the Orthodox popes, thus committing an act of sacrilege—one of the most heinous sins in the long catalogue of religious crimes, which it is their constant endeavour to avoid. Jews, for instance, are positively driven in thousands "into the true fold" by measures which Julian would have scorned to employ, and which even the popes who maintained most zealously Holy Cross Day in Rome, would have been ashamed to countenance. They have to blacken their souls with falsehood, bowing down and worshipping strange gods in whom they believe not. I am personally acquainted with several young men, once honest Jews and now spurious Christians, whose sentiments towards their adopted Church resemble those which a young healthy man might be supposed to entertain towards the corpse strapped on his back for the remainder of his life. Even Rabbi Ben Ezra's "Song of Death" is too feeble to adequately express the boundless hate and unutterable loathing which they feel for their new spiritual and old political guides. It is thus no uncommon thing for a man's life to be turned into one continued abominable lie; it is, on the other hand, extremely uncommon for any one to think a bit the worse of him on that account; whether the proximate cause of this profanation be dire necessity or mere avarice. When a forest is being hewn down, says a Russian proverb, the chips fly about in abundance; nor does any one stop to inquire from which of the trees they are falling.

Since M. Pobedonostseff has taken up the reins of Church government in Russia, unrecognised talents, slighted merits, deserved misfortune, all are wont to seek, and generally to find, in religion, not a spiritual consolation for the rebuffs of mankind, but a vulgar stepping-stone to advancement. I have known the editor of a newspaper, which was about to disappear for want of subscribers, to fall back upon religion as a last resource. Nor was his faith belied by the results. He had tried that other saleable commodity, loyalty; but there was quite enough of it to be had for the asking, and when he requested a subsidy from the Minister on the ground that he was zealous and indefatigable in defending the good and bad measures of the Government, the late Count Tolstoy significantly dared him to do otherwise. He then returned unabashed to his native city, took to attending divine service every morning, taking up an ostentatious position before two rich and bigoted merchants, beating the ground with his forehead, injuring his knees with genuflexions, watering his handkerchief with tears, and in various other ways behaving like a penitent of the early churches. He published, *verbatim*, the sermons of all Church dignitaries in the diocese; bared his head before the ecclesiastical buildings; and was before long

caressed by the bishops, and received large subsidies from the merchants who had witnessed his devotions. His paper is now flourishing and his financial condition highly satisfactory.[1]

Another gentleman, with whom I am also personally acquainted, who is well known to certain special circles outside Russia, had to abandon his religion in order to qualify for a position which his education and peculiar studies admirably fitted him to fill. He joined the Lutheran Church and received the post. Soon afterwards he became a Roman Catholic in order to qualify for another situation, which he also obtained, holding it simultaneously with the first and unhesitatingly avowing his sordid motives. He had not yet, however, discovered the *truth;* he was only drawing near to it by easy stages. He at last embraced the doctrines of the Orthodoxy to qualify for another position; and here his religious Odyssey came to an end; for out of the Orthodox Russian Church as out of the Orthodox Hell there is no redemption. No man or woman who has once belonged to it can ever again leave it. This gentleman, known by name probably to many readers of this paper, boasts an excellent education and considerable special acquirements, which it is perhaps superfluous to say lie outside the sphere of ethics; and, what will seem strangest of all to an Englishman, he is highly respected. It would be interesting to learn such a man's view of truth; but whether he deems it absolute or relative, he would no doubt heartily agree with Lessing that it is far more profitable to pass one's life in seeking for it and groping after it than to discover it off-hand.

Thus religious belief, which might become in the Empire of the North what it has occasionally been in other countries—a germ of true progress, an unfailing source of inspiration, a temporary substitute for that positive knowledge which is the basis of all true morality—is deliberately transformed in Russia into an efficient instrument of demoralisation. Genuine faith, as distinguished from blind superstition, is rare; yet, whenever and wherever manifested, it is ruthlessly crushed unless it assumes the form of belief in the talismanic power of hollow forms and unintelligible ceremonies. The dragonnades in which Louis XIV. gave vent to his Christian zeal are occasionally rehearsed in Russia with variations suited to

(1) This paper was already finished when another striking instance of the practical uses of "religion" in Russia under the present emperor was announced in the Russian *Government Messenger*—the appointment of M. Tertius Philippoff to the high post of Controller-General, in spite of the strenuous opposition of M. Pobedonostseff, the other great light of the Russian Church. For M. Philippoff is known chiefly as a theologian, an indomitable champion of Russian Orthodoxy, and as such was appointed to the honorary post of Guardian of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. Molière might have profitably cultivated the acquaintance of this gentleman before he wrote *Tartuffe*, and Dickens would have been delighted to know him when drawing the portrait of the "sleek, smiling surveyor of Salisbury."

the country and the time, as M. Makoff, the late Minister of the Interior, could testify. But they are enacted in silence and in grim earnest. The outer world, like the spectators in a theatre, rarely learns anything but the final results, set forth in short, dry paragraphs, or in flowery official reports suggestive of Bertrand Barère's masterpieces of state rhetoric. "So and so many Catholics of the United Russian Church have humbly petitioned the Most Holy Synod to receive them into the true fold of the Orthodox Communion, and their prayers have been most graciously accorded"; such is the pithy account that usually finds its way into the newspapers; but thereby always hangs a tale, and invariably a woful one, strongly suggestive of that appalling story of unparalleled barbarity which was euphemistically wrapped up in the decent historical formula, "Order is restored in Warsaw." I have had occasion to observe somewhat closely the machinery employed in bringing about these conversions, and I can truly say that the details are sickening. If conversion to the Russian Church meant the beginning of a veritable millennium, even for such a boon the price exacted would seem exorbitant. A whole parish or an entire village retires to rest Catholic, and awakes at cock-crow to learn that it has denied its religious faith, and is severely punished for taking the well-beaten road to the Catholic church instead of the unfrequented path to the Orthodox chapel. Agents had persuaded the peasants to sign a paper described as an address of congratulation to his Majesty or some member of the Imperial family, but which was really a petition asking for admittance into the "true fold." At other times a Roman priest secretly secedes to the Orthodox Communion, and transfers the allegiance of his flock, who have not the faintest inkling of his intentions, a procedure the more feasible that the ceremonies and liturgy of the United Catholic Church are identical with those of the Orthodox Church of Russia. When the trick is discovered there is no remedy. Many of the peasants prove refractory and are deported to Siberia or to the coast of the White Sea. The remainder are awed but not convinced, and gradually take to a life of hypocrisy, openly worship in the Orthodox Church, privately receive the Sacrament in Roman Catholic places of worship, or in holes and corners visited by priests of that communion; marry secretly according to their old customs, and consent to have their wives publicly treated as concubines and their children handicapped as bastards.[1]

(1) Such marriages are perfectly valid in Russian law, though of course unlawful. The punishment decreed against those who contract them is sufficiently severe to outweigh all ordinary considerations, and it is at least intelligible that simple peasants should expose their offspring to the painful treatment which the Russian law reserves for illegitimate children rather than be separated from them for ever and sent into life-long exile.

In no other country of the world—except perhaps in the Paraguay of Dr. Francia—are the functions of the legislator so entirely merged in those of the moralist. Nowhere else could the standard of right living be so rapidly and so considerably raised, or the whole social state so readily remoulded by the law-maker as in Russia; and yet in no other country is he so reluctant to make any better use of the sublime office which he exercises than that of prostituting it to the most ignoble ends. The result of this gross neglect of duty upon the masses is not a mere matter of opinion; it is writ large and legible in the history of the country in the character of the people, whose thoughtless, shiftless, trusting nature has been rendered utterly unfit for an encounter with a strong blast of bitter experience; their *morale* being as morbid and unequipped for the trials, temptations, and ordinary duties of every-day life as their oversensitive bodies—made delicate and effeminate by the artificial heat of rooms—are for the fresh breezes of spring. A Russian has no latent power of reaction stored up within him to enable him to recover from the moral shocks and blows which await him at every step in life; and so crude and undeveloped is his sense of the relation of things to one another that it seems to have been given him for some other world than ours. His lying and all the other immoral habits of which it is the taproot, are unaccompanied by even the most rudimentary consciousness of guilt; for he suffers from complete anæsthesia of that moral faculty by which in other people these habits are prevented or condemned. The following incident may help to illustrate my meaning and to throw a sidelight on the peasant's views on the relations of things to each other, and his idea of veracity. In the Government of Kieff some time ago the inhabitants of thirty-six villages, after due deliberation, decided that no public-houses for the sale of alcoholic drinks should be opened in any of the villages whose representatives took part in the deliberation. All peasants who were of age voted for the measure, and each village feed a public writer, to draw up a petition to the Government asking that the decision be registered and sanctioned. Thirty-five petitions were rejected by the Ministry, and the *kabaks* duly opened in the villages, the thirty-sixth was favourably received, and the publicans excluded. The reason assigned for the success of the thirty-sixth petition was the eloquence and force with which the public writer put the case; and on learning this, the inhabitants of the fortunate village, disappointed that their *kabaks* were closed, though *at their own request*, condemned the writer of the petition for excess of zeal and superfluous eloquence to be flogged. And he was duly flogged.[1]

It is only fair to say that the acts of the authorities have not at all

(1) *Kievskoie Slove*, July 16, 1887, and *Odessa Messenger*, July 18, 1887.

times that tendency to demoralize which is their usual characteristic; they are occasionally even salutary, and one would be glad to give the government credit for those motives which are at once the most obvious and most honourable, were it not that the real reasons, which no effort is made to conceal, are wholly foreign to considerations of morality. Russian newspapers, with a few exceptions, seem to make a speciality of lying, and apparently thrive upon it. Of course the inventive or mythopæic faculty of the pressmen is almost exclusively employed upon the affairs of foreign countries; for, like Hovstad, of the *People's Messenger*, they "have learned from experienced and thoughtful men that in purely local matters a paper must observe a certain amount of caution." An unsuspecting foreigner is thus sometimes puzzled to discover how a provincial newspaper with fifteen hundred or only a thousand readers can keep special correspondents in all the large cities of the world, and pay for whole columns of costly telegrams. The secret was officially disclosed a few weeks since, when the Government ordered all the editors of the city of Odessa to cease publishing foreign telegrams "from our own correspondents," without first proving to the satisfaction of the local censors that they were *bonâ fide* telegrams and not paragraphs fabricated at the office. The result was immediate and striking: silence fell upon the special correspondents—as deathlike and prolonged as that with which the Delphic oracle was struck after the birth of Christ. One's satisfaction at this laudable intervention of the government is considerably diminished by the circumstance that it was determined upon on purely political grounds, several forged "foreign" telegrams being gross calumnies upon foreign governments, whose representatives were instructed to protest.

Wholesale lying of this kind would presumably cause a bloody revolution in this enlightened country, judging by the terrible shock which public opinion sustained here some time ago on learning that Mr. Parnell endeavoured by an exaggeration in terms to deliberately mislead the House of Commons. What would be said, or rather done, by such virtuous public opinion, were the elaborate defence of lying lately published in all seriousness by the editor of an official journal, to have appeared in London instead of St. Petersburg? In a leading article upon the death of the late Crown Prince of Austria, written before the melancholy circumstances of his death were fully known, the *Graschdanin* bitterly lamented the decay of lying in a strain worthy of a Jeremiah bewailing his country's fate. "If he really put an end to his life," says this moralist, whom the Government subsidizes to spread the light, "is it possible that there was not a single individual sufficiently alive to the interests of the family,

the dynasty, and the throne, to insist upon the concealment of the fact of suicide and to hush up the details of it, leaving no trace discoverable? What would be easier than to conceal the suicide, if it really took place? 'He was toying with a revolver,' one might say, 'when it caught the button of his uniform,' or a number of other very natural and likely statements might have been put forward, and there is no doubt that people would have believed them much more readily than the story of suicide."[1] On the other hand, that same journal and others of its way of thinking, or rather writing, are at a loss for words emphatic enough to adequately express their indignation whenever this convenient principle is acted upon by others in a manner injurious or displeasing to themselves. Thus in the *Novoye Vremya*, the Russian telegraphic agency is plumply accused of systematically communicating to the inhabitants of Omsk false statements concerning the prices of the shares of various banks, now immoderately exaggerating, now lowering their real value on the exchange. Thus, on the 18th of September last year, the shares of the Volga-Kam Bank were quoted by that news agency at 500 roubles, whereas in reality they stood at 645 roubles, a difference of about £15 sterling per share; the shares of the Siberian Bank were given at 645 roubles, whereas they were only 460 roubles, that is, about £19 difference on each share. "Such garbled figures," exclaims the writer, "are *systematically repeated every day*. Fancy the predicament of those who purchase shares of the above-named companies on the basis of the telegrams of this agency!"[2] These things, it should be borne in mind, are confined to no one portion of Russia, to no particular class or classes of the population; they are universal, pan-Russian, inborn in every individual like a species of original sin inherited from forgotten ancestors and deliberately perpetuated by present sponsors. If moral blame attaches to any one, it can only be to the Government and the Church in the past and to the press of very recent years. The masses are wholly blameless. To them lying has ever been as natural as singing. It is as old and as respectable as the universe. "Lying began with the world," says one of their proverbs, "and with the world it will die." What force of expression, lucidity, eloquence is to our speech, lying is to theirs. "Rye beautifies the field," says another Russian proverb, "and a lie beautifies speech." And again, "A palatable lie is

(1) *Graschdanin*, February, 1889. Cf. also *Novosti*, 19th February, 1889.

(2) *Novoye Vremya*, 6th November, 1888. This is one of numerous such accusations against the same agency. It is not my wish or purpose to discuss the truth or falsehood of these accusations of deliberate lying. They may be cases of inadvertent errors. A Russian proverb truly says, "We cannot creep into another's soul" to learn his intentions. Cf., however, *Graschdanin*, 8th August, 1889, and *Novoye Vremya*, 3rd August, 1889.

better than a bitter truth." But even had mendacity been foreign to their nature, the practical experience of a generation or two of veracious men acquired under the Government and in the Church of any of the past nine centuries of Russian history would have amply sufficed to teach this docile people that unblushing falsehood is the only coin that passes current in their native country. The accuracy of this statement is vouched for by history; it is confirmed by the evidence of the people themselves embodied in their countless proverbs, which constitute nearly three-fourths of the spoken language of the uneducated. "Do not mourn for truth: make terms with falsehood." Or, "It is by falsehood that men live: it is not meet that we should die." Not only have they everything to gain by deceiving and cheating their fellow-men and those unprincipled slavemasters whom they looked upon as maleficent deities, but they have no penalty to undergo in the shape of remorse here or hell fire hereafter. If detection is not followed by physical punishment, there is no cause for apprehension. "Lying," according to another proverb, "is not like chewing dough: it won't choke you." It is not that they do not honour and revere truth for itself, whenever they hear of it; but they look upon it as a sort of Noumenon far too precious for this sinful phenomenal world of ours—a holiday garment for the soul to be worn in the Elysian fields prepared for them by an indulgent Creator after they have thoroughly cleansed themselves in the bath of death. "Truth is sacred," says a Russian proverb, "but we mortals are sinful." Or in a variant which is also explanatory, "Sacred truth is good, but not for mortals." What it is good for is made clear in another proverb, "Truth is not good for being put in action: it should be put in an *icon*-glass case and prayed to."

One of the disadvantages inseparable from an attempt to prove a comprehensive thesis by a series of particular instances is the danger of the conclusion being held to be a wholly unwarranted or a greatly exaggerated generalisation. As a matter of fact, it has been my earnest endeavour to state the case as moderately as is compatible with a due regard for incontrovertible facts; and English travellers in Russia who may still feel inclined to make exceptions from the general rule in favour of such apparently trustworthy sources of information as government institutions, ministries, statistical bureaus, and the like, would do well to act only on good cause shown, taking with them the prudence of the serpent and leaving at the frontier the simplicity of doves. A few months ago a case illustrative of the necessity for this precaution was published in the Russian newspapers, not as a matter of wonder, but merely as an ordinary stop-gap to fill in the fragment of a column. The occasion was the reading before

the Governor of Baku of the official report of the Statistical Department of Baku on crime in that district during the year 1888. It was then solemnly affirmed, with all the *aplomb* which objective science and professional assiduity can inspire, that there were but three cases of highway robbery and two murders during twelve months—a remarkably clean bill of moral health for such a district. Now the subject of the report was very simple, one would imagine. Apparently no one would ever dream of deliberately lying in the presence of the governor of the very district of which it was question, surrounded as he was by officials provided with excellent means of testing every statement. And least of all would one suspect a statistical department of being foolish enough to attempt such a thing, seeing that its only *raison d'être* is the issue of trustworthy reports calculated to inspire confidence. What actually happened is this: the governmental attorney (procuror), who was attentively listening to the report, quietly remarked that to his personal knowledge, which may have been incomplete, there had been not tens but hundreds of murders and robberies committed in that district during the year 1888.[1] The statistics of education are rich in equally eloquent illustrations of the same inborn aversion of the Russian, even though educated and trained to better things, to

> "let truth's lump rot stagnant for the lack
> Of a timely helpful lie to leaven it."

Thus, among the schools which figured in the official list of educational establishments of the government of Kherson during the past twelve years, it has now been disclosed that *two hundred and seventeen* (217) are mere figments of the brain of some unduly zealous official, they never having had an objective existence.[2] How many such paper schools there are in other governments of Russia, no man knows.[3]

Certain persons with broad views on the doctrine of compromise and accommodating readiness to subordinate ethics to the practical exigencies of daily life may perhaps be tempted to explain all these symptoms as merely the result of a passing moral aberration such as we observe in one form or another in most nations and epochs, rather than as indications of a specific difference of moral code. To these large-minded moralists a convincing reply within the limits of a review article would be impossible. I would ask them, however, to give careful attention to the following fact and to draw a mental pic-

(1) *Grashdanin*, April 16, 1889.

(2) *Novoye Vremya*, August 31, 1888.

(3) These and a hundred similar instances should be carefully borne in mind by travellers like Mr. Landsdell and others whose faith in Russian official statements is Tertullian-like in its ravenous appetite for the wildest and most indigestible assertions.

ture of the state of society in which alone such a state of things is possible. A well-known journalist of Odessa (Dulsky by name), who himself some time since occupied an editor's arm-chair in the office of the *Odessky Listok*, published a very curious letter some months ago in which he laughs to scorn the editor of another journal (*The New Russian Telegraph*), whom he had been deliberately and systematically deceiving for several years. "As I had complete control of the depot for intelligence of all kinds," this high priest of modern journalism frankly writes, "in the government of Bessarabia, most of the items of news published in the *New Telegraph were forged in my lodgings and at my dictation.*" Yet this gentleman is still an active member of the staff of the most widely circulated daily newspaper in all South Russia, and is highly respected—as respect goes in those parts—in the social circles in which he moves. Nor is this indulgent treatment the result of repentance and a firm resolve to amend in future; for not only does this prophet and guide publicly avow acts which in western climes would be branded as infamous by the least pharisaical of journalists, but he positively glories in them as if he could possess no better titles to public esteem. Nay, he does not hesitate to humbly implore the assistance of God to enable him to lie and mislead with as much success in the future as in the past. "So matters have gone on," he writes, "for the space of four or five years, and I shall not hide from you that with God's help I shall continue this harmless occupation until I grow tired of it."[1]

E. B. LANIN.

[This paper is the beginning of a series of similar studies on Russian Characteristics and Civilisation, the authors of which are desirous, for reasons which will be apparent to the least attentive reader, of merging their signatures in that of the first.—EDITOR *F. R.*]

(1) Cf. *Northern Messenger* (monthly review), February, 1889, pp. 67, 68.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR CHARLES DILKE ON THE BOMBAY ARMY.

To the Editor of the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

SIR,—Sir Charles Dilke, in his article, "The Beluch and Afghan Frontier of India," casts great discredit on the armies of Madras and Bombay: his strictures are based on a casual inspection of one regiment, and the answers "of seven or eight distinguished men." We can tell from the names he mentions who these must be—they cannot know the Bombay army of to-day.

We white officers of the Indian armies—soldiers of fortune—are Englishmen first, and, thereafter, perhaps, Presidency partisans. No man in his senses would court death and professional disgrace by trying to get on service with bad troops: were the Bombay army such a poor following as Sir Charles has been led to believe, not a few of us must have discovered it long ago, and tried to correct or get out of it.

Many distinguished men have held very different views to the seven or eight consulted, amongst them Lord Napier of Magdala, during the Abyssinian campaign, and the Duke of Cambridge when he inspected the Malta contingent, on which occasion he said of the 26th Bombay Infantry, that it was "the best set-up and steadiest of all the native corps from India." The 1st Grenadiers may well look back with pride to *their* share in the Maiwand disaster, as also the 28th at Kandahar, and in Egypt when they covered the 17th Bengal Infantry when surprised. The generals in Egypt in 1882 and 1885 did not think as does Sir Charles, while Major-General White had "the highest opinion" of the Bombay regiments under him in Burmah, for "efficiency" and "discipline."

Even the *Pioneer*, the leading daily of the North-West Provinces (rarely a friendly critic of Southern troops), in a recent review of Sir Charles Dilke's article, says, "As to the Bombay army, it has regiments which are worthy to stand shoulder to shoulder with those of Upper India," and admits that "the summing up" (of a Bombay paper) "that the ordinary Bombay regiment is as good as most of the ordinary Bengal regiments . . . is a fairly just one."

This is the gist of the whole matter: better troops than the Sikh, Gurkha, Punjabi, and Afghan do not exist, but these are not Bengal but North-West Province troops, and would suffice for little more than our first line. Our contention is that the Mahratta, the Rajput, and the Jāt are, in pluck and endurance, the equals of the tribes mentioned, and inferior to only some of them in physique: of such castes my own corps to a great extent consists, one fairly typical of a Bombay regiment, not thought by the authorities by any means the best.

In this connection it may interest your readers to know the difference in organization between the presidential armies. In the North-West Provinces and Bengal most regiments are, I believe, caste or tribal ones, *e.g.* the 17th Loyal Purbeahs, 45th Sikhs, 25th Punjabis, and the Ghurkhas.

Most corps have a proportion of some caste or tribe other than the designative one: thus, in the 45th Sikhs, there are Musalmans and Hindus (Dogras), but each caste, &c., is in a company of its own—probably a measure of policy. In the Bombay army the same object is attained by the enlistment, up to the strength of a company (100 men), of "foreigners," *i.e.* men not of the Bombay Presidency. Fifty Beluchis are allowed to be entertained. The castes, with us, are not segregated in companies but intermingled. At one time we had a large proportion of Bengal men among our foreighers, but their cooking arrangements, each man cooking for himself, are cumbersome and impracticable on service, and they have been replaced by Sikhs. In Madras regiments I have met, no caste proportions or arrangements appear to be observed.

As regards our men, the Rajputs and Jäts are such good fighting material that both are eagerly sought after in Bengal. The Mahrattas behave splendidly on service, do not lose their heads, and wait for orders; this is not merely my opinion, but that of an officer who won his Victoria Cross in their company. The 28th, who did so well at Tofrek, in Egypt, have a greater proportion of Mahrattas than most of our regiments. Of the rest, many men in my corps are Musalmans of Rajputana (not Delhi), very good men; also a number from the predatory tribes of the same district, who gladly enlist since the railway has stopped raiding.

The physical endurance and marching powers of the Bombay Sepoy have never been questioned. A wing of a Bombay regiment formed part of Sir Robert Sandeman's escort on his mission to Kharan and Panjgur. It went from Quetta to Sind in winter—up the Moola Pass towards Kelat—thence west into the deserts of Beluchistan during January and February, returning to Quetta in March, 1884; a five-months' journey without a casualty.

Another case, illustrative of matters beyond the Bombay Sepoys' capabilities, is said to have occurred later in the year. The Zhob Valley Expedition was being organized, and a certain corps was beyond the Hurnai guarding the railway works from the raiding that had been prevalent, when a rumour reached it that it was declared unfit for service. This seemed peculiar, as at that very time it had an abnormally low sick list. On inquiry it turned out that the medical officer recommended, as the men would be required to march and camp in bitterly cold weather, that they be provided with flannel drawers. The principal medical officer from Bengal had never known of such a request being made before, and was said to have expressed an opinion that such a regiment was unfit for service. The regiment went, was none the worse for its winter march in nothing but cotton knickerbockers as nether garments, and on being brigaded with the 4th Punjab Infantry envied them their overcoats of sheepskin. During a pause in the expedition the sick were sent back to the base, and its sick were a fraction of those from the Sikh and Punjab Regiments. But nothing from Bombay pleases Sir Charles; the white officer being the same throughout the army, he fears "the feeling that they will not be allowed to see service is beginning to produce its natural result." Rather must the sentiment,

> "And, if it be a sin to covet honour,
> I am the most offending soul alive,"

have made the Bombay officer positively ill, inasmuch as over 82 per cent. of the captains of that staff corps, in military employ, have the cross swords against their names, indicating that they have war service. I have calculated in this rank to exclude the Abyssinian campaign, by which the proportion would have been increased. These officers have all seen *recent* service. My authority is the Army List for May, 1889.

Sir Charles considers a company of Punjab troops more than a match for a regiment of southern ones. I have already stated we have the strength of a company of these very Punjab men in our regiment—these holding his company of the same in check—would Sir Charles consider himself as more than a match for seven hundred Mahrattas, &c.?

If the Bombay army "is not good enough to be employed against the Russians in the field," whence is it proposed to draw the strength of a second line of defence? The quality of at least the first and second lines must be about equal, the ordinary Bengal regiments being only about as good as those of Bombay, in the opinion of *The Pioneer*, a more experienced critic in this matter than Sir Charles. Any serious reverse suffered by a *corps d'élite* selected for the first line would have a dangerous tendency to demoralise the second line. The Nepal and Punjab supply of recruits will not suffice. Sir Charles wisely advocates increased enlistment on the Quetta frontier, but such regiments should be formed without reduction of our present troops. The money that has been spent there on works and supplies has given the tribes a most exaggerated notion of the wealth of India: for some years to come we shall possess of theirs no hostages to fortune.

Sir Charles also says, "It is held in India that the opposite pretence must be kept up, and this has led to a few southern troops being included in the list of the field army. This is a mere sham, and should be denounced as such, but to denounce it is to hurt the feelings of many distinguished men." To denounce it is to sap the morale of a large body of troops which, be it in the first or some succeeding phase of the struggle, must yet be depended upon to check the Russian hordes.

VIEUX MOUSTACHE.

MADRAS AND BOMBAY INFANTRY.

To the Editor of the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

THE writer of the above letter, which has been shown to me by the kindness of the Editor, appears in parts of his communication to have somewhat misunderstood my position, and writes as though I went out of my way in my articles in the March and April numbers of the Fortnightly Review to attack the Bombay army. Nothing was further from my wish. I think it a force admirable in its discipline; excellent for use in civil discord, or in purely Asiatic wars. While, moreover, I have given it as my opinion that the infantry of the Bombay army could not safely be put in the field against the Russians, I have felt myself bound to make the same admission with regard to the Madras infantry and a portion of the infantry of the Bengal service. It is indeed I fear the unanimous opinion of all who know the Russian army in Central Asia that the greater portion of our native infantry could not be used against it, and that infantry of the Goorkha, Afridi, and Pathan races only, with a portion of our Sikhs and Punjab Mohamedans, should be counted on as thoroughly efficient for such service. My object in stating these facts publicly, and in repeating them with more detail, as I shall shortly have to do, is to help to destroy that Presidency system of recruitment and command which has been condemned by the Government of India under Lord Ripon, under Lord Dufferin, and under Lord Lansdowne, and which is only kept alive at this moment by the view taken by Lord Cross—

that legislation is required in order to put an end to it, and that Indian legislation of any kind involves a large demand upon parliamentary time. If I have unnecessarily hurt, in anything that I have said, the feelings of any officers connected with the Southern infantry, I can only say that I deeply regret having done so. If I may be permitted this word of a purely personal nature, my own mother was born in a Madras camp, and she, and her mother, who, after her death, kept house for me, throughout a long life, until these '80s, brought me up in the traditions of the Southern armies of India, and with admiration for the bravery and fortitude which they have constantly, throughout their history, displayed: but I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that the conditions of military service in India have been absolutely revolutionised by the arrival of Russia at her present frontiers, and I needs must share, in common with the vast majority of those who have looked into the question, the opinion that we possess in India far too large a number of infantry which could not be trusted to stand against Russians in the field, and far too small a proportion which could be made use of for such warfare.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

DOCKETT EDDY,
20th August, 1889.

*** *The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any Manuscripts.*

THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. CCLXXIV. NEW SERIES.—OCTOBER 1, 1889.

THE LABOUR PROBLEM.

THE great strike, which for so lengthy a period[1] paralysed the commerce of the Port of London, causing losses estimated at nearly £2,000,000, has had, at any rate, one beneficial result. The Labour Problem, the one problem which, above all others, demands solution in an age described, not without reason, as "the age of the working-man," has been brought well to the front; and it has been demonstrated, beyond cavil or question, that right-minded men of every class in society are resolutely determined that this problem shall be solved, and solved promptly and completely. For once the gulf between the rich and the poor, between capital and labour, has been spanned with the golden bridge of far-reaching, human sympathy. We are, one and all of us, firmly of opinion that the time has come for the establishment of such arrangements in the organisation of industry as shall secure that in future labour shall receive an ampler share of the wealth, in the creation of which labour plays so important a part. And while we readily admit that concessions of a substantial character must be made to our industrial classes, we are in the highest degree desirous that these concessions shall be made without being extorted by measures such as those to which the dock labourers and their allies were compelled to have recourse, measures involving a deplorable waste of wealth, and inflicting upon an extensive section of the community sufferings of the most grievous character. For this Dock Strike has brought home to us the terrible nature of industrial warfare. The fight waged by more than one hundred thousand of our working-men against an enemy, whose trusty weapon was starvation, has been fought out under the very eyes of this great city. All of us have read with sorrow and indignation the graphic and truthful accounts furnished by the press; and some of us have watched the struggle in the very heart of the fray, and have carried with our own hands what of comfort and consolation we might, into the homes of the most unfortunate among the brave, patient, sorely-stricken ranks of the working-men. Never to be forgotten were the sights then witnessed. Lavish as was the help rendered by the public benevolence, it was

(1) The Dock Strike began on August 13, and terminated on September 14, 1889.

wholly inadequate to cope with misery so deep and so wide-spread. Numerous as were the centres of relief, yet there were very many families which received, on an average, but one single shilling ticket per week. Many persons, especially those who lived at some little distance from the main thoroughfares, seemed to be ignorant of the places where relief was to be obtained. Women wandered for hour after hour with weak and weary footsteps in search of help, and in some cases fainted away in the streets, ere help was found; others stood in gaunt-eyed, silent, miserable groups watching the densely packed mass of men at the doors of the relief office, in utter despair of fighting their way through to the tables at which the tickets were being given out. I have known a big-limbed docker, tall enough for a guardsman, to drop down in that seething crowd in the back room at "Wroots's," overcome by want of food and by the foul air, and be carried out all but inanimate. The aspect of this poor fellow, upon whose countenance, as upon that of many hundreds of his comrades, the peculiar, unmistakeable, saffron pallor of acute hunger had written its awful tale, will haunt my memory for many a day to come. But hardest of all, surely, was the case of the children; their fathers and mothers at any rate understood the cause that brought desolation among them, and were cheered by hopes of a victory, that seemed worth purchasing even at a cost so tremendous. But to the little ones how inexplicable must have been the vain appeals for food which fell unanswered upon the ears of their heart-broken parents! What would have become of the children had it not been for the generosity of the local clergy, of Mr. Sidney Buxton, M.P., and of the friends by whom they and he were supplied with funds, one hardly likes to think. Well do I recollect one particular batch of thirty or forty boys and girls, whom I was passing in to the Shelter of the Salvation Army in West India Dock Road, when one of the "officers," thinking me somewhat indiscriminate in my selection, undertook to examine the children, in order that none but the genuinely necessitous should share in the proffered hospitality. He proceeded to apply to the youngsters the same test that a prudent housewife applies to poultry, but with, of course, the diametrically opposite intention of rejecting any whose frame, clutched in his scientific grasp, might betray signs of anything approaching to adequate nourishment. Not one single child did he reject; all were "just skin and bones." But worst of all was the lot of the infants too young to partake of the soup or of the bread and jam obtainable at places like this Shelter. Indeed I cannot bring myself to speak of the effects that I found inadequate and unsuitable nutrition to have produced among children in arms, and in particular among those numerous infants only a few weeks old, to whom their mothers, emaciated to the last degree, could not give sufficient natural nourishment, and who were being fed chiefly with boiled bread, a substance, it is needless to say, absolutely unfitted for the purpose. On all

sides in the houses of the strikers the seeds of disease were being sown with results that will assuredly reach far into the future. Nor was the destitution that ensued upon the strike by any means confined to the least-skilled and worst-paid among the workers. Even those who entered upon the combat with some resources soon found their savings vanish in meeting the demands of the rent-collector and in supplying the wants of their families. Then began the pledging of their scanty property, bit by bit. When the history of this labour war comes to be written, its most vivid pages will be borrowed from the ledgers of the pawnbrokers. These books, as I know from personal investigation, will show, not only the gradual absorption of the worldly goods of the greater part of the industrial population of the riverside districts, but the still more significant fact that, about ten days before the conclusion of the strike, the pawning came, almost suddenly, to a standstill. The unlucky people had by that time nothing left to them upon which even a copper could be raised.[1]

The Labour Problem must be solved, and solved, if it may be, without the repetition of scenes like those that we have just witnessed in East London. And yet, although the conviction that the remuneration of labour ought to be materially increased is entertained more widely and more profoundly than at any previous time, the grave difficulties involved in securing this increase cannot be ignored by any thoughtful observer. It is true that the condition of trade is, on the whole, satisfactory; still, those best acquainted with the facts emphatically deny that the profits derived from commercial enterprise are, as a rule, of other than moderate proportions; and the demand of the workpeople for an improvement in their position is met by the declaration that it is impossible to grant higher wages without reducing to a quite unreasonable extent the remuneration of the capitalist. We are thus brought face to face with an obstacle which those who plead the claims of labour must find it anything but easy to surmount. But what if, in certain cases at any rate, it be possible to suggest to the employer a method which shall augment the remuneration of labour without in any way diminishing the reward of capital and management? A method which professes to produce this result exists under the name of Profit-sharing, and it is trusted that a brief examination of the merits of this system, as

(1) The following entries, verified by the pawn-tickets produced to me, relate to articles pledged by a crane-driver in permanent employment at 26s. a week, a man with a wife and five children, apparently of steady habits:—"19 Aug., man's Sunday suit, 3s. 6d.; 20 Aug., daughter's new boots, 1s. 3d.; same date, handkerchief and jacket, 1s. 6d.; 22 Aug., man's tools (used for amateur work in spare time), 2s.; 24 Aug., calico (24 yards), bought to make children's dresses, 2s. 6d.; 26 Aug., daughter's Sunday jacket and frock, 2s. 6d., and her dress, 6s.; 28 Aug., wife's shawl, 6d., and flannel (bought for children's underclothes), 1s. 6d.; 31 Aug., man's flannel shirt, 2s.; 3rd Sep., man's trousers and vest, 6s." Then the entries cease; nothing remained to pawn, except the bedding; and this I found in many instances to have been pledged, the people sleeping upon coarse sacking.

tested by actual experience, may be held to possess some degree of public interest.

Profit-sharing consists in allotting to the workman, in addition to his normal wages, a part of the net gains of the business. For this method of industrial remuneration it is expressly claimed that it enables the employer to considerably increase the earnings of his workpeople without suffering any, even the smallest, diminution in the amount of his own profits. This may appear a somewhat paradoxical pretension, and we shall be reminded that "*ex nihilo nil fit.*" But to this objection the advocate of profit-sharing has a perfect answer: this system creates the very fund upon which it draws. The employer who adopts a profit-sharing scheme will not have to surrender one farthing of his accustomed profits. Whatever he gives as "bonus" to his workpeople will come back to the business in the shape of increased profits—profits due to that augmentation of zeal on the part of these "hands" which is secured by the fact of their participation in the gains of the house, and which can be secured in no other manner.

This, then, is the theory of profit-sharing, a theory supported by the great authority of Babbage, Mill, Fawcett, and other distinguished economists. But the employers of labour are practical men, to whom facts appeal more strongly than theory; and it is, therefore, proper to enquire to what extent the advantages claimed for profit-sharing have been actually realised by those business concerns which have been organised on this system. Of these there are two types: (*a*) co-operative associations, and (*b*) ordinary commercial houses. The co-operative associations are formed and managed by persons, nearly all of whom belong to the working-classes. According to the last report of the Central Co-operative Board, the number of these associations at the end of 1888 was 1,464; their members number 992,428; they have a share capital of £10,393,394, and a loan capital of £2,408,658; they sold in 1888 goods to the value of £36,735,045, and earned a total net profit of £3,414,407. These societies may be classed in three categories. First there are the "distributive" societies, whose business consists in the sale in retail stores of goods, mainly purchased from wholesale dealers and manufacturers. But some of these distributive societies possess workshops of their own. When we ask how many of these societies allow to their employees a share in their profits in addition to wages, we find that no exact statistics exist. It may be estimated that this is the case in regard to about 10 per cent. of the total number of 1,382 distributive associations. Next come the two wholesale societies (English and Scottish). These are federations formed by certain of the distributive associations with the object of supplying them with articles required for retail sale. Most of these articles are purchased by the two "Wholesales" from outside merchants and manufacturers; but each possesses extensive "produc-

tive" departments of its own, in which large quantities of goods are manufactured, the value of the output of the workshops belonging to the English Wholesale in 1888 being £243,476, and that of the articles manufactured by the Scottish Wholesale £59,820. The English Wholesale does not pay any bonus to its employees. The Scottish Wholesale gives to all persons in its employment, whether clerks, salesmen, &c., in its distributive, or artisans, foremen, &c., in its productive, departments, in addition to their salaries or wages, a share in its profits, profits which amounted last year to £69,870. There remains the last class, the "productive societies," as they are called, which have been formed for the purpose of manufacturing a variety of commodities, mostly such as are in daily demand among our industrial population—flour, cocoa, fustian, dress goods, hosiery, boots, and so on. Owing to the failure of some of these societies to furnish the necessary information to the Central Board, the report of that body is, in regard to the productive societies, somewhat imperfect, and it has seemed best to take our figures from the last report of the Chief Registrar of Industrial and Provident Societies, issued in April, 1889.[1] Excluding 28 associations which had omitted to send in to the Registrar proper returns, we find that the productive societies working on the profit-sharing plan are 29 in number, with a membership of 4,656, a share capital of £83,115, and a loan capital of £42,352; while the value of the goods sold by them in 1887 was £227,239, and their net profit in that year £12,531.

So far, we have been dealing with profit-sharing as carried out in the business arrangements of associations formed and managed by working-men; and, in these cases, although it is clear that this method of industry has proved itself capable of producing excellent financial results, yet it must be admitted that its adoption has been due, in great part, to considerations, not of expediency, but of sentiment. As our object is to show that the adoption of this system is a step that might be taken, with substantial advantage to their own interests, by the general body of employers, it becomes proper to enquire into the cases in which profit-sharing has been introduced by ordinary manufacturers and merchants of the capitalist class.

It would not be possible in this place to give a complete account of all the firms throughout the world, some 150 in number, by which profit-sharing is known to have been adopted. The history of the first application of the principle by the Maison Leclaire (carrying on upon a large scale the trade of house painters and

(1) These figures relate to the year 1887. Wherever possible, I have supplied details wanting in the Registrar's Report from returns published by the Central Board. The Registrar's Report does not distinguish between the societies which do and those which do not share their profits with their employees; but by inspection of the official copies of the rules of the different societies and by inquiries addressed to their officers it has been possible to arrive at the facts.

decorators) has been told in detail by Professor Sedley Taylor; the story of the introduction of profit-sharing into the immense business of the great ironfounder, Godin, at Guise, is familiar to every student of social reform; and ample details with regard to more than 130 other firms are given by Mr. Gilman, the author of the most recent work on this subject (*Profit-sharing between Employer and Employee*, Macmillan, 1889).

The country in which profit-sharing has secured the largest number of adherents is France. There, indeed, evidence of the success of profit-sharing establishments meets you at every turn. Arrived at Paris, you admire the decoration of your hotel, and find that the work was done by Redouly et Cie. (the present name of the Maison Leclaire), or by Saunier; the masonry was executed by Mozet et Delalonde; the carpentry by Lecoeur; the plumbers were Barbas, Tassart et Balas, Ph. Monduit Fils, or Thuillier Frères; the gas-fittings were put up by Bourrieff. These are, one and all, profit-sharing houses. You ask for a railway-guide: it is printed and published by the Maison Chaix, again a profit-sharing firm. You roll a cigarette: the paper is made by Abadie, yet another example. You sally forth in quest of writing-paper: the water-mark is that of the *Papeterie Coopérative* of Laroche-Joubert, at Angoulême; or of *bon-bons*, which you get from Lombart, a profit-sharing confectioner of world-wide repute; or of a dress, which you buy in the enormous establishment (resembling Whiteley's and the Army and Navy Stores rolled into one) of the *Bon Marché* (Plassard, Morin, Fillot et Cie., formerly Aristide Boucicaut), a splendid instance of prosperous profit-sharing.

In Switzerland, in Germany, and in other European countries, the system is now in operation with admirable results; while the profit-sharing firms of the United States include some of the most successful names in the business world, such as Charles A. Pillsbury & Co., of Minneapolis, whose flour-mills are the most extensive in existence, and John Wanamaker ("the dry-goods king," now Postmaster General of the United States), whose gigantic store at Philadelphia holds a position of almost equal supremacy among distributive establishments.

In the British Empire profit-sharing can scarcely be said to have had, as yet, a fair trial. But the number of our profit-sharing firms is very much larger than is generally supposed. Mr. Gilman, although his researches were made with great care, is only able to enumerate nine examples of British profit-sharing houses.[1] There are, however, in fact, at the present moment at least 28 such establishments; as the list given opposite (in the preparation of which I have derived valuable assistance from Mr. T. W. Bushill, of Coventry) will show.

(1) Mr. Gilman names 10; but one firm (W. H. Smith & Co.) is included under a misapprehension; for these employers confine themselves to paying to the managers of their bookstalls a commission on the sales effected.

BRITISH PROFIT-SHARING FIRMS.

Date of adoption of system.	Name.	Address.	Business.	Number of Employees.	Remarks.
1886	J. W. Arrowsmith	Bristol	Printer and Publisher	53	
1888	Binns & Co.	Derby	Corn Factors and Seedsmen	12	
1884	Blundell, Spence, & Co., Ld.	Hull and London	Colour and Varnish Manufacturers	330	
1886	Burroughs, Wellcome, & Co.	London	Manufacturing Chemists	200	
1888	Thomas Bushill & Sons	Coventry	Printers and Manufacturing Stationers	132	
1878	Cassell & Co., Ld.	London	Printers and Publishers	1,100	
1888	Curtis & Co. (Co-operative Builders, Ld.)	Brixton	Builders	114	
1889	Coventry Gas Fittings Co., Ld.	Coventry	Manufacturers of Gas Fittings	13	
1882	Decorative Co-operators' Association	London	House Painters, &c.	100	
1886	Edinburgh Co-operative Printing Co., Ld.	Edinburgh	Printers	69	
1884	C. Fidler	Reading	Seedsman, &c.	50	Indeterminate bonus.
1869	Fletcher & Son	Norwich	Printers and Publishers	200	
1876	Goodall & Suddick	Leeds	Printers and Paper-makers	300	
1876	Hamilton & Co., Ld.	London	Dress and Shirt Makers	56	Profit-sharing partial only.
1884	Harpers, Ld.	Aberdeen	Engineers, &c.	160	Profit-sharing partial only.
1888	W. P. Hartley	Liverpool	Preserve Manufacturers	250	
1886	Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ld.	London	Printers, &c.	1,000	
1889	Hepburn & Co.	Cullompton	Paper-makers	170	
1877	J. H. Ladyman & Co.	King's Lynn	Wholesale Grocers	20	
1889	New Welsh Slate Co., Ld.	Festiniog	Quarry Owners	200	
1889	Robinson Brothers	West Bromwich and Knottingley	Tar Distillers	209	
1883	Tangyes, Ld.	Birmingham	Engineers, &c.	2,100	
1886	W. Thomson & Sons, Ld.	Huddersfield	Woollen Manufacturers	150	
1888	Walker Brothers	London, Colombo, and Candy	Engineers and Merchants	500	
1887	J. Bruce Wallace	Limavady (Ireland)	Printer	5	
1887	Waterman & Co.	Bristol	Boot and Shoe Manufacturers	46	
1882	Waterlow & Sons, Ld.	London	Printers and Manufacturing Stationers, &c.	3,400	Indeterminate bonus.
1887	H. D. Young & Sons	Edinburgh	Leather Merchants	14	

It is not possible here to set forth in detail the various schemes adopted by the different firms whose names are given above; but that introduced into the business of Thomas Bushill and Sons, Printers and Manufacturing Stationers, of Coventry, is worthy of particular notice, because it avoids one great difficulty, sometimes supposed to be fatal to the general adoption of profit-sharing. It is said that, except in public companies, in relation to which secrecy is seldom possible in any case, the attempt to allot to the workers a share in the profits must lead to the divulgation of figures which it is essential to keep private. Messrs. Bushill have stipulated that out of each year's profits a certain definite sum (called "the Reserved Limit") shall be first reserved for the benefit of the firm. Whatever remains, above that sum, is to be divided into two equal portions, of which one accrues to the firm, while the other is allotted to the workpeople as bonus. The amount of the Reserved Limit is communicated to a chartered accountant and to no other person. It is the duty of this accountant to certify the sum due in respect of bonus to the employees, upon whom his certificate is absolutely binding.[1] In regard to the treatment of the bonus a considerable difference prevails; for in some cases the whole is handed over in cash; in others it is invested for the benefit of the workpeople (either in the business of their employers or in some other security) as a Provident Fund to provide for the wants of sickness or old age; or the bonus is treated partly in the former, partly in the latter, manner. The ratio between the normal wages of the participants and the sum allotted to them as their share in profits varies widely; a bonus at the rate of from 1s. to 1s. 6d. per £1 of wages is of frequent occurrence; while the employees of one or two firms, at any rate, receive a bonus of no less than 2s. 6d. per £1.

Considerations of space make it impracticable to quote all the numerous testimonials to the good results obtained by the adoption of the profit-sharing system which have been received from employers of labour. A few examples must suffice. Mr. J. S. Common, manager of the Edinburgh Co-operative Printing Company, Limited, a firm which pays to its shareholders dividends averaging about 14 per cent., and which has given a bonus to its workmen for the last three years, remarks, "So far the results have been satisfactory. The employees take a more lively interest in their work than is the case when working merely for wages, and are much more economical of time and material. On our own part we get a better choice of hands, who become attached to the place, and who are concerned in its prosperity." Mr. Thomas Dixon Galpin, director of Cassell and Company, Limited, a house which pays a dividend of 10 per cent., and which

(1) Mr. T. W. Bushill has published (London: Alexander & Shepheard) a full account of the scheme in force in his house, which has been devised with great care.

has had this system in force since 1878, writes, "In reply to your question as to the effect which our system of enabling our work-people and other employees to participate in the profits of our business has had upon that business, I am glad to state we find that it has been distinctly beneficial. The interest which our work-people take in the affairs of the house has been stimulated by the identification of their interests with our own, and we have every reason to feel satisfied that the shareholders have profited by a system which was primarily intended for the benefit of the employees." Mr. G. Thomson, woollen manufacturer, of Huddersfield, has told the writer that, since he introduced the very liberal scheme of profit-sharing which has been in force in his business since 1886, he has found that the industrial machine, so to speak, runs itself. He can leave his works for weeks at a time with the certainty that all will go on there just as smoothly as if he were present; while under the old *régime* his constant personal supervision was indispensable. Mr. T. W. Bushill writes:—"We started upon a trial year of profit-sharing with but modest expectations as to immediate results. Now, at its close, we can report that these expectations are greatly surpassed. In previous years we can scarcely say that, speaking generally, we had just cause for complaint; but this year a new spring of action seems to have been touched in the case of very many of our people; further, the improved results in these cases have, apparently, been called forth quite as much by a desire to respond to the spirit of the new privileges conferred upon them as by the hope of prospective personal gain. Spontaneous economies, both as to time and material, have been noticed, along with a fertility of resource in overcoming difficulties, and in devising cheaper methods of production. An appreciable percentage of the occasions of worry, which all large employers experience, have disappeared. The value of the institution of profit-sharing as a lubricant can scarcely, to my mind, be over-estimated."

Thus the experience of those by whom the profit-sharing method has been adopted proves conclusively, that the advantages which economic theory claims for the system are, in fact, realised in its application. And, indeed, profit-sharing is much more than a crotchet of the arm-chair theorist. The history of the system most clearly demonstrates that the employers who have organised their establishments upon the new principle have been no wild visionaries, no hare-brained philanthropists, but practical men, whose hearts may have been soft, but whose heads were hard, men of sound business principles, who introduced the system because they knew that it would pay, and who have made it pay. Most of them have gained considerable, some enormous, fortunes. Leclaire, the son of a village shoemaker, had divided among his men, out of the profits of his house-painting business, £48,600; and died leaving

property very nearly of the same value. Godin, whose father was a country blacksmith, drew from his ironworks an income, which in a good year amounted to some £11,000, and could yet afford to pay a bonus equivalent to 15 per cent. on the wages earned by his work-people—wages, the yearly total of which was a little over £80,000; and this though he had taken out of his business £100,000, which he transferred to his wife, and had sunk in various benevolent enterprises many thousand pounds. To pass from production to distribution, Boucicaut was the child of a man who kept a small hat shop. He and his wife, who continued the *Bon Marché* after his death, were such generous paymasters, that the amount of the capital invested in the business by their employees exceeds £300,000. Madame Boucicaut died in 1887 worth fully £700,000.

Paradoxical as it undoubtedly appears at first sight, the theory of profit-sharing, according to which it is possible to add to the earnings of labour without subtracting from the gains of the employer, is thus abundantly justified by the facts. And, indeed, this theory is very simple. Consider the waste that goes on under the existing wage-system, under which the worker takes no share in profits. If you put a man on time-wage, he dawdles over the job as long as the foreman will let him; put him on piece-wage, and he scamps his work as much as the foreman will let him. In either case he makes not the smallest attempt to do the work as well as it can be done, or to save expense in regard to materials, gas, or other similar matters. I know that there are artisans, not a few, who are true artists, men who do their best apart from all question of gain. I have seen boot-makers, for instance, spend long hours in labour of which no account was taken in their piece-wage, hours spent in attaining an ideal perfection in regard to *minutiæ* which would never be noticed by the employer, in some cases in regard to details hidden away in the interior of the boot which, as the diligent and disinterested craftsman well knew, no one could ever perceive. But working-men—take them "in the lump"—work, like their employers, not from love of their work, but from love of its pecuniary results. If you want your men to do more work and better work, to work, not merely for the sake of their wages, but also for the credit of the business; if you want them to avoid involving you in unnecessary expense, you must make the interests of the business identical with those of its employees, by giving to these employees, in addition to their wages, a share in the profits of the concern, a share sufficient to tempt them to act in the manner that you desire. Give them a substantial bonus, and you may rest assured that the extra value of their work will amply recoup to you this most wise liberality.

So much for what may be called the material advantages of profit-sharing. On the moral side the beneficial results of this method are

not less remarkable. One of the most powerful among the causes of that animosity which, unfortunately, exists at this moment between the working-classes and their employers, is the opinion so strongly entertained by the former that it is unjust that "all the profits derived from labour shall go to the capitalist." Whether this opinion be rational or irrational, is a question which it is not necessary to discuss now. We are none of us, at all times and in all matters, guided by reason alone. Facts must be faced, and the resentment felt by our workpeople at their exclusion from participation in the profits of industry is a fact which can not be denied. Under these circumstances a system which, without any diminution, either in the wages of the employee or in the gains of his employer, enables the workman to share in the profits of the business in which he is engaged, will be seen to possess merits of no unimportant character. A successful strike, after cruel sufferings have been endured by the men, after severe losses have been inflicted upon their masters, and after much envenomed recrimination has taken place between the contending parties, may result in an increase of wages of more or less importance; yet the fruits of victory will never be free from the taint of most bitter memories. But the spontaneous concessions, which the method of profit-sharing makes to the legitimate claims of labour, will most powerfully tend permanently to sweeten the relations between the officers and the rank and file in the vast army of industry, converting the working-man from a dissatisfied, and often dishonest drudge into a contented, a willing, a zealous co-operator—a co-partner with his superior, no longer a slave toiling to gratify the greed of a task-master.

These, then, are the grounds upon which the attention of those, who desire that no means shall be neglected which may contribute to a prompt and a pacific solution of the Labour Problem, is directed to this system of profit-sharing—a system which at once advances the prosperity of capital, and affords to labour the opportunity of meriting and receiving an increased reward.

DAVID F. SCHLOSS.

PLAIN WORDS ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

If any species or race desires a continued existence, then above all things it is necessary that that species or race should go on reproducing itself.

This, I am aware, is an obvious platitude; but I think it was John Stuart Mill who once said there were such things in the world as luminous platitudes. Some truths are so often taken for granted in silence, that we are in danger at times of quite losing sight of them. And as some good friends of mine have lately been accusing me of "barren paradoxes," I am anxious in this paper to avoid all appearance of paradox, barren or fertile, and to confine myself strictly to the merest truisms. Though the truisms, to be sure, are of a particular sort too much overlooked in controversy nowadays by a certain type of modern lady writers.

Let us look then briefly at the needful conditions under which alone the human race can go on reproducing itself.

If every woman married, and every woman had four children, population would remain just stationary. Or rather, if every marriageable adult man and woman in a given community were to marry, and if every marriage proved fertile, on the average, to the extent of four children, then, under favourable circumstances, that community, I take it, would just keep up its numbers, neither increasing nor decreasing from generation to generation. If less than all the adult men and women married, or if the marriages proved fertile on the average to a less degree than four children apiece, then that community would grow smaller and smaller. In order that the community may keep up to its normal level, therefore, either all adults must marry and produce to this extent, or else, fewer marrying, those few must have families exceeding on the average four children, in exact proportion to the rate of abstention. And if the community is to increase (which on Darwinian principles I believe to be a condition precedent of national health and vigour), then either all adults must marry and produce more than four children apiece, or else, fewer marrying, those few must produce as many more as will compensate for the abstention of the remainder and form a small surplus in each generation.

In Britain, at the present day, I believe I am right in deducing (after Mr. F. Galton) that an average of about six children per marriage (not per head of female inhabitants) is necessary in order to keep the population just stationary. And the actual number of children per marriage is a little in excess of even that high figure,

thus providing for the regular increase from census to census and for overflow by emigration.

These facts, all platitudes as they are, look so startling at first sight that they will probably need for the unstatistical reader a little explanation and simplification.

Well, suppose, now, every man and every woman in a given community were to marry; and suppose they were in each case to produce two children, a boy and a girl; and suppose those children were in every case to attain maturity: why, then, the next generation would exactly reproduce the last, each father being represented by his son, and each mother by her daughter, *ad infinitum*. (I purposely omit, for simplicity's sake, the complicating factor of the length and succession of generations, which by good luck in the case of the human species practically cancels itself.) But as a matter of fact, all the children do not attain maturity: on the contrary, nearly half of them die before reaching the age of manhood—in some conditions of life, indeed, and in some countries, more than half. Roughly speaking, therefore (for I don't wish to become a statistical bore), it may be said that in order that two children may attain maturity and be capable of marriage, even under the most favourable circumstances, four must be born. The other two must be provided to cover risks of infant or adolescent mortality, and to insure against infertility or incapacity for marriage in later life. They are wanted to make up the categories of soldiers, sailors, imbeciles, cripples, and incapables generally. So that even if every possible person married, and if every married pair had four children, we should only just keep up the number of our population from one age to another.

Now, I need hardly say that not every possible person does marry, and that we do actually a good deal more than keep up the number of our population. Therefore it will at once be clear that each actual marriage is fertile to considerably more than the extent of four children. That is, indeed, a heavy burden to lay upon women. One aim, at least, of social reformers should certainly be to lighten it as much as possible.

Nevertheless, I think, it will be abundantly apparent from these simple considerations that in every community, and to all time, the vast majority of the women must become wives and mothers, and must bear at least four children apiece. If some women shirk their natural duties, then a heavier task must be laid upon the remainder. But in any case almost all must become wives and mothers, and almost all must bear at least four or five children. In our existing state six are the very fewest that our country can do with.

Moreover, it is pretty clear that the best-ordered community will be one where as large a proportion of the women as possible marry, and where the burden of maternity is thus most evenly shared

between them.[1] Admitting that certain women may have good reasons for avoiding maternity on various grounds—unfitness, or, what is probably much the same thing at bottom, disinclination—and admitting also that where such good reasons exist, it is best those women should remain unmarried, we must still feel that in most cases marriage is in itself desirable, and that limited families are better than large ones. In other words, it is best for the community at large that most women should marry, and should have moderate families, rather than that fewer should marry and have unwieldily large ones; for if families are moderate there will be a greater reserve of health and strength left in the mothers for each birth, the production of children can be spread more slowly over a longer time, and the family resources will be less heavily taxed for their maintenance and education. Incidentally this will benefit both parents, as well as the community. That is to say, where many marriages and small families are the rule, the children will on the average be born healthier, be better fed, and be launched more fairly on the world in the end. Where marriages are fewer and families large, the strain of maternity will be most constant and most heavily felt; the father will be harder-worked, and the children will be born feebler, will be worse fed, and will start worse equipped in the battle of life.

Hence I would infer that the goal a wise community should keep in view is rather more marriages and fewer children per marriage, than fewer marriages and more children per marriage.

Or, to put these conclusions another way: in any case, the vast majority of women in any community must needs become wives and mothers: and in the best-ordered community, the largest possible number will doubtless become so, in order to distribute the burden equally, and to produce in the end the best results for the nation.

Well, it may be brutal and unmanly to admit these facts or to insist upon these facts, as we are often told it is by maiden ladies; but still, if we are to go on existing at all, we must look the facts fairly and squarely in the face, and must see how modern tendencies stand with regard to them.

Now, I have the greatest sympathy with the modern woman's demand for emancipation. I am an enthusiast on the Woman Question. Indeed, so far am I from wishing to keep her in subjection to man, that I should like to see her a great deal more emancipated than she herself as yet at all desires. Only, her emancipation must not be of a sort that interferes in any way with this prime natural necessity. To the end of all time, it is mathematically demonstrable

(1) Oh, yes, I know all about Malthus; but Mr. Galton has shown that a certain amount of over-population is necessary for survival of the fittest, and that if the best and most intelligent classes abstain, the worst and lowest will surely make up the leeway for them.

that most women must become the mothers of at least four children, or else the race must cease to exist. Any supposed solution of the woman-problem, therefore, which fails to look this fact straight in the face, is a false solution. It cries "Peace, peace!" where there is no peace. It substitutes a verbal juggle for a real way out of the difficulty. It withdraws the attention of thinking women from the true problem of their sex to fix it on side-issues of comparative unimportance.

And this, I believe, is what almost all the Woman's Rights women are sedulously doing at the present day. They are pursuing a chimæra, and neglecting to perceive the true aim of their sex. They are setting up a false and unattainable ideal, while they omit to realise the true and attainable one which alone is open to them.

For let us look again for a moment at what this all but universal necessity of maternity implies. Almost every woman must bear four or five children. In doing so she must on the average use up the ten or twelve best years of her life: the ten or twelve years that immediately succeed her attainment of complete womanhood. For note, by the way, that these women must also for the most part marry young: as Mr. Galton has shown, you can quietly and effectually wipe out a race by merely making its women all marry at twenty-eight: married beyond that age, they don't produce children enough to replenish the population. Again, during these ten or twelve years of child-bearing at the very least, the women can't conveniently earn their own livelihood; they must be provided for by the labour of the men—under existing circumstances (in favour of which I have no Philistine prejudice) by their own husbands. It is true that in the very lowest state of savagery special provision is seldom made by the men for the women even during the periods of pregnancy, childbirth, and infancy of the offspring. The women must live (as among the Hottentots) over the worst of these periods on their own stored-up stock of fat, like hibernating bears or desert camels. It is true also that among savage races generally the women have to work as hard as the men, though the men bear in most cases the larger share in providing actual food for the entire family. But in civilised communities—and the more so in proportion to their degree of civilisation—the men do most of the hardest work, and in particular take upon themselves the duty of providing for the wives and children. The higher the type, the longer are the wives and children provided for. Analogy would lead one to suppose (with Comte) that in the highest communities the men would do all the work, and the women would be left entirely free to undertake the management and education of the children.

Seeing, then, that these necessities are laid by the very nature of our organization upon women, it would appear as though two duties were clearly imposed upon the women themselves, and upon all those men who sympathize in their welfare: First, to see that their train-

ing and education should fit them above everything else for this their main function in life; and, second, that in consideration of the special burden they have to bear in connection with reproduction, all the rest of life should be made as light and easy and free for them as possible. We ought frankly to recognise that most women must be wives and mothers: that most women should therefore be trained, physically, morally, socially, and mentally, in the way best fitting them to be wives and mothers; and that all such women have a right to the fullest and most generous support in carrying out their functions as wives and mothers.

And here it is that we seem to come in conflict for a moment with most of the modern Woman-Question agitators. I say for a moment only, for I am not going to admit, even for that brief space of time, that the doctrine I wish to set forth here is one whit less advanced, one whit less radical, or one whit less emancipatory than the doctrine laid down by the most emancipated women. On the contrary, I feel sure that while women are crying for emancipation they really want to be left in slavery; and that it is only a few exceptional men, here and there in the world, who wish to see them fully and wholly enfranchised. And those men are not the ones who take the lead in so-called Woman's Rights movements.

For what is the ideal that most of these modern women agitators set before them? Is it not clearly the ideal of an unsexed woman? Are they not always talking to us as though it were not the fact that most women must be wives and mothers? Do they not treat any reference to that fact as something ungenerous, ungentlemanly, and almost brutal? Do they not talk about our "casting their sex in their teeth"?—as though any man ever resented the imputation of manliness. Nay, have we not even, many times lately, heard those women who insist upon the essential womanliness of women described as "traitors to the cause of their sex"? Now, we men are (rightly) very jealous of our virility. We hold it a slight not to be borne that anyone should impugn our essential manhood. And we do well to be angry: for virility is the keynote to all that is best and most forcible in the masculine character. Women ought equally to glory in their femininity. A woman ought to be ashamed to say she has no desire to become a wife and mother. Many such women there are no doubt—it is to be feared, with our existing training, far too many: but instead of boasting of their sexlessness as a matter of pride, they ought to keep it dark, and to be ashamed of it—as ashamed as a man in a like predicament would be of his impotence. They ought to feel they have fallen short of the healthy instincts of their kind, instead of posing as in some sense the cream of the universe, on the strength of what is really a functional aberration.

Unfortunately, however, just at the present moment, a considerable number of the ablest women have been misled into taking this

unfeminine side, and becoming real "traitors to their sex" in so far as they endeavour to assimilate women to men in everything, and to put upon their shoulders, as a glory and privilege, the burden of their own support. Unfortunately, too, they have erected into an ideal what is really an unhappy necessity of the passing phase. They have set before them as an aim what ought to be regarded as a *pis-aller*. And the reasons why they have done so are abundantly evident to anybody who takes a wide and extended view of the present crisis—for a crisis it undoubtedly is—in the position of women.

In the first place, the movement for the Higher Education of Women, in itself an excellent and most praiseworthy movement, has at first, almost of necessity, taken a wrong direction, which has entailed in the end much of the present uneasiness. Of course, nothing could well be worse than the so-called education of women forty or fifty years ago. Of course, nothing could be narrower than the view of their sex then prevalent as eternally predestined to suckle fools and chronicle small beer. But when the need for some change was first felt, instead of reform taking a rational direction—instead of women being educated to suckle strong and intelligent children, and to order well a wholesome, beautiful, reasonable household,—the mistake was made of educating them like men—giving a like training for totally unlike functions. The result was that many women became unsexed in the process, and many others acquired a distaste, an unnatural distaste, for the functions which nature intended them to perform. At the present moment, a great majority of the ablest women are wholly dissatisfied with their own position as women, and with the position imposed by the facts of the case upon women generally: and this as the direct result of their false education. They have no real plan to propose for the future of women as a sex: but in a vague and formless way they protest inarticulately against the whole feminine function in women, often even going the length of talking as though the world could get along permanently without wives and mothers.[1]

In the second place, a certain real lack of men to marry, here and now, in certain classes of society, and those the classes that lead thought, has made an exceptional number of able women at present husbandless, and thus has added strength to the feeling that women must and ought to earn their own living. How small and local this cause is I shall hereafter try to show: but there can be no doubt that it has much to do with the present discontents among women. There is a feeling abroad that many women can't get married: and this feeling, bolstered up by erroneous statistics and misunderstood facts, has greatly induced women to erect into an ideal for all what

(1) A short time ago I received an angry letter from a correspondent in Iowa, full of curious bluster about "doing without the men altogether." Apparently this lady really imagined that the human race could be recruited from the gooseberry bushes.

is really a *pis-aller* for a small fraction of their body—self-support in competition with men.

But are there not seven hundred thousand more women than men in the United Kingdom? And must not these seven hundred thousand be enabled to earn their own living? That is the one solid fact which the "advanced" women are always flinging at our heads; and that is the one fallacious bit of statistics which seems at first sight to give some colour of reasonableness to the arguments in favour of the defeminization of women.

As a matter of fact, the statistics are not true. There are not 700,000 more women than men, but 700,000 more *females* than *males* in the United Kingdom. The people who say "seven hundred thousand women," picture to themselves that vast body of marriageable girls, massed in a hollow square, and looking about them in vain across wide leagues of country for non-existent husbands. But figures are things that always require to be explained, and above all, to be regarded in their true proportions to one another. These 700,000 females include infants in arms, lunatics, sisters of charity, unfortunates, and ladies of eighty. A large part of the excess is due to the greater longevity of women; and the number comprises the great mass of widows, who have once in their lives possessed a husband of their own, and have outlived him, partly because they are, as a rule, younger, and partly by dint of their stronger constitutions. Moreover, this total disparity of 700,000, including babies, lunatics, and widows, is a disparity on a gross population of something more than thirty-five millions. Looking these figures straight in the face, we find the actual proportion of the sexes to be as 172 males to 179 females. Speaking very roughly, this makes about four females in every hundred, including babies, widows, and so forth, who haven't a complementary male found for them. This in itself is surely no very terrible disproportion. It doesn't more than cover the relative number of women who are naturally debarred from marriage, or who under no circumstances would ever submit to be married. Out of every hundred women, roughly speaking, ninety-six have husbands provided for them by nature, and only four need go into a nunnery or take to teaching the higher mathematics. And if the marriageable men and women only are reckoned in the account, as far as I can gather from existing statistics, the disproportion sinks to a quite insignificant fraction.

Nevertheless, it is a fact, that both in England and America the marriageable men of the middle and upper classes are not to the fore, and that accordingly in these classes—the discussing, thinking, agitating classes—an undue proportion of women remains unmarried. The causes of this class-disparity are not far to seek. In America, the young man has gone West. In England he is in the army, in the navy, in the Indian Civil Service, in the Cape Mounted Rifles.

He is sheep-farming in New Zealand, ranching in Colorado, growing tea in Assam, planting coffee in Ceylon; he is a cowboy in Montana, or a wheat-farmer in Manitoba, or a diamond-digger at Kimberley, or a merchant at Melbourne: in short, he is anywhere, and everywhere, except where he ought to be, making love to the pretty girls in England. For, being a man, I, of course, take it for granted that the first business of a girl is to be pretty.

Owing to these causes, it has unfortunately happened that a period of great upheaval in the female mind has coincided with a period when the number of unmarried women in the cultivated classes was abnormally large. The upheaval would undoubtedly have taken place in our time, even without the co-operation of this last exacerbating cause. The position of women was not a position which could bear the test of nineteenth-century scrutiny. Their education was inadequate; their social status was humiliating; their political power was *nil;* their practical and personal grievances were innumerable: above all, their relations to the family—to their husbands, their children, their friends, their property—was simply insupportable. A real Woman Question there was, and is, and must be. The pity of it is that the coincidence of its recognition with the dearth of marriageable men in the middle and upper classes has largely deflected the consequent movement into wrong and essentially impracticable channels.

For the result has been that instead of subordinating the claims of the unmarried women to the claims of the wives and mothers, the movement has subordinated the claims of the wives and mothers to the claims of the unmarried women. Almost all the Woman's Rights women have constantly spoken, thought, and written as though it were possible and desirable for the mass of women to support themselves, and to remain unmarried for ever. The point of view they all tacitly take is the point of view of the self-supporting spinster. Now, the self-supporting spinster is undoubtedly a fact—a deplorable accident of the passing moment. Probably, however, even the most rabid of the Woman's Rights people would admit, if hard pressed, that in the best-ordered community almost every woman should marry at twenty or thereabouts. We ought, of course, frankly to recognise the existence of the deplorable accident; we ought for the moment to make things as easy and smooth as possible for her; we ought to remove all professional barriers, to break down the absurd jealousies and prejudices of men, to give her fair play, and if possible a little more than fair play, in the struggle for existence. So much our very chivalry ought to make obligatory upon us. That we should try to handicap her heavily in the race for life is a shame to our manhood. But we ought at the same time fully to realise that she is an abnormality, not the woman of the future. We

ought not to erect into an ideal what is in reality a painful necessity of the present transitional age. We ought always clearly to bear in mind—men and women alike—that to all time the vast majority of women must be wives and mothers; that on those women who become wives and mothers depends the future of the race; and that if either class must be sacrificed to the other, it is the spinsters whose type perishes with them that should be sacrificed to the matrons who carry on the life and qualities of the species.

For this reason a scheme of female education ought to be mainly a scheme for the education of wives and mothers. And if women realised how noble and important a task it is that falls upon mothers, they would ask no other. If they realised how magnificent a nation might be moulded by mothers who devoted themselves faithfully and earnestly to their great privilege, they would be proud to carry out the duties of their maternity. Instead of that, the scheme of female education now in vogue is a scheme for the production of literary women, schoolmistresses, hospital nurses, and lecturers on cookery. All these things are good in themselves, to be sure—I have not a word to say against them; but they are not of the centre. They are side-lines off the main stream of feminine life, which must always consist of the maternal element. "But we can't know beforehand," say the advocates of the mannish training, "which women are going to be married, and which to be spinsters." Exactly so; and therefore you sacrifice the many to the few, the potential wives to the possible lady-lecturers. You sacrifice the race to a handful of barren experimenters. What is thus true of the blind groping after female education is true throughout of almost all the Woman Movement. It gives precedence to the wrong element in the problem. What is essential and eternal it neglects in favour of what is accidental and temporary. What is feminine in women it neglects in favour of what is masculine. It attempts to override the natural distinction of the sexes, and to make women men—in all but virility.

The exact opposite, I believe, is the true line of progress. We are of two sexes: and in healthy diversity of sex, pushed to its utmost, lies the greatest strength of all of us. Make your men virile: make your women womanly. Don't cramp their intelligence: don't compress their waists: don't try to turn them into dolls or dancing girls: but freely and equally develop their feminine idiosyncrasy, physical, moral, intellectual. Let them be healthy in body: let them be sound in mind: if possible (but here I know even the most advanced among them will object) try to preserve them from the tyranny of their own chosen goddess and model, Mrs. Grundy. In one word, emancipate woman (if woman will let you, which is more than doubtful) but leave her woman still, not a dulled and spiritless epicene automaton.

That last, it is to be feared, is the one existing practical result of the higher education of women, up to date. Both in England and America, the women of the cultivated classes are becoming unfit to be wives or mothers. Their sexuality (which lies at the basis of everything) is enfeebled or destroyed. In some cases they eschew marriage altogether—openly refuse and despise it, which surely shows a lamentable weakening of wholesome feminine instincts. In other cases, they marry, though obviously ill adapted to bear the strain of maternity; and in such instances they frequently break down with the birth of their first or second infant. This evil, of course, is destined by natural means to cure itself with time: the families in question will not be represented at all in the second generation, or will be represented only by feeble and futile descendants. In a hundred years, things will have righted themselves. But meanwhile, there is a danger that many of the most cultivated and able families of the English-speaking race will have become extinct, through the prime error of supposing that an education which is good for men must necessarily also be good for women.

I said just now that many women at present eschew marriage, and that this shows a weakening of wholesome feminine instinct. Let me hasten to add, for fear of misconception,—I mean, of course, if they eschew it for want of the physical impulse which ought to be as present in every healthy woman as in every healthy man. That independent-minded women should hesitate to accept the terms of marriage as they now and here exist, I do not wonder. But if they have it really at heart to alter those terms, to escape from slavery, to widen the basis of the contract between the sexes, to put the wife on a higher and safer footing, most sensible men, I feel sure, will heartily co-operate with them. As a rule, however, I observe in actual life that "advanced" women are chary of either putting forward or accepting modifications in this matter. They dread the frown of their Grundian deity. They usually content themselves with vague declamation and with erecting female celibacy into a panacea for the ills that woman is heir to, while they refuse to meddle at all in definite terms with the question of marriage or its substitute in the future. While denouncing loudly the supremacy of man, they seem ready to shake off that supremacy only for the celibate minority of their sex, without attempting to do anything for the married majority.

To sum up the point whither this long, and I confess discursive, argument is tending. There is, and ought to be, a genuine Woman Question and a genuine Woman Movement. But that movement, if it is ever to do any good, must not ignore—nay, on the contrary, must frankly and unreservedly accept and embrace the fact that the vast majority of adult women are and will always be wives and mothers (and when I say "wives," I say so only in the broadest

sense, subject to all possible expansions or modifications of the nature of wifehood). It must also recognise the other fact that in an ideal community the greatest possible number of women should be devoted to the duties of maternity, in order that the average family may be kept small, that is to say, healthy and educable. It must assume as its goal, not general celibacy and the independence of women, but general marriage and the ample support of women by the men of the community. While allowing that exceptional circumstances call for exceptional tenderness towards those women who are now compelled by untoward conditions to earn their own livelihood, it will avoid creating that accident into a positive goal, and it will endeavour to lessen the necessity for the existence of such exceptions in the future. In short, it will recognise maternity as the central function of the mass of women, and will do everything in its power to make that maternity as healthy, as noble, and as little burdensome as possible.

If the "advanced" women will meet us on this platform, I believe the majority of "advanced" men will gladly hold out to them the right hand of fellowship. As a body we are, I think, prepared to reconsider, and to reconsider fundamentally, without prejudice or preconception, the entire question of the relations between the sexes—which is a great deal more than the women are prepared to do. We are ready to make any modifications in those relations which will satisfy the woman's just aspiration for personal independence, for intellectual and moral development, for physical culture, for political activity, and for a voice in the arrangement of her own affairs, both domestic and national. As a matter of fact, few women will go as far in their desire to emancipate woman as many men will go. It was Ibsen, not Mrs. Ibsen, who wrote the *Doll's House*. It was women, not men, who ostracized George Eliot. The slavishness begotten in women by the *régime* of man is what we have most to fight against, not the slave-driving instinct of the men—now happily becoming obsolete, or even changing into a sincere desire to do equal justice. But what we must absolutely insist upon is full and free recognition of the fact that, in spite of everything, the race and the nation must go on reproducing themselves. Whatever modifications we make must not interfere with that prime necessity. We will not aid or abet women as a sex in rebelling against maternity, or in quarrelling with the constitution of the solar system. Whether we have wives or not—and that is a minor point about which I, for one, am supremely unprejudiced—we must at least have mothers. And it would be well, if possible, to bring up those mothers as strong, as wise, as free, as sane, as healthy, as earnest, and as efficient as we can make them. If this is barren paradox, I am content to be paradoxical; if this is rank Toryism, I am content for once to be reckoned among the Tories.

GRANT ALLEN.

THE ARMED STRENGTH OF FRANCE IN 1889.

NINETEEN years have passed since the disastrous war of 1870—71 brought France to the feet of Germany. What steps have the French people been taking during this period of time towards recovering their military strength? The Treaty of Frankfort, which deprived France of her Rhine boundary, together with the greater part of the Vosges mountains, left her eastern frontier strategically open. What has been done by artificial means to compensate for this natural geographical weakness? In 1870 the actual force which Napoleon III. was able to put in the field twenty days after the declaration of war fell short of 300,000 men. Behind this force there were reserve troops scattered about the country, but no previous organisation existed for collecting these men in armies, which could support the first line. If war were declared to-morrow what force could the French staff now bring into the field in the first line, what is the strength and quality of the available reserves, how are they organised, and what facilities are there for mobilisation and concentration as compared with those which existed in 1870? These are the questions which it is proposed to examine to-day.

The eastern, political frontier of France, as drawn by the Treaty of Frankfort, follows a line nearly due south from Longwy on the Belgian frontier to Pont-à-Mousson, a few miles north of which place it crosses the Moselle, and proceeds in a south-easterly direction to the Vosges mountains. It then follows the crest of the mountains to a point known as the Ballon d'Alsace, about twelve miles north of Belfort. From the Ballon d'Alsace the frontier line makes a loop eastwards before touching Switzerland so as to give Belfort to the French. Measured along the line of demarcation the length of the frontier is about 250 miles. As the crow flies it is 160 miles.

This political frontier is strategically indefensible, and after the war of 1870-71 it was found necessary to trace a new military line of defence at a distance varying between thirty and forty miles from the political frontier. The line of the Meuse forms the northern section of the new defences; the line of the Upper Moselle, extended to Belfort, forms the southern section. Behind the Meuse, the forest and hills of the Argonne form an important obstacle to invasion; and behind the Moselle, the Faucilles mountains, which are offshoots from the Vosges, block the way to the Seine valley. It is necessary to fix these two rivers, and these two obstacles, clearly in the mind, as they are the chief geographical features of the new

military frontier of France, and upon them hangs the system of defence organised by the French to resist invasion.

The main lines of railway which a German invasion must follow are as under :—

(1.) The northern line by Thionville and Mezières which, skirting the Belgian frontier, crosses the Meuse near Sedan, and reaches Paris either by turning south at Mezières, and so into the Marne valley, or by continuing along the frontier as far as Hirson, and there turning down into the valley of the Oise.

(2.) The Metz-Verdun line, which is the highway into France from Central Germany, and strikes the Marne valley at Châlons.

(3.) The Strasburg-Nancy-Toul line, which debouches from the gap[1] of Saverne, and enters the Marne valley at Vitry.

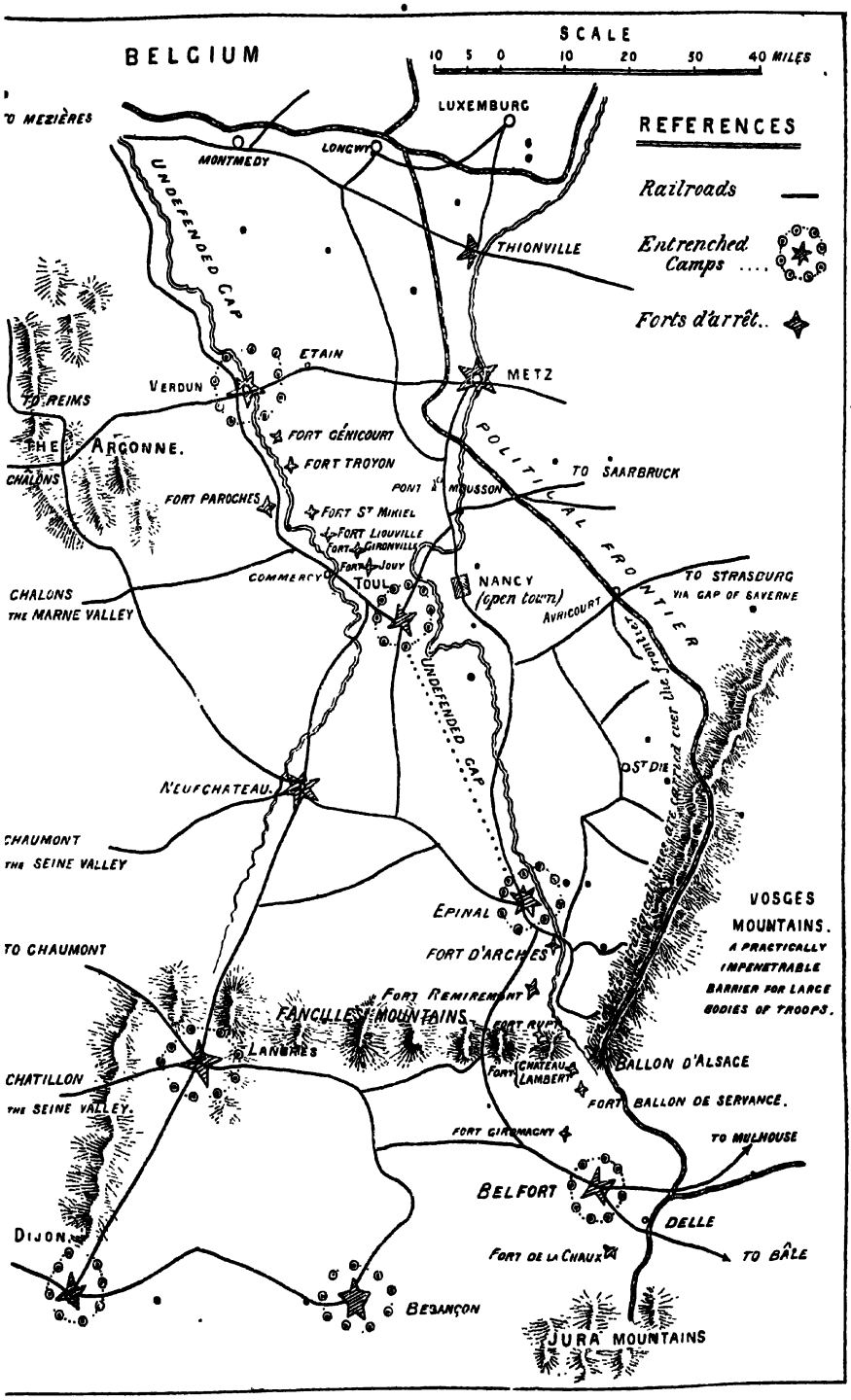
(4.) The Mulhouse-Belfort line, which, entering France through the gap of Belfort, reaches the Seine valley at Chatillon. This line is also joined at Epinal by a branch line of the Strasburg-Nancy railroad.

Except the above-mentioned lines there are no other railroads leading direct into France from Germany, and it will be seen by a glance at the map how they follow the old paths which geographical conditions have imposed on all invaders of French territory—viz., the valleys of the Seine, the Marne, and the Oise.

Keeping these facts in view, what have the French done in the way of artificial defence? On the Meuse they have constructed a line of works extending for nearly fifty miles from Verdun to Toul. Similarly on the Moselle they have constructed another line of works, beginning at Epinal and extended for about forty miles down to Belfort. The extremities of each of these lines are flanked by the entrenched camps of Verdun and Toul on the north, and Epinal and Belfort on the south. These entrenched camps are built on the same principle as the entrenched camp of Paris. There is a central fortified position, with detached forts round it at distances varying from four to six miles from the citadel.

At intervals between the entrenched camps are placed *forts d'arrêt*. These are isolated but self-supporting works (from 3,000 to 5,000 yards apart), resembling the larger forts which enclose the entrenched camps. Between Verdun and Toul are the following *forts d'arrêt* :— Génicourt, Troyon, Paroches, St. Mihiel, Lionville, Gironville, and Jouy-sous-les-Côtes. Between Epinal and Belfort are Forts d'Arches,

(1) The so-called "gap of Saverne" is the *trouée* between the northern and southern Vosges mountains, and was the line by which MacMahon retreated after his defeat at Wörth. Besides the railway the famous canal connecting the Rhine with the Marne is cut along this route. It is this gap, and the communications through it, which give Toul its significance, and mark it out as the central strategical point on the eastern frontier of France.


BELGIUM
SCALE
10 5 0 10 20 30 40 MILES
REFERENCES
Railroads
Entrenched Camps
Forts d'arrêt
TO MEZIÈRES
LUXEMBURG
MONTMEDY
LONGWY
UNDEFENDED GAP
THIONVILLE
ETAIN
VERDUN
METZ
TO REIMS
THE ARGONNE.
CHALONS
FORT GÉNICOURT
FORT TROYON
POLITICAL FRONTIER
TO SAARBRUCK
PONT MOUSSON
FORT PARROCHES
FORT St MIHIEL
FORT LIGUVILLE
FORT GIRONVILLE
FORT JOUY
COMMERCY
TOUL
NANCY (open town)
AVRICOURT
TO STRASBURG VIA GAP OF SAVERNE
CHALONS THE MARNE VALLEY
UNDEFENDED GAP
ST DIE
NEUFCHATEAU
CHAUMONT THE SEINE VALLEY
EPINAL
FORT D'ARCHES
VOSGES MOUNTAINS. A PRACTICALLY IMPENETRABLE BARRIER FOR LARGE BODIES OF TROOPS.
TO CHAUMONT
FORT REMIREMONT
FAUCILLES MOUNTAINS
FORT PUY
LANGRES
CHATEAU LAMBERT FORT
BALLON D'ALSACE
CHATILLON THE SEINE VALLEY
FORT BALLON DE SERVANCE.
FORT GIROMAGNY
TO MULHOUSE
BELFORT
DIJON
DELLE
FORT DE LA CHAUX
TO BÂLE
BESANÇON
JURA MOUNTAINS

Remiremont, Rupt, Château Lambert, Ballon de Servance, and Giromagny.

It will be seen from the sketch, which accompanies this paper, that the entrenched camps of Verdun, Toul, Epinal, and Belfort are placed directly athwart the four lines of railway leading from Germany to France. The total length of the line of defence from the Belgian frontier to Belfort is about 140 miles, ninety of which are continuously fortified. There are two gaps purposely left unfortified, each about twenty-five miles in length. The first gap, through which the northern railway passes, has no artificial defence whatever, as the old Vauban fortresses of Longwy and Montmédy are worthless against modern artillery fire. The second gap is protected by one fort only at Neufchâteau, which is retired some twenty miles from the front line. The sketch shows the significance of this fort with reference to the railway system in this part of France.

The second line of defence must be briefly noticed. Beginning at the north, and neglecting for the purposes of this study the entrenched camps of Laon and La Fère, which more properly concern the French defences on the northern frontier, there is first of all the great entrenched camp of Reims, which bars the road to any German force attempting to invade France through the gap left between Belgium and Verdun. Further south we come to the entrenched camp of Langres, which closes the approach to the Seine valley of an army advancing either by the *trouée* of Belfort, or through the undefended gap Toul-Epinal. Still further south are the entrenched camps of Dijon and Besançon, guarding the railroads leading into the south of France. For their third and last line of artificial defence the French have Paris in the north, and the fortified camp of Lyons in the south.

Such is a short sketch of the defensive barrier which the French began to build on their Eastern frontier in 1874, which (including armament) has already cost £135,000,000, and for the completion and improvement of which up to date further large credits must from time to time be voted. These defensive works mark a new departure in the history of fortification. Hitherto the *rôle* of permanent fortification has been limited to the protection of certain strategical points—such as road meetings and river passages—by fortifying which points it has been possible for a small force to defend itself when attacked by one numerically stronger. In this way fortresses have acted as *points d'appui* for armies in the field. The French *camp retranché* has a different *rôle* to fulfil. It is intended to receive an entire army not under but within its walls, and to give the army shelter, rest, and means of refitting. It thus becomes a base of operations rather than a *point d'appui*. The danger is that as such it will act detrimentally as regards the free

action of the commander of the army which has the camp for its base. Hitherto fortification has been subservient to strategy. The French are attempting to reverse this; and in building works of defence at certain places, and leaving gaps at others, they openly avow their intention to control the conduct of the campaign, and limit the movements not only of their own armies, but of those of their enemies also.

Far from being alarmed at the construction of this "Chinese wall" the Germans have been watching its progress with grim satisfaction. They declare the permanent works which the French have thrust forward into their front line to be a "strategical monstrosity," which will only serve to hamper the offensive action of French armies in the field. They affirm that the works are useless even from the point of view of pure passive defence, and that it will be easy to break through the centre of the wall Verdun-Toul by "overwhelming" (with the help of the light field siege trains, which are ready at Metz and Strasburg) one or two of the *forts d'arrêt* which block the roads near Commercy. The value of the new French defences can only be determined by the result of war, but the previous testimony of history is certainly on the side of the Germans. Forts, which are invulnerable to-day, may be found to-morrow to be worthless as military obstacles. The offensive action of modern field artillery is year by year increasing in power as fresh chemical discoveries are made. The French are strengthening their works with concrete and iron; but even concrete and iron are not proof against the powerful "fulmi-coton" shells which the Germans have constructed for their rifled field mortars.

It is not only in Germany that the construction of these works has been criticised. Among the French also, especially since the recent trials of the melinite shells at Malmaison, doubts are openly expressed as to the power not only of earth parapets, but even of iron cupolas, to withstand the destructive effect of artillery fire. Public opinion in France lately became so alarmed that the French War Office asked Colonel Hennebert, the henchman of General Rivières (late Director-General of Fortifications), to publish a justification of the new *camps retranchés*. In his interesting work, *Les Frontières de France*, Colonel Hennebert quotes General Brialmont, and even Napoleon, as being advocates of the modern *camp retranché*. The opinions of General Brialmont, who, though a distinguished engineer, has had no experience of actual war, are well known; but it is not possible to show that Napoleon, either by word or action, ever advocated the use of fortification in the field[1] to

(1) The arguments in favour of fortifying Paris—a step advocated by Napoleon—rest upon entirely different grounds, and have no meaning when applied to the vast

the extent to which France since 1870—71 has allowed it to be carried. The whole of Napoleon's wars go to show the small value he set upon fortifications of any kind. In his celebrated campaign of 1800 he allowed Genoa, which was being held for him by Massena, to fall under his very eyes, knowing full well that if he could beat the Austrians in the field, as he subsequently did at Marengo, not only Genoa would be recovered, but Tortona, Alexandria, and every other strong place held by the Imperialists in Italy, would be forced to capitulate. So too in 1806, after the battle of Jena, he did not stop to besiege the Prussian fortresses on the Elbe, but pushed rapidly on to the Oder in order to crush the remnants of Prussian armies in the field. It was Napoleon's invariable practice to go straight for his enemy, find him when and where he could, and beat him in open battle; and in building these vast camps of refuge for their armies, the French, rightly or wrongly, are deliberately departing from the example of this great master of war, who showed by his repeated victories in the field the impotence of fortification to avert defeat.

The garrisons required for these camps will subtract a large number of fighting men from the armies available for field service. The writer has been at some pains to ascertain the extent of the entrenched camps already constructed in France, or in process of completion, and has found that the total perimeters of the fourteen first-class camps cover no less than 430 miles. Supposing all these camps were to receive their full garrisons, calculated on the basis of 1,200 men per kilomètre, they would absorb more than 1,000,000 men. Toul, Verdun, Epinal, and Belfort, together with the intermediate *forts d'arrêt* in the first line, would in any case have to be fully and immediately garrisoned directly war was declared; and for this purpose 250,000 men would be necessary. It is understood that the French staff have arranged to bring the existing peace garrisons of these places up to war strength from men of the territorial army not required for the mobile armies, and so far the mobilisation of the field armies will not be interfered with. The fact, nevertheless, remains that, when war is declared, 250,000 men will be at once *immobilisés* on the eastern frontier alone, and will remain so throughout the war.

Until the passing of the new Army Bill this year, the law of 1872 has fixed the conditions of military service in France. Under that law every Frenchmen, on reaching the age of twenty, is liable to military service until completing the age of forty. Service is for five years in the active or standing army, and for four years in the reserve of the active army. The French soldier then passes into the ranks of

works of permanent defence, which have been constructed in the first line of the French eastern frontier.

the territorial army for five years, after which period he serves for a further and final period of six years in the reserve of the territorial army. His liability to military service, under the law of 1872, then ceases. The active army, and its reserve, constitute the first line of defence; the territorial army, and its reserve, the second line. The reserve of the territorial army cannot be called out except in case of national danger, and then only class by class. It is understood, however, that, in the event of war with Germany, the whole of the territorial reservists would be mobilised without delay.

The average number of young men who have annually reached the age of twenty since 1870, from which year the law of 1872 began to have retrospective effect, is 312,000. If all these young men had every year been physically fit for service, and if they had all been enrolled, trained, and passed through the various grades of the active and territorial armies, the French army in 1890 (allowing for the average percentage of casualties) would number no less than 5,700,000 fully-trained soldiers. Large deductions, however, from the annual contingent of conscripts have always had to be made for young men physically unfit for service, and for others who are exempted for special family reasons fixed by law. In 1886, the recruiting statistics for which year are before the writer, the following deductions were actually made from the year's contingent of recruits:—

Morally and physically unfit for service . .	47,000
Seminarists	4,665
Only sons, or exempted for other family reasons fixed by law	60,000
Excused from service with the colours during peace, but enrolled for duty in the non-combatant ranks during war, as artificers, engineer labourers, clerks, medical attendants, &c.	26,000
Men who voluntarily engaged either as officers, or in the ranks for permanent service .	20,000
Young men who enlisted in the Navy . .	4,000
One-year volunteers (young men of good family who were allowed to serve for one year on payment of a sum of money) : . .	4,584
Total	166,249

These deductions left only 145,751 conscripts out of 312,000. Of these 7,000 were taken for the navy, thus leaving 138,751 for the army. The budget establishment fixed for 1886-87 was 523,833 of all ranks. Consequently if the whole of the 138,751 men for 1886, and corresponding contingents for previous years, were kept for five years with the colours in addition to the permanent staff of officers and non-commissioned officers, the standing army would be largely

in excess of the establishment fixed by law. In 1886 the number of conscripts whom it was decided to train for a full period of service was 96,727. The remaining men of the contingent, viz., 42,024 were trained for one year only, and then allowed to go home on permanent furlough. The numbers to be kept and those granted furlough, are each year selected by lot. From time to time the military authorities have to continue this process of weeding so as to keep down the numbers in the ranks of the standing army. Only a portion, for instance, of the 96,727 recruits for 1886 will serve their full period of five years, as many will have to be sent to their homes after three and four years' service according as circumstances require.

With regard to the exemptions, which have been noticed above, those who are judged each year morally and physically unfit for military service are struck off the rolls of the State army altogether. The seminarists have also been so treated until the passing of the new Army Bill this year. Young men exempted for family reasons (60,000 in 1886) and those enrolled as non-combatants (26,000 in 1886) must, however, be included in calculating the present strength of the French army. Though not trained with the active army, they none the less belong to it, and are always liable to be called out for service. The men exempted for family reasons are twice called out for training with the reservists of the active army for periods of twenty-eight days at a time, and once for a period of thirteen days with the territorial army. They thus receive sixty-nine days' training altogether. If the provisions of the law of 1872 were fully observed, they would also receive fifty-six days' training with the active army, making 125 days altogether, which is more than the number of days' instruction received by Swiss soldiers. Financial reasons, however, have hitherto prevented these men being as fully instructed as was originally contemplated. The men selected for non-combatant duties are not trained at all during peace, but each year they are mustered and re-classed according to their professional capacity, and every man knows where his place, and what his duties, will be in time of war.

The French Army of 1889 is thus composed of four classes of soldiers, as stated in the table given below. The table is arranged so as to show what the respective strengths of the active and territorial armies with their reserves are at the present date, and what amount of military instruction has been imparted to each class. It will be seen that in time of war the French staff can count on the services of no less than 4,108,655 men, and that 2,025,253 of these are fully trained soldiers, who have served in the standing army for periods varying from three to five years.

First Line.	Class I. Men who have been fully trained in the Active Army from 3 to 5 years.	Class II. Men who have had one year's training in the Active Army	Class III. Men who have only been trained when called out with the Reserves.	Class IV. Men without any training, intended for non-combatant duties in war.	Total.
Active Army . .	654,899	170,062	——	{ 281,820 / 122,120 }	1,228,901
Reserve . . .	373,890	156,354	203,940	88,374	822,558
Total First Line.	1,028,789	326,416	203,940	492,314	2,051,459
Second Line.					
Territorial Army	426,360	178,296	232,560	100,776	937,992
Reserve . . .	570,104	191,360	249,600	108,140	1,119,204
Total Second Line	996,464	369,656	482,160	208,916	2,057,196
Grand Total .	2,025,253	696,072	686,100	701,230	4,108,655

On the 1st of January, 1890, the recruiting law of 1872 will give place to the new law which passed through the French Chamber on the 9th of last July. By this law service in the active army is reduced from five to three years. This (with the same budget establishment as at present) will enable a larger portion of the annual contingent to be fully trained with the colours than is now possible. In introducing the measure, M. de Freycinet said it was intended, as far as budget conditions would permit, to take the whole of the annual contingent, including seminarists, for three years' service in the active army. The Senate, however, modified the Bill so that young men intended for professions and trades should be required to serve for one year only, and then sent on furlough. Seminarists are to be similarly treated. Priests in time of war will act as hospital attendants. The eventual effect of the new law will be to give France more fully trained soldiers[1] than at present, but its provisions will act very injuriously towards the agricultural labourers, who, under the law of 1872, took their chance with others in drawing lots for one year's service, but are now compelled to serve for three full years, while the artisans get off with one year. Originally proposed as a democratic measure, the new Army Bill will thus have, as far as the peasants are concerned, a distinctly anti-democratic effect.

What organisation exists for bringing these vast masses of trained men into the field?

In France there is no dual control of the army, partly by a

(1) "Je vous apporte," said M. de Freycinet, when introducing the new bill, "trois millions de soldats au lieu des deux millions que vous donne la loi de 1872."

commander-in-chief, and partly by a War Minister. The French War Minister combines the functions of both these officials. He is the combatant as well as the parliamentary chief of the army, and as such is answerable to the French people for its discipline as well as its administration. Since 1870 the War Minister has always been a soldier with the single exception of M. de Freycinet. Whether soldier or civilian, the law compels him to be a cabinet minister; and whether he has a seat or not in Parliament, he takes his place on the ministerial bench both in the Senate and Chamber whenever his presence is necessary. This arrangement has been attended with marked success, and the extraordinary recuperative power of the French Army during the past ten years is largely due to the fact that, under the system established after the War, the French people secured, through their parliamentary representatives, as complete a control over their Army as they have over their post office, treasury, or any other national institution.

For purposes of recruiting and mobilisation, France is divided into eighteen army corps districts. Algeria forms the nineteenth district. As in Germany, so in France, each district enjoys local independence. Each has its own commander, its own staff, its own regimental cadres. Inside his own district the army corps commander is absolutely responsible for raising, training, and mobilising the troops both of the active and territorial armies. He reports direct to the War Minister, who is his only master. The organisation is, with some slight exception, perfectly uniform throughout the nineteen districts. There are the same number of battalions, batteries, squadrons, guns, and carriages both for the active and territorial armies.

The active army is mobilised first. Each district is divided into eight regions; each region has its regiment of infantry, composed of four battalions. When mobilisation is ordered, all reservists living in the region would join their regimental headquarters, receive their arms and clothing, and take their places in the ranks. Three battalions of each regional regiment would go to the front with the army corps; the fourth battalion would remain behind as a reserve depôt. All reservists not required with the three service battalions, would remain with the depôt till wanted at the front. Each army corps would thus have its own reserves ready to replace casualties, and each reservist would go to the battalion, battery, or squadron, on the rolls of which his name had been borne during peace. This system is identical with that in vogue in Germany, except that conscripts in France, while serving with the active army during peace, are sent out of their regions. It was thought prudent, for political reasons, to make this arrangement, which will not delay mobilisa-

tion, as it does not apply to the reservists, who, when mobilised, would join the headquarters of the region in which they reside.

The strength of each French *corps d'armée* on a war footing is as follows: officers and men, 38,335; horses, 11,672; guns, 108; and carriages, 2,153. There are eighteen of these corps in France, and a nineteenth in Algeria, for the transport of which special arrangements have been made in case of war, so that it may be counted on to reach the frontier forty-eight hours after the arrival of the other corps. In addition to these nineteen *corps d'armée* there are six independent cavalry divisions, which would be massed on the frontier at once to act as a cavalry screen, and cover the concentration of the French armies. These six cavalry divisions number 21,700 sabres, with 108 guns. The total strength of French troops, which could thus be made immediately available for massing on the frontier may be estimated at, officers and men 750,065, guns 2,160, horses 243,468, and carriages 40,907. The whole of these troops completely equipped, and provided with two days' rations for immediate use, would be concentrated in their own districts ready for transportation to the frontier on the night of the sixth day after receiving the order to mobilise. The ranks would contain no recruits, who would remain at the depots—their places being taken by the fully trained reservists. After sending these 750,065 men[1] to the front there would still remain at the depôts 278,724 fully trained men, 326,416 men with one year's training, 203,940 men who had been trained with the reserve, and 492,314 men available for employment as non-combatants. A portion of these reserve troops would be immediately organised for *etappen* duties on the lines of communication, and the remainder held in reserve to fill gaps in the ranks at the front.

The territorial army is the counterpart of the active army. It has a separate staff and separate cadres. The territorial staff carry on their duties contemporaneously with the active army staff. The territorial army is entirely localised, everyone belonging to it and its reserve being mustered in the region where he resides. Mobilisation is thus achieved with a minimum of travelling. The mobilisation of the territorial army, however, has to give way to that of the active army, and territorial men are obliged to use the ordinary roads to reach their destination, so that the railroads may be entirely free for the movements of the active army.

As regards the cadres of the territorial army, in each army corps district there are eight regiments of infantry (of three battalions each), eight squadrons of cavalry, and one regiment of artillery (varying from twelve to sixteen batteries). Corresponding cadres exist for engineer troops, commissariat, hospital corps, and transport

(1) They would probably be formed into three armies of 200,000 men each, and a fourth army of 150,000.

train. The guns, harness for the horses, and artillery *matériel* are all ready; so also are the arms and clothing for the men. Horses and transport carriages are registered in each region. Though not organised during peace in brigades and divisions, it is understood that the commanders and their staff are named, and that the lists are revised every year. The total strength of the cadres of the territorial army in all the districts is as follows:—

Infantry	444 battalions.
Cavalry	148 squadrons.
Artillery . . .	288 batteries (1,728 guns.)
Engineers	61 companies.
Commissariat . . .	18 sections.
Hospital Corps . . .	18 sections.
Train	18 squadrons.

The intentions of the French staff as to the disposal of these troops are, of course, a profound secret; but if all arrangements are as complete as they outwardly appear to be, there is no reason why three armies (two of 200,000 men each, and one of 150,000 men) should not be formed and sent to the front closely following the armies of the first line. Sufficient men would still remain to garrison the strong places, and serve as reserves for the field armies, and for duty on their lines of communication.

The final result of these calculations shows that if war were declared to-morrow, France could put into the field no less than five armies of 200,000 men each, and two armies of 150,000 men each—the whole of these armies being completely equipped for a prolonged campaign, and supported by ample reserves for *etappen* duties, and for replacing casualties. This is five times the strength of the force which Napoléon III. placed in the field in 1870.

The concentration of these unprecedentedly large armies involves an enormous railway problem. How great that problem is may be conceived when it is stated that to transport one French *corps d'armée* by rail, 102 trains are required, numbering 138 locomotives, and 4,440 carriages. The question of railway transport has been made the subject of long and special study in the fourth bureau of the French general staff, and if the railway organisation breaks down in time of war, it will not be for want of previous arrangements, which have all been worked out during peace down to the smallest detail. The rolling stock of the French railways is very efficient; 6,000 locomotives and 200,000 vehicles of different kinds would be available for military use. If these are properly distributed the concentration and strategical deployment of the whole of the French field armies could be carried out simultaneously as soon as each corps is mobilised in its own district.

Here it is necessary to leave the French army, but not without

wishing it God-speed in its efforts to recover its strength. Amidst the political struggles, which have engulfed France since the fall of the Second Empire, the re-organisation of the army has been the first object of every ministry and every party. To secure its efficiency no sacrifice of time, money, or labour has been spared by the people. A conspicuous feature of the French army of 1889 is the changed character of the officers. Holding aloof from politics, quietly, earnestly, humbly, they have been striving to redeem the sloth of their fathers who served in the army of Napoleon III. With the zeal so notable in their German brethren, they have been seeking by sheer hard work to train their men to be worthy of victory. With whichever side the political interests of England may be supposed to be connected in the coming struggle, there can be only one feeling of personal sympathy for French officers and soldiers who, with humbled pride but unbroken spirit, are day by day preparing for a contest, which their sense of patriotism places before them as an inevitable necessity of the future.

PROGRESS IN CHINA.

So much interest has been expressed lately in the prospects of industrial enterprise in China that an attempt to elucidate the question may not be unwelcome. It is, I think, by a review of what has actually taken place during the last thirty years of foreign intercourse, accompanied by a consideration of existing influences, that we shall most easily realise the conditions of the problem. For Chinese ways, it must never be forgotten, are not our ways; and it is impossible to form a right estimate of the industrial and commercial position in China without the help of political side-lights. We are a people who travel much and have been accustomed for centuries to contact with other peoples and external ideas, whereas they have been isolated for millennia, and are suspicious and ignorant in matters beyond the scope of their daily life. We live in an atmosphere of popular government and eager progress, whereas "the foundations of the Chinese empire repose upon an all-pervading officialism—a bureaucracy trained to apply maxims of Government enunciated centuries before the Christian era."[1] There are modifying influences at work, but where the mass of conservatism is so great the disintegrating forces must be slow in their operation.

It was once pithily remarked that the Municipal Council of Shanghai are the best missionaries in China. What was meant was that the foreign settlement at Shanghai serves as a practical illustration of the advantages of Western civilisation. Chinese from other parts of the empire who pass through it—and thousands do so every year—may see handsome houses and well-kept streets lighted by the electric light or by gas; they may see machinery, water-works, telegraphs, telephones, steamers, public gardens; and the ideas thus acquired must percolate in some measure through the interior. And what is true of Shanghai is true also of Hong Kong; that once barren rock has grown, under English rule, into a port of first-class rank and an industrial centre of astonishing activity. Through Hong Kong annually pass more than seven million tons of shipping, docks and factories have been constructed, and companies have been formed for numerous forms of enterprise, in which Chinese residents take an active interest. There is an immense passenger traffic by the steamers which ply daily between Hong Kong and the great neighbouring city of Canton, and it would be absurd to suppose that what the voyagers see can fail of educational effect. Then there is gradually making way a new literature, foreign in its inspiration,

(1) *The Chinese Government.* By W. F. Mayers. London, 1876.

which tends to explain the elementary principles of science and the leading features of social life in other countries. Books have been translated for this purpose under foreign auspices, and there have been established in Hong Kong, and at Canton, Shanghai, and Tientsin, Chinese newspapers, mostly under foreign guidance, which cannot fail to disseminate the new ideas.

It was perhaps a natural consequence of the pressure under which China was opened to foreign trade, that the first indications given of a willingness to adopt foreign methods were in the direction of war-like appliances. Attributing the defeats she had experienced entirely to the superiority of foreign weapons and war-ships, she conceived a wish to place herself on an equality with her late adversaries. And this appreciation of the value of foreign weapons led to the creation of dockyards and arsenals. The first arsenal in China on foreign lines was begun in 1863 by Sir Halliday Macartney. The episode deserves note as signalising, I believe, the first erection of foreign machinery—at any rate under Chinese auspices—on Chinese soil, and the first introduction to foreign appliances of the great statesman who is now the foremost advocate of progress in the Empire. Dr. Macartney was then attached to the staff of Li Hung-chang, and the story of his persistent and eventually successful efforts to get a Boxer fuse turned by a Chinese carpenter with a common Chinese lathe, while he was making his first mould with his own hands at the camp gate, would contrast romantically with a list of the great establishments that are now turning out ships, guns, and munitions of war at Foochow, Shanghai, Port Arthur, and other important centres. These early difficulties had, however, been overcome, and an arsenal on a small scale successfully established in the provincial capital, when the dispersal of the Lay-Osborn flotilla afforded a grand opportunity for enlargement. There was thus placed on the local market elaborate Whitworth machinery for the manufacture of guns and every muniment of war. Macartney persuaded Li to buy this, and when everything had been set in place invited him to witness it at work. The effect was dramatic, but the success was complete. The example was quickly copied, and there exist now arsenals at several of the chief provincial cities.

The establishments at Nanking and Tientsin are confined to the manufacture of guns and ammunition; but at Foochow and Shanghai dockyards were added and a number of steamers built, the machinery for which was imported from Europe, while the guns were cast in the adjoining workshops. The government wanted warships as well as weapons, and here were the beginnings of the Chinese navy. But it was an epoch of rapid invention, and Chinese statesmen soon realised that their new ships had been left behind by the modern ironclad as far as their junks had been behind the gunboats of the allied fleet.

Ironclads and fast cruisers were ordered accordingly from Newcastle and Stettin, and two or three of the latter had arrived when the war with France came to demonstrate that something beyond the possession of ships was needed to make them the equals of Europeans at sea.

More ironclads have since been purchased, and China possesses now a mechanically and numerically powerful fleet, though whether the discipline and efficiency of the *personnel* would stand the test of abandonment to their own resources is a problem still awaiting solution. An English naval officer, Captain Lang, has been engaged as instructor to the Northern Squadron, which has progressed favourably in discipline under his auspices. But his control extends only to matters of seamanship and gunnery, while in matters of general administration the Chinese rule supreme; and Chinese ideas are, as we shall have frequent occasion to remark, peculiar. Conceive, for instance, the effect in a modern fleet of a system under which the officers farm the supply of ammunition and stores. What would be the consequence, in case of sudden war, of such a system? Then modern guns are constructed with a view to slow-burning powder, which involves less strain on the weapon; but the Chinese use indiscriminately, and more frequently, the common quick powder, with disastrous results to their costly Armstrongs.

Side by side with the navy there has been created also a mercantile fleet, under the title of "Chinese Merchants S. N. Company," which has risen from small beginnings to a total of twenty-six vessels, valued at Tls. 2,000,000 (about £400,000). This also owes its conception to Li-Hung Chang, who procured for it large subventions and the guarantee of a considerable source of income in the shape of freight for tribute rice. The great inland waterway known as the Grand Canal had fallen into disrepair amid the varied troubles which have lately beset the empire, and the moment was opportune for a progressive statesman to procure recognition of a new means of carriage. The motive was also avowed of ousting foreigners from the coast and riverine trade; but if that hope were really entertained, its realisation has probably been relegated to a remote future. The managers are content, for the present, to take a share of the traffic and run amicably with their foreign rivals. Though manned by Chinese these steamers are commanded and officered by foreigners, and confine themselves entirely to the ports open by treaty to foreign trade, from an apprehension, apparently, that if they began plying elsewhere foreigners might claim to follow the example; and Chinese progress has very certainly not yet taken the form of a desire for the extension of commerce in that direction. An attempt was actually made, last year, by some Chinese merchants in Hainan to run a steamer between the non-treaty ports of that island and the adjacent

peninsula; but the authorities set their faces against it, and it necessarily failed. The incident may seem too trifling to deserve mention, but it illustrates a habit of interference with private enterprise that seriously hinders progress in China.

The governor of Formosa has also purchased two steamers to aid in developing the trade of his island; and it is significant of a curious feature in Chinese polity that their intrusion on the northern coast was the signal for a display of jealousy on the part of Li, as protector of the C.M.S.N. The decentralisation of provinces and the immixture of officials in commercial enterprise lead to some very curious complications; and it will not be till the lesson has been learned of leaving commercial enterprise to private energy, and of treating finance from an Imperial instead of from an individual and provincial view, that industrial movement on a great scale can be expected. Some two or three steamers owned by native merchants in Shanghai represent, I believe, so far, the sum of private enterprise in this direction. Yet the willingness with which Chinese invest in steamship companies, and run steamers of their own, in Hong Kong and the Straits, proves that they are by no means unwilling personally to engage in such ventures.

Another instance of progress resulting from hostile stress is the Telegraph, which now stretches from north to south and from east to west across the Empire. The story of the electric telegraph in China is curious and illustrative. It dawns with an attempt made in 1865 by an Englishman named Reynolds to construct a line of about a dozen miles from Shanghai to the mouth of the Hwang-poo. It would not have been the slighest use in those days to ask permission, but he thought there might be a chance for the accomplished fact, and, having made every preparation, tried to rush the affair through before it could be hindered. I do not remember whether the entire distance was completed, but it was certainly never worked. The officials frowned, and the country people promptly pulled down the poles. The proceedings of Chinese mobs in such cases are one of the mysteries which foreigners probably never will succeed in fathoming. That the people are jealous and superstitious is beyond doubt, and these notions may, on occasion, impel them to independent action. But it is also beyond doubt that their superstitions are as easily played upon by the officials, and *literati* and gentry of the district, as a piano is played on by an expert musician; and where the impulse originated that led to the destruction of this first telegraph line it would be hard to predicate.

The Great Northern Telegraph Company next undertook, in 1871, to lay a cable along the coast between Hong Kong and Shanghai.

Hong Kong being a British colony, there was of course no difficulty at that end; nor was there, I believe, any attempt to interfere with proceedings on the coast. But great uneasiness was shown by the officials when the Yangtze was reached, and it became a question of laying the cable up the river and landing it at Shanghai. The shore end was, in fact, landed surreptitiously in the middle of the night; and for some time no one, not even foreigners, knew the precise spot. The excitement, however, gradually subsided, and when they could venture to disclose their hiding-place, the Company's agents invited certain wealthy Chinese and began telegraphing for their edification. They were greatly interested, but very sceptical; till, at last, one more venturesome than the rest undertook to telegraph to a correspondent in Hong Kong for a consignment of goods by the next steamer. Here was a test: would the goods come? They did! And the fact of telegraphy was established.

It was still far, however, from being recognised, even in principle, by the Chinese Government. The Kuldja dispute with Russia was to supply the pressure which led to that consummation. The remarkable treaty which Chunghow had concluded at Livadia brought home to the Imperial Government the inconvenience of its isolation; and in June, 1881, an overland line was sanctioned, from Tientsin to Shanghai, which placed it practically in communication with the capitals of Europe. The line was carried a stage further towards the capital in 1883, and, from thence to Peking in the autumn of the following year. These lines have since been extended to encircle and traverse the whole Empire—westward from Shanghai across central China to the capital of Szechuen and the border of Burmah, southward along the coast to Canton and the frontier of Tonking, and from Tientsin again northward across Manchuria to Hei-lung-chiang on the frontier of Siberia; while the great islands of Formosa and Hainan have been connected by cable with the mainland; and further lines, from Kiukiang to Canton, through the heart of the southern provinces, and from Paoting north through Shanse, to join the Russian line at Kiachta, are said to be contemplated.

A question that may suggest itself is that of engineers and operators. The Chinese took into their service a few experts from the Great Northern Company's employ, who are stationed principally as advisers at the chief coast cities; and a school of telegraphy which the company had established at Foochow in 1876 supplied a certain number of operators. But they have, with these exceptions, done the greater part of the work themselves; and though the fact is, in a measure, to their credit, it involves an element of danger which is not confined to their telegraph plant. It is charged that the lines are falling into disrepair; that rotten poles are not

adequately replaced, and that the batteries and electric plant wear out and are neglected. Nor is that all. It is charged that the privacy of messages is not respected, and that the operators are negligent of their office work as well as of their plant. It would doubtless be unfair to apply these charges too generally, but the line between Tientsin and Peking is said to be the only one kept in really good condition. Nor must the fact be overlooked that a telephone has also been constructed along this route, connecting Li Hung-chang's palace at Tientsin with Peking in one direction and the Taku Forts in the other.

The history of railways—if that which is scarcely existent can be said to have a history—is similar to that of telegraphs. Every one is familiar with the story of the little railway constructed some thirteen years ago, by a few English merchants, between Shanghai and Woosung, but which was compulsorily acquired and torn up by the Provincial Authorities within a twelvemonth of its completion. It is known, too, how an English engineer, Mr. Kinder, gradually and tentatively supplanted carts by tramways, and mules by a little engine, at certain collieries in the province of Chih-li of which he had the superintendence. Both these experiments had, without doubt, an important educational effect. But the impulse which was to lead to the official acceptance of railways as an institution was to be supplied by the war with France. The difficulty of sending troops to Tonking convinced the Mandarins of their value as a means of transport; and all recent utterances on the subject dwell fully as much on their strategical as on their commercial value. Li Hung-chang was, as usual, the first in the field, and was authorised, in 1887, to undertake the construction of a pioneer line between Tientsin and Taku, to be extended subsequently in one direction to Shan-hai-kwan, where the Great Wall reaches the coast, and in the other to Tungchow on the way towards Peking. The project was inaugurated under the guise of a company, but was unsuccessful in attracting Chinese capital, for the simple reason that Chinese capitalists are shy of investing in enterprises which their officials pretend to control. Great Mandarins like Li, however, are never at a loss for a few hundred thousand pounds. The first section was completed last year; and His Excellency had the satisfaction of travelling by it, in October, from Tientsin to the Eastern Hills. The distance was eighty-five miles, and it had cost only the moderate sum of £4,250 a mile. It was welcomed and utilised by the people, and its prompt extension was notoriously anticipated. But the mistake was again made of counting without the Chinese character. National misfortunes in China are interpreted as punishments from heaven for misgovernment by the

Emperor and his Mandarins; and there occurred a variety of misfortunes which stimulated the Reactionaries to renewed obstruction. Especially, and, worst of all, there happened a palace fire! No very extensive damage was done; but the portent was terrific; and the censors, who represent the essence of conservatism, pleaded it as a warning from heaven against foreign innovations. The moment, too, was opportune in other respects: the Empress Regent was about to retire, and the young Emperor to assume personal control. Here was clearly a chance for a final effort to regain ascendancy in the Imperial councils! And the intrigue was, for a moment, successful. The Emperor, who was said to be much under the influence of his tutors—*literati*, naturally, of the *literati*—wavered, and the proposed extensions were stopped. But men like Li Hung-chang, Tseng Kwo-chuan, and Chang Chi-tung, the three most powerful viceroys in the Empire, backed by the Empress Dowager and by Prince Chun who is at once the Emperor's father and virtual Prime Minister, were not likely to submit to the dictation of a clique. The challenge was taken up, and the opinion of the great provincial officers invited on the question. The general burden of the replies is understood to have been favourable, and the question may now be taken as definitely settled. Various proposals have been put forward. Lines from Peking to Hankow, from Tungchow (near Peking) to Chinkeang, and extensive lines from Peking northwards into Tartary, have each and all been suggested by different Viceroys—fear of Russian aggression being the avowed object in advocating the northern routes. No final decision seems yet to have been taken, but it is likely that extensions of the Tientsin line will be the first effected.

It would be rash, however, to assume even yet that China is about to emulate Japan in the construction of an extensive railway system. There are still causes which may prevent a development so rapid as our own ideas might lead us to anticipate, and first among these is the question of finance. Individual Viceroys may find means to construct short sections, but great trunk lines must be made either through foreign concessions, by associated Chinese capital, or by Imperial Finance. Now it is always rash to predict what a Chinaman will or will not do in a given emergency, but if there is one thing of which we may feel certain it is that there will be no Concessions. If there is one proviso more emphatic than another in the memorial from the Viceroy of the Two Kwang, it is that the construction of railways should be kept entirely in Chinese hands. And Chang Chi-tung, though an able and progressive man according to his lights, is a typical *literate*—a type that is of a class whose appreciation of foreign gifts is almost overborne by a desire to fend off the bearers. He is unwilling that the Tientsin line should

be extended towards Peking lest it should facilitate the approach of an enemy's forces to the capital. He advises that the first trunk line should be made between Peking and Hankow, for the reason that it would be remote from the coast, and remote therefore from the enterprise of a hostile force. And, in order to keep Chinese money in Chinese hands, he insists that it should be made with Chinese capital and Chinese iron, though he admits that it is both dearer and inferior.

There is plenty of hoarded wealth in China which its owners would employ in railways, steamers, factories, and mines, if the officials would confine themselves to political approval. Our experience in the Malay Peninsula, where the Chinese—unfettered by Mandarin interference—are large and willing sharers in railway enterprise, is an earnest of what might be done in China if commercial enterprise were allowed free scope, and confidence existed in the Government. It will be a hopeful presage if the need for large finance which the construction of railways must entail, should teach the officials this lesson. Unless, however, the leaders work more rapidly than history would lead us to expect, the first trunk lines will have to be constructed by Imperial finance, and Imperial finance would probably mean, for the reasons stated, foreign loans. Now, China's credit is good, and a gold loan of, say, £10,000,000 could be easily floated at less than 6 per cent. on the London market, to be followed as easily by another if it were seen that the first was being wisely expended. But when we reflect that the capital invested in railways in India—which is about the size of China proper—exceeds £140,000,000, we perceive that much is involved in the realisation of predictions about covering China with a network of railways. China, too, like India, is a silver-using country, and the incidence of her gold loans has been so aggravated by the fall in exchange that she may be shy of borrowing on an extensive scale. The pressure of circumstances, however, and the temptation of a 5 or 6 per cent. rate, which seems to the Chinese ridiculously cheap, may overcome these difficulties; and gradually, it may be hoped, the mandarins will be educated up to leaving alone, and the laity to undertaking, the finance of similar enterprises.

It may seem almost ridiculous to speak of currency—or rather the want of it—as a difficulty, though it is really hard to see how people are going to pay exact railway fares with such an apology for coinage as exists in China. They have developed a remarkable system of private bank orders, but the want of currency is a serious inconvenience. Fancy the utter crudity of a monetary system which relies on coins of the approximate value of one-fifth to one-seventh of a farthing (and even these as often as not debased) for

currency, and on so-called shoes of sycee—lumps of silver weighing some 4 lbs. avoirdupois and worth about £10 sterling—for adjusting accounts. Thirty years ago, Sherard Osborn[1] gave utterance to a complaint that China had absorbed and hoarded all the great silver currency which the mines of Mexico and Peru had disseminated over the world, in return for her much-needed products; and the assertion is so far true that the world was scraped at one time for Spanish dollars to be sent into the interior to buy silk. And since the supply of these has been exhausted, Mexican dollars have come into use for similar purposes, and to supplement the need for a currency in the districts around the treaty ports and elsewhere where foreign influences have reached. But the greater part of these coins have been long since melted. The alleviation is, in any case, infinitesimal as regards the needs of the empire; and small bits of silver which have to be weighed and haggled over afford the only medium between *cash* and *sycee* as currency in the interior. The Chinese are not without perception of the defect, though long use has familiarised them with the inconvenience. It has indeed been indirectly admitted by the permission given to the Viceroy of Canton to set up machinery for minting dollars in his provincial capital. But I confess to regarding with some distrust the ultimate issue of an experiment which calls for precise mathematical knowledge and absolute probity. If there is one case more than another in which foreign control is necessary to ensure success, it is in the case of a mint. But the spirit in which the Viceroy approaches railways gives little hope that this supervision will be employed.

Nearly at the same time with the edict sanctioning railways, the Empress issued another in favour of mines. Until quite recently mining had been practised in China only on a limited scale, and by the most primitive methods. The people professed to fear a disturbance of the geomantic influences, and the Government feared possible disturbance among large assemblages of a notoriously turbulent class. Copper was worked in Yunnan, because it was wanted for currency; but the vast coal-beds which are now known to underlie North China were practically untouched; and even gold-washing, though surreptitiously carried on among the hills and streams of Tartary, was technically forbidden. It is likely that the great cost of its new armament had much to do with persuading the Government to avail itself of these resources; and mining is now formally approved, though progress has been retarded by the same causes which we have seen operating in other directions.

Reference has been made to the *Kaiping collieries*, which were

(1) *The Past and Future of British Relations in China.* By Captain Sherard Osborn, R.N., London, 1859.

made, under Mr. Kinder's auspices, to serve as a lever for the promotion of railways. Their output is at present 800 or 900 tons a-day, produced by some 3,000 Chinese miners under the surveillance of seven Sheffield colliers. But the bituminous wealth of the region seems practically unlimited, and the success of the operations so far is likely to entail a great extension of the workings. Coal has also been worked upon a considerable scale at Kelung, in the island of Formosa. The mines were flooded by the Chinese at the time of the Franco-Chinese war, to prevent the French ships obtaining supplies of fuel. But work was resumed immediately after the restoration of peace, and is again being pushed forward, both by European and native methods. Coal is being worked also at several places in the basin of the Yangtze, though on a scale small compared to the mineral wealth of the region. It is interesting, too, though perhaps in a rather academic sense, to have Richtofen's assurance that coal exists at intervals along that remarkable depression which extends eastward into Central Asia from the gorge through which the Hwang-hu finds exit into the plain, and through which he declares the railway must pass which shall eventually connect China with Europe! The mineral wealth of Yunnan has been a stock subject whenever commerce with China has been mentioned, and there can be no doubt that that province has for centuries supplied copper to the whole empire. Work was practically stopped during the so-called Panthay Rebellion, but has lately been resumed, under the guidance of Japanese engineers, as a sort of compromise, presumably, on the question of foreign supervision. The governor of the adjacent province, Kweichow, is also trying to utilise the iron ore which is said to be plentiful in that region. His province is a poor one, and the funds he has been able to appropriate are small; but he has procured some foreign machinery, though it does not appear that he has engaged foreign engineers, and it is to be feared that without their aid he will not achieve much success. Mr. Allen, H.M. Consul at Hankow, mentions that scrip both of "the Kweichow Iron Mining Company," and of "the Yunnan Copper Mining Company" have been offered on that market, but that Chinese investors seem, in this as in other cases, shy of coming forward. It is to the province of Shanse that the Viceroy of Canton looks for iron to make the first trunk railway, but I am not aware that it is mined there as yet by other than native methods. Copper mines have also been discovered and are about to be worked in Hainan. Mongolia is said to abound in metallic wealth. Silver is being worked near Zchol, under the superintendence of an American engineer, who is said to have verified the presence in the same neighbourhood of both

iron and coal. We hear, too, of rich goldfields on the Chinese bank of the Amoor, which are to be actively developed under Government auspices. Machinery has been procured lately from Europe, and transported 600 miles across Manchuria to this field. China has figured lately as an appreciable exporter of gold, which is understood to be drawn entirely from these northern regions, including districts so remote as Korea and Thibet. The blot on the picture is that all this enterprise has been official in its inception, and is carried on therefore under restricted conditions, as regards capital, which prejudice extensive development.[1]

It is time to turn, now, from these modern developments to the products by which China was known to the world before she had been disturbed in her political isolation. Two hundred and thirty years have passed since Samuel Pepys ordered his first cup of tea—"a China drink of which he had never drunk before." The experiment was contemporary with the first introduction of the leaf, for it was about that time that the Dutch brought it to European notice, and it was in 1667 that the East India Company gave a first order to their agent at Bantam to send home an experimental 100 lbs. of the best tea he could procure. This 100 lbs. had grown, two centuries later, to 75,000,000, and during all those years China had retained an unique position as the only tea-exporting country of the world. But English energy and enterprise had created in the meantime the tea gardens of Assam, and in 1867 and the two following years India was able to send seven, eight, and ten million lbs. to the London market. It was not till twenty years later that Ceylon began to assert itself as a considerable rival. Yet the import of tea into Great Britain from India and Ceylon, last year, exceeded that from China by nearly 25,000,000 lbs.

The following figures will perhaps best illustrate the startling revolution that has been effected in the several sources of supply:—

	1886-7		1887-8		1888-9	
Ceylon tea has grown from	8	to	14¾	and	26	million lbs.
India „ „	78	to	86	„	95	„
China „ has fallen from	139	to	117	„	98	„

while it is estimated that India will this year contribute 100,000,000 lbs., and Ceylon about 40,000,000, against 82,000,000 only that will be required from China to complete the 100,000 tons of tea required by the people of these islands. The prospect is serious for the Chinese grower, and it is clearly time he should be put on an

(1) It is satisfactory, however, to infer from the terms of a recent proclamation by the Viceroy of Canton—declaring that permission will be given to all who make application, to work mines of all descriptions, without Government interference—that some at least of the higher officials are beginning to recognise the necessity for a larger and more far-sighted policy.

equal footing with his rivals. How far that is from being now the case may be judged from the following facts.

It is difficult to fix on a representative figure as showing the average cost of a product in which there are so many varying grades; but an average of

6½d. to 7d. free on board ship in India and Ceylon,
and 8½d. to 9d. „ „ „ China,

may be taken as approximately correct; and, whereas the production and export in India and Ceylon are absolutely free, the taxation of all kinds in China is estimated at 2½d. a-lb.

Part of this taxation is raised inland, and part is export duty levied by the Imperial Customs. Now the treaty of Tientsin fixed the duty on tea as well as other products at 5 per cent. *ad valorem;* but it was agreed, for convenience' sake, to transmute the percentage into a fixed rate of Tls. 2½ per peul (= 133⅓ lbs.). So that the standard of value taken must have been Tls. 50, which was extravagantly high even thirty years ago, and which is ludicrous at the present day. Tls. 17 would now be nearer the mark. Yet the old rate is maintained; so that the Chinese Government taxes a falling trade 150 per cent. higher than the tariff fixed, besides permitting the levy of provincial duties which bring up the total burden to nearly 30 per cent. on the prime cost.

This policy seems the more suicidal, as India and Ceylon are not the only competitors in the field, though they are the only ones of importance in the London market. The United States import a large quantity of tea, though of a different quality from that preferred in England. The American taste runs on a kind known as Oolong—produced mainly in the South of China and Formosa; and Japan is rivalling, in this field, the career of India as a competitor in Europe; her export to America having risen, in the last ten years, from 25,000,000 to 42,000,000 lbs. while that from China has remained stationary. But neither, on the other hand, are England and America the only customers China has for her leaf. Australia takes 21,000,000 lbs., and New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, the Straits Settlements, and even India all take their millions. It deserves indeed to be noted, as a curious fact, that 3,000,000 lbs. of China tea found their way, last year, through Bombay to Persia and Afghanistan which would seem natural markets for the Indian product. The greatest of all purchasers, however, is Russia. The Russian demand seems, in fact, to grow as fast as that from England declines, and constitutes a total which is hardly suspected even by many who are interested in the trade. The direct export from China to Russia (including brick tea) amounted, last year, to 122,000,000 lbs. And it finds its way, too, by routes which are as unfamiliar to us as the total. 17,000,000 lbs.

went by sea to Odessa, 61,000,000 lbs. went by sea to Tientsin, and 10,000,000 lbs. to the Russian ports on the Pacific, to be carried thence overland by camels through Siberia; while no less than 32,000,000 lbs. were sent from Hankow up the Han River to a place called Fan-chêng, whence it is carried overland through Shanse to Kiachta.

Altogether the total export of tea from China to all quarters is given by the Customs as—

1884	1885	1886	1887	1888
2,016,000	2,128,000	2,217,000	2,153,000	2,167,000 peculs.[1]

an average roughly of 270,000,000 lbs. The demand can, therefore, not yet be said to be falling off. But stagnation, in face of a vigorous and growing competition, is a dangerous position to rely on. The Russian demand seems likely to continue for reasons, among others, connected with the preparation of the leaf. It is obvious that, in order to travel great distances by imperfect means of transport, the leaf must be so prepared as to keep good and fresh longer than in the case of tea which passes quickly into consumption. And the longer fermentation and higher firing of China tea gives it this necessary advantage. The Russian taste, besides, runs on China tea, for the best qualities of which it is willing to give a price out of all proportion to that which inferior qualities command in London. So that, although ousted from her monopoly, China has still a great market for her produce. But it does not follow that she will retain it, unless she rouse herself to grapple with the emergency. For India and Ceylon by no means admit that they cannot produce tea to suit the Russian and Australian as well as the English market, and they will certainly try when the latter shows symptoms of surfeit. The remedies indicated are to lighten taxation and improve the cultivation and manufacture. For not only do Indian teas compete untaxed with the handicapped China leaf, but the plants are cultivated with scientific care, and the leaf is prepared by means which exclude defects that are often present in its rival. Japan has appreciated the position, and is reaping her reward. Why cannot China follow suit? When we began tea-making in Assam, we imported Chinese labour. Would not any ordinary people follow the example and get machinery and experts from India to teach them, in turn, now India has improved upon the lessons of her teachers? Nor, to do it justice, has the Chinese Government shown itself altogether blind to the emergency. It has gone so far as to show an interest in the cultivation; and it has been supplied, through Sir Robert Hart's instrumentality, with an immense volume

(1) A pecul = 133⅓ lbs. And this is besides the export of brick tea to Thibet and Chinese Tartary. Mr. Baber estimates the former at 10,000,000 lbs.

of information, including particulars of Indian methods. A lightening of taxation would seem, however, an essential preliminary to any real improvement. So long as China possessed a monopoly of supply, the addition of a penny or twopence a pound to the price was immaterial; but it is presuming too much to suppose that the Chinese grower can compete, under a thirty per cent. handicap, with his untaxed rival. Anxiety to stimulate exports is one of the reasons put forward by the Viceroy of Canton for advising the construction of railways. He would do probably as much to further that object if he would bring about their relief from the harassing taxation to which they are now subject.

For centuries, however, before the very existence of such a beverage as tea was suspected in Europe, the Chinese were renowned for their production of silk; and for a longer period than in the case of tea they enjoyed a monopoly of the privilege. Along that great natural highway which Richtofen has indicated for the eventual railroad between China and the West, the silks of China found their way, across Central Asia and Persia, to Syria and Rome. They appear first in the Imperial city just before the dawn of our era, and sell for their weight in gold. Nor was it till 200 years later that Justinian induced some Persian monks to bring away a few silk-worm eggs and introduce the industry in the neighbourhood of Constantinople. How widely it has since spread may be inferred from the fact that China supplies, now, less than a third of the world's demand. It is not that there has been any diminution in her yield, but that other countries are forging ahead. As in the case of tea, an article intrinsically good comes into competition with a foreign product not better in quality but more skilfully and cheaply prepared. The trouble lies in the rough and irregular reeling from the cocoons. Adhering to their primitive methods, the Chinese produce a comparatively uneven, knotted thread which has difficulty in competing with the machine-reeled silks of Southern Europe and Japan; for, as in the case of railways and tea, the Japanese were prompt to appreciate the situation. Two remedies are indicated—the employment of machinery, and the killing of the chrysalis before reeling. The Cantonese, who are the most enterprising class in China, have risen in some measure to the emergency, and have adopted European machinery with a considerable measure of success. Filatures worked by steam have been erected in the heart of the silk-producing districts of Kwangtung. But the bulk of China silk is produced in Kiangsu and Chekeang, and the inhabitants of those provinces have declined, so far, to budge from their established customs. They object to machinery, and they object to killing the cocoon. It is, they say, ungrateful to kill an insect which yields such beautiful material. The feeling is probably not impervious to pecuniary con-

siderations; but it exists, and is one of the causes of the bad reeling of Chinese silk. To meet the difficulty certain foreign merchants in Shanghai, which is the commercial centre of the chief silk-producing districts, have tried to do their own reeling. They established filatures on the spot, trusting to buy cocoons up country and reel them in Shanghai; and, so far as they have been able to do this, it has proved a success. But not only will the native growers not improve their old methods, but their rulers hinder other people. There is difficulty in getting cocoons; the right of buying these in the interior was specially conceded by the local mandarins to certain Chinamen, who pay presumably certain "squeezes" for the privilege, but who cannot or will not produce more than a very limited quantity.

It may seem strange that one section of the population should continue, even for a season, to place itself at a disadvantage with another. But distances are great in China: each province is a fiscal and administrative unit, and—the Chinese are peculiar. It is not unlikely that they might have been driven, ere this, to follow the example of their rivals, but for the European legislation which enables the foreign merchant to pay them the same amount of silver for their silk at a steadily decreasing cost in gold; thus preventing them from feeling the full strain of competition. For the Italian is handicapped as against Chinese silk, very much as the English farmer is handicapped as against Indian wheat. Not even this advantage, however, can avail them in the long run: the growing tendency to neglect Chinese silk in favour of other kinds will compel them to adopt European methods, or go under in the competition.

Still, if the staple qualities are menaced, inferior kinds are coming into favour. There is obtained in the provinces of Shingking (Manchuria) and Shantung, from a worm that feeds on leaves other than mulberry, a coarse brownish silk which the peasants weave in their own houses, by hand-loom, into a material that competes favourably, in Europe, with the cheaper continental kinds. Machinery has also been invented for preparing waste silk in a way to make it available for commerce; and this also has come to form an appreciable feature in the list of exports.

Tea and silk represent, between them, two-thirds of the export trade of China: each about, roughly, £7,000,000. If it were possible to obtain accurate statistics of the production of opium, it would probably be found to rank before these in aggregate value. Such statistics are, however, not yet forthcoming. All we know is that the production is enormous, and is increasing; the out-turn in the one province of Szechuen alone being estimated at 150,000 peculs, or about double the whole import from India; while Yunnan is believed to be not far behind her neighbour. None other of the

eighteen provinces can rival these figures; but in every one, and even in Manchuria, the poppy is grown on a greater or less scale. Indian opium seems indeed to hold, towards the native crop, very much the same position that the first-class vintages hold towards the total yield of wine in France—that of a restricted and expensive luxury.

Setting aside opium, cotton may be taken to rank next, both in interest and importance, as a commercial product. It is cultivated especially in the plain which forms the valley of the Yangtze, and is exported thence westward into Szechuen, and coastwise, through Shanghai and Ningpo, to the other provinces of China. Except during the American civil war, when the world was scraped to supply the mills of Lancashire, China has not been in the habit of sending cotton abroad; but the extension of manufacturing industry in Japan has given rise to a demand which seems in course of rapid increase. Japanese mill-owners have been purchasing, for some years, more and more cotton in the Shanghai market; and the thought must arise how much longer China will be content to go on procuring from abroad material that she could surely manufacture at home. We all know what a great industry has been lately built up in Bombay; and the demand for Bombay yarn that has arisen contemporarily in China. It has been surmised that an equal, if not greater, success awaits the enterprise of the Japanese. But China possesses equal advantages with either. Her staple is, I believe, suitable: she has abundance of cheap labour, and there seems no reason why she should not emulate her neighbours. The opportunity has been perceived; but the only practical success yet scored in the way of turning it to account, has been by Japanese. How they managed it, seeing that Li Hung-chang has pronounced against the right of foreigners to erect factories in China, is one of those mysteries which Chinamen can best explain; but there is actually working at Shanghai a large factory, for the production of cotton yarn, ostensibly Japanese-owned.

What concerns us most, however, is the attitude of the Chinese themselves. And it is interesting to know that a purely Chinese Company is about setting up, at Shanghai, an extensive factory for the same purpose. The project has been long underweigh. The land was bought and fenced in; foundations were laid, wharves commenced: and there the matter hung. The machinery—procured from the United States—has been lying for years in the sheds; and an American engineer has been awaiting, under engagement, the order to set it up. Where the hitch was, I am unable to say; but there is, at last, every indication of the factory being completed and set to work. Nor is that all. The Viceroy of Canton has ordered from England machinery for a cotton-mill of 1,000 spindles; and

though he is probably actuated more by a desire to undermine the foreign import than by a wish to see machinery supersede cottage industry, the step itself is significant. These indications of a tendency among the silver-using countries of the Far East to supply themselves, by working up their own cotton, lend additional force to the representations of Lancashire bi-metallists. The handicap is already severe. What will be the consequence if China set herself deliberately to produce yarn and cloth, by foreign machinery, from her own cotton, on her own soil, the future may disclose.

Cotton goods represented, last year, one-third of China's foreign imports, aggregating a value of about £10,000,000; and in a strictly selfish sense England is probably more interested in the importing than in the exporting capacity of the empire. But it is impossible to examine that branch of the subject within the limits of this paper. If the Chinese take so much less of our manufactures than the favourite enumeration of heads might lead us to expect, the explanation is to be found in difficulties of inland transport, hindrances of inland taxation, variations of exchange, and other collateral causes; but generally and especially in the broad fact that they can spin at home, by their hand-looms, under present economic conditions, a strong cheap cloth which suits them better than anything we can offer at an equivalent price.*

The financial peculiarities at which I have hinted, and the objection to leaving foreigners a free hand, have combined to hinder the development of industrial enterprise in directions other than those indicated. There is at Shanghai a foreign brewery working in a building originally erected by Chinese, at great cost, for a glass factory, but which proved unable to compete with imported German glass. There is a paper-mill; and there has been, curiously enough, quite an outbreak of litho-photography. This was introduced some years ago by an enterprising Englishman, who employed it to multiply editions of celebrated Chinese works, but eventually sold his establishment to Chinese; and others have, I presume, learned from his workmen. At any rate there are, now, a number of such establishments. And it may be noted that the owner of one has just come out first in the examination for Hanlin—the highest degree of all in the Chinese literary career. Excepting an attempt by Tso Tsung-tang, when Viceroy of the North-west, to establish a woollen factory some years ago in Kansuh, I am not aware of any other considerable attempt to set up factories after foreign models; except in the case of a sugar refinery belonging to an English firm, at Swatow, which finds active employment in treating native sugar that is afterwards exported to Northern China and Australia. The sugar cane is extensively cultivated in the South of China, and forms the basis of one of the most successful industries of Hong Kong,

whence it is reshipped—a portion back to China as foreign sugar, but the greater portion to Australia in the wake of the Swatow product.

It may be interesting to note, as one evidence of progress, a tendency to develop the outlying dependencies of the Empire. The Marquis Tseng pointed out, in an article written about the time of his departure from England, that China had within the limits of her own empire vast unoccupied tracts awaiting the enterprise of her surplus population; and the remark finds illustration in what is actually taking place. A great emigration has for years been going on to Manchuria, where myriads of acres of fertile land awaited and await the hoe of an agricultural and industrious people. Chinese immigrants have, in fact, already made that region a granary for the provinces of Chih-li and Shantung. And organisation is now following colonisation. Shing-King has been divided, lately, into administrative and prefectural districts on the model of China Proper; brigandage is being combated, and regular government and taxation are being substituted for the irregular system which had suited the habits of a less settled population. Energetic and sustained efforts, too, have been lately made to establish organised government in Formosa, the eastern half of which remained twenty years ago in the hands of the aborigines, while the western half had been colonised, but was imperfectly governed as an outlying appanage of Fohkien. The sulphur, sugar, camphor, and tea, which are among the products of this fertile island, render the success of the enterprise commercially as well as politically interesting. There is evidence also of intention to carry out a similar policy in Hainan, where the aborigines have been periodically harried for generations without any sustained effort to extend civilisation beyond the seaboard.

We have, I think, now passed in review the salient features of Chinese industry and industrial policy; and I trust the endeavour has been successful to expose, concurrently with the facts, the forces which are making for and against industrial and commercial progress. The chaotic condition of finance; the harassing nature of inland taxation; the propensity of the Mandarins to have a finger in every financial pie; and the popular disinclination to put fruit in any pie which the Mandarins are to handle; the suspicious jealousy of foreigners which prevents frank acceptance of their help and instruction—all these need to be taken into consideration, as well as the evident conviction of the high officials that the adoption of railways and telegraphs, as well as of rifles and ironclads, and the further development of its mines and industries are essential to the future safety and prosperity of the nation.

The conclusion seems to suggest itself that neither an optimist

nor a pessimist view can be justly taken of the industrial prospects in this strange empire. There is clearly wanting the energy and quick intelligence which impelled the Japanese to assimilate with breathless rapidity the forms and appliances of a civilisation which they recognised as superior to their own; but then the Chinaman, to begin with, makes no such admission; 249,000,000 out of the 250,000,000 (more or less) who inhabit the eighteen provinces consider their own civilisation the finest in the world; while nine-tenths of the remainder will admit, at most, that foreign inventions represent ideas originally derived from China and improved upon in the West. Still the 85 miles of hardly constructed railway at Tientsin contrast ill with the 1,000 miles of line that have been completed in Japan, and the failure of the mandarins to attract native capital to the enterprises tardily sanctioned contrasts ill with the confidence shown by the Japanese in subscribing freely to Government loans and investing freely in private enterprise. Japan has established a mint, and is turning out coins that are accepted as legal tender in Hongkong and the Straits, while China is still struggling with a currency that would drive any occidental nation frantic. Japan, again, has adopted all modern machinery and improvements for the production of tea and silk with encouraging results, while China is losing ground through stolid adherence to the methods of the past. There is, however, no limit to the field of discussion which the Chinese character opens up. Nor does it seem possible to make a single reflection that does not require counter-balancing by some opposite consideration. If we are inclined sometimes to despair, in view of the slowness and suspicion of the Chinese people, of the conceit of their *literati* and the prevalent venality of their officials, neither can we avoid recognising the great qualities —the frugality, industry, perseverance, and capacity which have enabled them to extend, in the course of centuries, from the basin of the Wei over the whole area of the immense empire which they now rule; and to elaborate a system of ethics and of government, a literature and a social organisation differing remarkably from our own, but efficient to maintain cohesion and national prosperity while the kingdoms of Western Asia were rising and disappearing in periodic convulsions. Surely a race which has shown this persistence, and which gives evidence to-day of the same qualities, will end by proving itself not inferior to its neighbours in capacity to adapt itself to the new conditions with which it is brought in contact.

R. S. Gundry.

SOME OF BALZAC'S MINOR PIECES.

As a traveller in the unknown East, standing on the last ridge of the last hill, sees a city, and in awe contemplates the walls fabulous with terraces and gates, the domes and the towers clothed in all the light of the heavens, so does the imaginative reader view the vast sections into which the Human Comedy is so eloquently divided—scenes from private life, scenes from provincial life, scenes from Parisian life, scenes from political life, scenes from military life, scenes from country life, philosophical studies, analytical studies, &c. These are the streets and thoroughfares which intersect and divide this great city of thought; below each division, the titles of the volumes rise like spires and pinnacles, and unconsciously the reader passes from story to story like a sightseer from bridges to palaces through streets and gardens inexhaustible.

Jonah marched three days into Nineveh, before he began to preach: Nineveh was little compared with the Human Comedy. I have walked many years in its streets and mused many years on its terraces, but so abundant is that city of thought with all beauty of imaginative design, so resplendent with all jewels of wit, so full of the many enchantments of various love, so terrible with all accents of pain, grief, sorrow, and pathetic melancholy that the mind may retain only a portion of the wonders there displayed. With Balzac it is as with a great city, neither can be learnt completely; at each fresh acquirement the mind loses something hitherto its own. And, when we close the fiftieth volume and take up the first which we read ten, maybe twenty years before, what we have not forgotten we read with new lights, for the light of middle age is different from that of youth.

Impossible it is then to write an article on Balzac as it is to write one on life itself, and the guide that comes forth from the city to meet the stranger will do well to limit the range of the first excursion. If he is a wise guide he will say, "Let us not attempt too much this first day, let us pass it in some quiet suburb rather than in the torrid magnificences of the town; come with me and we will, at leisure examine some quaint interesting places where may be studied the characteristics and the genius of the city." And even so would I address the reader wholly unacquainted with the Human Comedy.

I have not yet been able to understand criticism as an exact science, and still hold that the best and most interesting critic is he who attempts no more than to tell through his author the story of his own soul. I have always felt that even the first steps in criticism

as an exact science, viz., to prove that Shelley was a better poet than Tupper, are as far beyond my powers as they are beyond my desires, therefore I shall not even try to define Balzac's position in the literary firmament, as some of my learned brethren would say, and shall continue writing this paper with no higher aim than a truthful telling of my own feelings towards this great man.

Balzac re-created all things. There was in him a greater Dickens, a greater Thackeray, a greater Eliot, a greater Fielding, a greater Edgar Poe. And this is an occasion to say that notwithstanding all that has been said about Baudelaire's indebtedness to Edgar Poe, the only French writer touched at all with the true spirit of Poe's genius was Balzac, and he, because he seems to have boxed the compass of the human mind, from Rabelais to Spinoza, from Dickens to Herbert Spencer, from Swedenborg to Miss Austin.

His criticism of life seems to me as profound as Thackeray's is trivial and insignificant, and as beautifully sincere and virile as George Eliot's is canting and pedantic; and to-day it is more living than when he wrote, for he was enormously, incomprehensibly in advance of his time and able by intuitive knowledge of the inherent qualities of things to divine all latent possibilities; we find allusions full of strange anticipatory insight into those problems of clairvoyance and hypnotism and auto-suggestion which modern science is rescuing from the pollution of supernatural belief and classifying within the natural laws; and all mysterious instinctive comprehension of Schopenhauer's philosophy is contained in the last pages of *Le Lys dans la Vallée.*

Balzac's intuitive knowledge of the latent forces in things which circumstances might at any moment develop into active forces, led him to see that if peasants combined that the laws would prove powerless to tear from them either the rent or the land, and that by passive resistance and secret murder, the landlords could be forced to sell their properties to the peasants at nominal prices. No Irish agitator could draw up a plan of campaign more effectually than Balzac did in this book written fifty years ago. In this book will be found every incident of the land war in Ireland; indeed, the murder of the bailiff differs not at all from the many such murders we have read of in Ireland in these last ten years, and the boycotting of the general might be included with very little alteration in Captain Boycott's memoirs; and the schemes for land reform propounded in that wonderful chapter, "En quoi le cabaret est le parlement du peuple," wonderful from the title to the closing word, might pass without exciting suspicion, for extracts from one of Michael Davitt's speeches. To have looked so far into the future and with such precision and graphic detail, constructing a world to come from a single fact, as Cuvier constructed

a past animal from a single bone, must strike even the casual reader as a most extraordinary intellectual feat and quite beyond the reach of any other novelist.

It was necessary to evoke some vision of Balzac's gigantic intellect; for the purpose of this article is not to merely show how beautifully cameos may be carved, but to show rather how beautifully a giant can carve cameos when he is so minded. Nor do I select my cameos among the marvellous collection which is open to me to choose from: I take the first that come under my hand, and my choice is guided if at all only by the wish to take those which in choice of subject wander into devious coverts of the soul unexplored by English writers.

Yes, to give a glimpse of Balzac in abnormal mood is part of my desire; *Sarrasine* will do this, *Les Secrets de la Princesse Cadignan* will show him in philosophic temper and in the fashionable world, *Adieu* will as well but not better than a dozen other stories, display his romantic method and *Facino Cane* will give some slight inkling of the profit to which inferior writers have turned his mighty labours. I will begin with *Les Secrets de la Princesse de Cadignan*.

"The revolution of July destroyed many aristocratic fortunes upheld by the Court, and Madame la Princesse de Cadignan had the cleverness to lay at the door of these political crises her ruin, which was really due to her prodigalities. The princess heretofore so celebrated —queen of all queens of fashion under her first name La Duchesse de la Manfrigneuse, retired from the world to a small apartment, consisting of no more than five rooms, where she devoted herself to her son's education." The princess was married when she was sixteen to her mother's lover, the Duke de Manfrigneuse, and when the princess tells the story of her life to d'Arthez, the great writer whom Balzac probably meant for himself, she speaks thus of the Duchesse d'Uxelles.

"Well, I never was angry with the duchesse for having loved Monsieur de Manfrigneuse better than poor Diana, and this is why. My mother knew very little of me: she had forgotten me: but she conducted herself towards me in a way which is wicked between women and horrible between mother and daughter. I knew nothing, I was incapable of guessing the secret of this alliance. I had a handsome fortune. Monsieur de Manfrigneuse was overwhelmed with debt. If I learnt later what it was to have debts I was at the time too ignorant of life to suspect it. The economies the duke was enabled to make by the help of my fortune sufficed to appease his creditors. He was thirty-eight when I married him, but those years were like those of the campaigns of military men, and should count double. Ah! he was in truth more than seventy-six. At forty my mother still had pretensions to good looks, and I found myself between two jealousies. What an existence was mine for ten years! Ah, if it were known what this poor, little, suspected woman has suffered, watched by a mother jealous of her daughter! Good heavens, you who write dramas will never invent anything so black, so cruel, as that. Oh, my friend, you men cannot guess what is an old man *à bonnes fortunes*. What life

is with a man, accustomed to the adoration of women of the world and who finds neither incense nor censor at home, dead to everything and jealous for that very reason. I desired when the Duke de Manfrigneuse was wholly mine, to be a good woman; but I came in rough contact with all the asperities of a chagrined mind, with all the caprices of powerlessness, with all the puerilities of folly, with all the vanities of self-sufficiency, with a man who was in fine the most tiresome elegy in the world, who treated me like a child, and amused himself by humiliating my self-esteem at every turn, overwhelming me with his experience and proving me ignorant of all things."

So did the princess coo in the ears of the great man who sat at her feet listening to her "as a neophyte in one of the first days of the Christian faith might have listened to the epistle of an apostle."

Understand that the actors in this scene from Parisian life are a princess who has dissipated many fortunes, her own and those of her lovers, who knows all sensations except love, whose drawing-room is her temple, and whose ritual is love confidences; the other is a man of genius, who knows the world theoretically, as Balzac knew it, and who in practice was as childlike as Balzac himself. Arthez was chosen for that very reason, for as the Marquise d'Espard said to the princess when the two friends sat together, regretting they had never loved any one of their many lovers: "Fools love well sometimes," said the marquise. "But," replied the princess, for this (that is to say, to believe in the speakers) even fools would not be sufficiently credulous." "You are right," said the marquise, laughing. "But it is neither a fool nor yet a man of talent that we should seek. To solve such a problem a man of genius is necessary. Genius alone has child-like faith, the religion of love, and willingly allows his eyes to be banded. Look at Canalis and the Duchess de Chaulieu. If you and I have met geniuses, they were perhaps too far from us and we were too occupied, too frivolous, too carried away, too taken up with other things." "Ah! I would not leave the world without knowing the delights of true love," cried the princess. "It is nothing to inspire it," said Madame d'Espard, "the difficulty is to feel it. I see many women who are only pretexts of a passion instead of being at once the cause and the effect."

It is out of conversation, a few sentences, one of which I have translated, between the princess and Madame Despard that the action of the story springs. "Qui a bu, boira," the princess grown tired of solitude and motherly duties, yearns for a new emotion, and Daniel d'Arthez is sought, Rastignac and de Trailles are commissioned to draw him from his studies. Infinite genius meets infinite worldly sagacity, and with what art is the web spun, and with what art is the accomplished charmer shown waiting, her lovely head leaned upon her long white fingers in the lamplight, an exquisite expression of tender melancholy. She is determined that this is to be no passing caprice, if she gives herself again it will be to a lover who believes her innocent, pure, incapable of untruth. The poor man

of genius, sceptical, when sitting at his writing table, as Mephistopheles, is candid as a little child, sitting at the princess' feet. How true this is! The philosopher is as a child when he strives to put his knowledge into practice, the man of the world is a child when he strives to put his knowledge into words. I have said elsewhere than in this article that a book of maxims surpassing those of La Rochefoucauld or Joubert might be garnered in Balzac's novels. Here are a few taken from this little story which does not consist of more than forty pages. "Yes, when we are young we are full of fatuous stupidities, we resembled those poor young men who play with a toothpick to make believe that they have dined well." "What is to be gained by leaving your husband? In a woman it is an admission of feebleness." "One of the glories of society is to have created woman where Nature made a female, to have created a continuity of desire where Nature only thought of perpetuating the species; in fine to have invented love."

Les Secrets de la Princesse de Cadignan might be entitled the seduction of genius by experience. It is animated by a sublime comprehension of the fascinating perversities of cerebral passion, and the confiding simplicities of a great man who wearied, like Faust, with learning, desires the repose and consolation of love. *Les Secrets de la Princesse de Cadignan* might also be entitled the philosophy of the drawing-room. It is the drawing-room in essence. The princess is a being born of the drawing-room; she has been formed and coloured by the drawing-room as an insect by the chemical qualities and the colour of the plant upon which it lives. Her ideas of love, literature, art, and science, are drawing-room ideas of love, literature, art, and science. The intonations of her voice, and every inflection of accent, have been produced by the drawing-room. Her weariness of life is drawing-room weariness of life. She is a creature of the drawing-room as the horse is a creature of the stable, as the eagle is a creature of the cliff.

Balzac saw that the drawing-room was the great feature of civilisation. Since Dickens, no one in England has had sufficient strength of imagination to get outside of his habit and seek the pathetic and the picturesque where Morris wall-papers and Liberty silk are unknown; and although an immense amount of wholly unnecessary scribbling is done concerning drawing-rooms, their decoration and flirtations, none has attempted to understand and to raise the drawing-room out of a dreary fictional *lieu commun*. To say that Lady So-and-so's drawing-room is furnished in pink is sufficient for the English writer. But Balzac goes deeper; he saw that the drawing-room is perhaps the last expression of an exhausted civilisation, and he expressed the drawing-room in the *Princesse de*

Cadignan, its morals and its education; her very attitudes symbolise the drawing-room. Here is one.

"She arrived early so as to be seated on the ottoman by the fire-side close to Madame d'Espard just as she desired to be seen, in one of those attitudes in which science hides behind an exquisite natufalness, one of those poses sought and studied which bring into relief the beautiful serpentine line of the body, beginning at the feet ascending to the hip, and in admirable roundnesses continuing to the shoulders, affording sight of the entire profile of the body."

How entirely drawing-room this is!

Adieu is an example of Balzac's romantic manner, and we shall see the enchantment he weaves about the beautiful word. Two sportsmen, tired after a hard day, wander out of the sun's way into the cool of a large wood, seeking a house or habitation of some kind. Presently they come upon open spaces, at the end of which is an Abbey partly in ruins. "What disorder," cried Monsieur d'Albon, "after pleasing for a moment in the sombre impression that the ruins gave to the landscape, which appeared to have been struck as if by a malediction." Then, after a detailed description of the place, we catch a glimpse of a woman passing lightly as the shadow of a cloud from beneath the walnut trees growing by the iron gate. The men find their way to the ruined Abbey, which they discover to be still used as an habitation. The strange woman again appears, and this is how she is described:—

"The two men were astonished to see her jump on the bough of an apple tree and swing there with the lightness of a bird. She seized the fruit, ate, and then let the apples fall with that gracious softness which we admire in squirrels. Her limbs possessed an elasticity which relieved every slightest movement from all appearance of effort or difficulty. She played upon the ground, rolled there as might a child; then suddenly throwing her feet and hands forward remained stretched on the grass with the abandonment, the grace and naturalness of a young cat asleep in the sun.

"'Adieu,' cried she with soft harmonious voice, but without the melody, impatiently awaited by the two sportsmen, seeming to reveal the slightest trace of sentiment or idea."

But one of the men recognises the woman, he cries her name, and his emotion on seeing her is so great that he faints, and is taken home by his friend, who returns on horseback at his earnest request to make inquiries as to the identity of the mysterious woman. He learns her story from her uncle, who lives in the ruined Abbey.

The scene is on the banks of the Beresina; and Marechal Victor had left there a thousand men in guard of the bridges, which they were charged to destroy when the Russians appeared. But instead of crossing the river the remnant of Napoleon's army encamped in the snow, feeding on horseflesh, cooked before fires made of broken carts and waggons.

"The apathy of these poor soldiers cannot be understood by those who have traversed those vast deserts of snow, without other perspective except a horizon of snow, without other drink than the snow, without other bed than snow, without other nourishment than a frozen beet-root, a handful of meal, or a piece of horseflesh . . . Although the artillery of the left wing of the Russian army fired without ceasing on this mass, sometimes seen as a great black stain, sometimes as a great blaze in the middle of the snow, the indefatigable bullets seemed no more to the torpid crowd than one more discomfort."

I would I had space to give some of the extraordinary details by which Balzac evokes the very motion, colour, smell, and sound of awful war. Among these war-stricken fugitives there is a general and his wife, and Philip de Susy is striving to save their lives, striving to get them to the bridge before it is destroyed by the troops on the other side. But his last horse has been seized and eaten. He steals, however, horses from the Russian sentries which are tied to the carriages, and they drive over the bodies of sleeping soldiers. "'You can't make an omelette without breaking the eggs,' cries the grenadier, pricking the horses with his sword point." But the bridge is burnt before they can reach it; a raft is constructed, place is made for the woman, and she cried "Adieu" to Philip. But the husband was thrown from the raft and killed among the ice, and without a protector, lost in the disaster of the retreat, she followed the track of the army for two years, the plaything of every ruffian. In a word, she knew all the misfortunes of war, hunger, thirst, cold, and cruelty, until she was at last rescued from a madhouse in Germany and brought back to France. No words except Balzac's can tell how her lover in the woods about the lonely ruined abbey strives to win her back to reason. . . . Ah! the infinite pity of his efforts to coax her, as he might a wayward animal with lump sugar, and all his various hopes and disappointments, until the old uncle finds him one day loading his pistols to shoot her.

"'Poor little one,' cried her uncle, pressing the poor crazy thing to his breast, 'he would have killed you, egoist that he is, he would kill you because he suffers. He knows not how to love you for yourself, my child. We will forgive him, shall we not? He is insane, and you are only crazed. Go, God alone should call you to himself. We think you are unhappy because you can participate no longer in our miseries—fools that we are. But,' said he, placing her on his knees, 'you are happy, nothing annoys you; you live like the bird, like the hind.'"

She rushed and caught a young blackbird, crushed it, looked at it, and left it at the foot of a tree without thinking anything more about it.

"'Come,' cried Philip, taking her in his arms, 'do you not feel my heart beating? I love you always. Philip is not dead. He is here, you lean upon him. You are my Stephanie, and I am your Philip.'

"'Adieu,' cried she, 'adieu!'"

Balzac carries the story farther, but for our purpose it is not

necessary to follow it to its exquisite conclusion. The magic must have been already perceived by the reader. Its pathetic simplicity might have been equalled by Shakespeare if he had written prose fiction, he might have given an equally aerial picture of the return of the human, through suffering, to the pure animal, that gracious wiping out, by benevolent nature, of thought when the burden became too great to bear.

The most casual reader will hardly fail to see how unlike this exquisite story, is to the wooden fictions of Charles Reade. There is in Ophelia much tender appreciation of the little breadth that divides the sane from the insane and the immensity of the responsibility which the transition, slight in itself, involves; but is the very haunting question, if we have gained in happiness since we have acquired the power of looking before and after, so tenderly insinuated?

In these days, when the domestication of literature is proceeding apace, and our standard of literary ability seems a negative one, namely, to write nothing that young ladies may not openly discuss in their drawing-rooms, the marvellous story of Sarrasene will find little favour; and not because it is immoral, but because it is unconcerned with the accepted ideals of the nineteenth century, the tea-table, the curate, the young lady who wants to be married, &c. To the nineteenth century the abnormal is intolerable, even frank sensuality receives a better welcome. And as education proceeds, natural taste, that is to say, individual taste withers, and man becomes blinder every day to the charms of the bizarre, and more intolerant to the exotic. But is not the strange, the perverse, the abnormal, the very heart of art, without which it cannot live, without which it is an inanimate thing? The abnormal is the heart of art, without which it may not palpitate, but must lie inert, even as a picture by M. Bouguereau. The abnormal is found in all great writers; it is not their whole flesh, but it is their heart. The abnormal must always be felt, although it may rarely form the subject of picture or poem. To make the abnormal ever visible and obtrusively present is to violate the harmony of Nature; to avoid the abnormal is to introduce a fatal accent of insincerity. But Balzac's mind being absolutely pure, and his genius wholly valid, he was led to give the abnormal exactly the same prominence in the Human Comedy as it has in Nature; and his treatment and comprehension of it was no wise inferior to his treatment and comprehension of the great and primal emotions. Balzac has called genius a terrible malady: he was qualified to define it; yet there is a marked element of health in all great work. Shakespeare's genius was unquestionably healthier than that of any of his contemporaries, yet he wrote the Sonnets; Balzac's genius was unquestionably saner than any of his contem-

poraries, if we except Hugo's, and yet Balzac wrote *La Fille aux Yeux d'Or*, *La dernière Incarnation de Vautrien*, *Une Passion dans le Désert*, *Seraphita* and *Sarrasene*. Therefore it may be said that the final achievement of genius is the introduction and artistic use of the abnormal.

It would be both interesting and instructive to analyse these strangest flowers of genius; but having regard for the susceptibilities of the public, especially that part of the public that reads the daily papers, I will turn at once to Massamilla, a story which is held in such high estœm by students of Balzac that it would be impossible for me to pass it without notice, although, in truth, I care for it not nearly so much as for *Adieu*, *Pierette*, *Le Curé de Tours*, or *Une Vieille Fille*. The romantic note which I hold to be one of the essentials of Balzac's genius, and which pervades even his most realistic work, and without which it would not stand on a much lower plane, seems to me to have taken—well, very nearly taken, a vulgar turn in *Massamilla Doni*. The theme is a beautiful one, full of psychological interests of the rarest kind, but in this instance the master's development of the theme seems to me a little doubtful; of this I am sure, that the same developments in other hands would have been quite intolerable, just as the developments Shakespeare gives to Falstaff's love intrigues would have in any other hands drifted immediately into the very vulgarest vaudeville. Shakespeare's genius saved his comedy, and Balzac's genius has saved story; but in this instance, I think, not so triumphantly. Emilio is a young Venetian whose whole fortune does not consist of more than sixty or seventy pounds a year; he lives in the palace of his ancestors amid precious marbles and works of the highest art, no portion of which he may sell. He is in love with Massamilla Doni as Dante was in love with Beatrice, and one night, after an ecstatic evening, as he returns home in his gondola he sees his palace decorated and lighted as if for festival. Thinking that it is some surprise that Massamilla Doni is preparing for him he asks no question, but seats himself at the supper table which he finds spread with rare comestibles and wines. He eats and drinks so heartily that he immediately afterwards yields to an overpowering somnolence. Soon after a woman enters, a woman that "reminded you of a fantastic English engraving invented for a forget-me-not, *une belle assemblée*, or a Book of Beauty. The prince trembles with pleasure. "His soul, his heart, his reason turned from the thought of any infidelity; but the brutal and capricious infidelity dominated his soul." And for envelopment of this theme, a young man hesitating between the real and ideal, Balzac chooses Venice—Venice, with all enchantments of time and history, lineage, gondolas, palaces; and this Venice he clothes with

the music of Rossini's Moses, the lamentations of Israel under Pharaoh's lash being appropriate and symbolic of Venice under Austria. The woman who has entered Emilio's palace is not alone. She is accompanied by a monster, and I give in its entirety Balzac's description of this monster. In every writer we find passages which, although not very excellent in themselves, seem to reveal, as in a mirror, the strength and weakness of the writer's genius.

"Like that of Neapolitans, the costume of the unknown consisted of five colours, if the black of the hat is admissible as a colour; the trousers were olive, the red waistcoat glittered with gilded buttons, the coat verged upon green, and the linen inclined to yellow. This man seemed to have accepted the task of justifying the truth of the Neapolitan that Gerolamo always introduces into his theatre of marionettes. The eyes seemed to be of glass. The nose shaped like an ace of clubs was odiously prominent. The nose kindly covered a hole which it would be a libel upon man to call a mouth, and where showed three or four white tusks loose in their sockets, which lapped one over the other. The ears drooped by their own weight, giving to this man an odd resemblance to a dog. The complexion, apparently containing several metals infused into the blood according to the prescription of some Hippocrates, verged upon black. The pointed forehead, badly hidden by flat sparse hairs which fell like filaments of spun glass, crowned with red lumps a grotesquely comic face. In fine, although thin and of ordinary height this gentleman had long arms and broad shoulders; but notwithstanding these deformities, and although you would have said he was seventy, he was not without a certain cyclopedian majesty; his manners were aristocratic, and he had that air of security which belongs to the rich. For those whose stomachs were sufficiently strong to observe him his story was written by passions upon a noble clay that had turned to mud. You would have divined the great lord, who, rich in his youth, had sold his body to Debauch at the price of excessive pleasures. Debauch had destroyed a human creature and made another to its purpose. Thousands of bottles had passed beneath the purple arches of that grotesque nose, leaving their lees upon the lips. Long and wasting digestions had carried away the teeth. The eyes had faded in the light of gaming tables. The blood was charged with impure principles which had exhausted the nervous system. The play of the digestive forces had absorbed intelligence. Love had scattered the brilliant tresses of the young man. Like a greedy inheritor, every vice had left its mark upon a still living corpse. When we observe Nature, we discover in her jests of a very superior irony; Nature has placed toads next to flowers, and in such wise was this duke near to this rose of love."

"Le style c'est l'homme" is an old saw, and one that has been repeated in and out of season: my excuse for citing it is that perhaps no better exemplification of it could be found were all literature ransacked for vindication of its truth. How easily we see the intellectual giant in this description, pushing forward in mad haste, crazed with ideas, impetuously fumbling for the right words, and finding expression at last. To show my god as he really is I have translated word for word, preserving as well as I knew how every ungainly edge. *Sometimes, it is true, I have not understood, and I admit my entire* inability to understand, and therefore to adequately translate, the following phrase descriptive of the Duke's mouth: "Et où se montraient trois ou quatres défences blanches douées de movement, qui se

placaient d'elles-même les unes entre les autres." The looseness of the original French is, of course, magnified in the translation, for in the original an association of ideas unites, or rather blends the words, as an effect of light blends the different parts of a landscape; this enveloping film is, of course, removed in translation, and I have preferred to leave the body naked rather than to weave for it a veil upon my own loom. Yet I would not have it understood that I do not consider Balzac a great stylist; he made style with ideas, and to me, at least, it is impossible to imagine that the passage in question would be better in any other form. Would it be better by the introduction of any of Thackeray's simperings? Does any one think that any touch of George Eliot's pedantry would be preferable to its vehemence?

But to return to the story. The duke is the husband of Massamilla Doni; he is a melomaniac; and the last pleasure left to him is music. The lady with him is a great opera singer, upon whom he expends fortunes, so that he may be able to accompany her voice on the violin, for certain harmonies convulse him with delight. The real title is Nostalgia: all the characters are suffering from some form of nostalgia, and that is why Balzac chose Venice for the scene of this tale. One alone is incurable. "The love of a fatherland that exists no longer is a passion for which there is no remedy." But it would be profitless to follow the story into its many circumlocutions and tell how the great singer is persuaded to yield the young man to Massamilla Doni, and how Massamilla Doni is induced to descend from her palace of reserve and purity. The intrigue seems unworthy of the beauty of theme, so full of suggestion and divine possibilities, and we can only say that in other hands its loveliness would have vanished utterly in the vulgarity of the treatment.

It may be argued that *Vanity Fair* is superior to the *Père Goriot* and that the *Mill on the Floss* is a greater work than *Eugenie Grandet*, but it cannot be contended that Thackeray or Eliot, or even Dickens, came in their shorter works within range of such marvels as *Jesus Christ en Flandres*, *Une Vieille Fille*, *La Maison Nucingen* or any other handful of stories that may be gathered on the endless shore of the Human Comedy. The Human Comedy is littered with stories, and each is a supreme invention, and each reveals absolute power to attain the end desired even if it be inexcusable. To write a novel without a love interest is a feat that only the very strongest may attempt, and this feat Balzac accomplishes whenever he chooses, as a matter of course. In *La Maison Nucingen* he sets himself a still more difficult task. As a party of friends are finishing dinner in a private room in a fashionable restaurant another party sits down to dinner in the room on the other side. The walls are thin, and

what they say is overheard. This dinner party consists, as Balzac puts it, of the four most celebrated vultures of Parisian society. Their conversation fills sixty-eight closely printed pages; and they tear Paris, plunging their beaks into the very entrails, dragging them forth. After sixty-eight pages of the most astonishing conversation, one of the party says, "There is some one next door." Bricou answers significantly, "There is always some one next door."

The volume which contains *Les Secrets de la Princesse de Cadignan* commences with *La Maison Nucingen*, closes with a short tale, some half a dozen pages, called *Facino Cane*. Facino Cane, a Venetian nobleman, is, when the story opens, a poor blind musician who plays the flageolet at servants' weddings. But he was in his youth the hero of many an adventure. He was imprisoned in a Venice dungeon, whence by the aid of a broken dagger he dug his way through the wall, and all the while he is digging he sees the darkness full of gold and diamonds, for he is, according to his account, gifted by nature with the faculty of seeing gold. He stops, he says now, before the jewellers' shops, and the yellow of the dear metal flows through the empty orbits to his brain. After many months' toil he reached the vaults in which the treasures of the Doges were concealed. Then he entered into a conspiracy with his gaolers, and escaped by the sea carrying a great part of the treasure with him. Being a writer of fiction myself I am not deceived by those superficial likenesses which are gathered by shallow critics and flung in the face of contemporary writers. Most foolish charges of plagiarism were urged against Mr. Rider Haggard on the publication of *She;* he was even severely criticised for introducing verses not written by himself into one of his books. While the controversy was raging I remember wondering why the erudite Mr. Lang did not defend his friend by citing Balzac's conduct in precisely similar circumstances. The sonnets and verses which Lucien is supposed to have written are not by Balzac. The names of the authors are, I believe, known, but be sure every student of French verse can read the name of its author in the last lines of that exquisite sonnet "La Tulipe."

> "Mais la nature, hélas! n'a pas versé d'odeur
> Dans son calice fait comme un vase de Chine."

As plainly as the author of *Les Emaux et Camées* is recognisable in that last verse, that thief Dumas is seen stealing *Monte Cristo* from *Facino Cane*. I have no faintest notion as to the date of the first publication of *Monte Cristo*, but, were I possessed of all the riches of the Doges, I would stake all, yea, and my life to boot, that *Monte Cristo* was published after 1836. That is the date of *Facino Cane*.

The Human Comedy was produced amid maddening pecuniary difficulties, and in literary history there is nothing more pathetic than his account of his efforts to pay off his debts, yet they never led him into any prostitution of his genius. There is something strangely whimsical in the idea of writing *Seraphita* to pay off a debt. He often mentions in his letters that he has been working eighteen hours; that he rose at two and continued his cerebral debauch until noon. Balzac died in harness, killed by the Herculean task of improvising *La Cousine Bette* in six weeks.

Many, no doubt, think that Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, and Goethe, were greater writers than Balzac. Personally I can imagine nothing greater, but that by the way. The point I should like to bring out clearly and distinctly is that if Balzac is not judged fit to dispute the highest place with Shakespeare, the only deficiencies that may be urged against him are verbal deficiencies. It is certain that of all imaginative writers he ruled over the greatest variety of subjects, peopling his vast empire with a greater number of human souls and ideas. It is certain also that the criticism of life contained in his fifty volumes is at once the most comprehensive, the most elaborate, the most philosophic attempted by any writer of imaginative literature, and these facts being granted, and I hardly see how they can be disputed, my point cannot be gainsaid—namely, that if the first wreath be given to Shakespeare it is accorded for purely verbal excellences.

To secure great work two things, as Mr. Matthew Arnold said, are necessary—the man and the moment; in other words a man is great when all men are great. And Balzac lived when a concurrence of natural causes had combined to render France especially sensible to the reception of ideas. The revolution had loosened the founts of human thought; Napoleon had passed like a wild dream through Europe, the fields of conventionality were laid waste, religious, political, and literary, rendering the French mind again, as it were, virgin soil, ready and in season to receive the seed. In our own great literary epoch was it not even so? Was it not the Reformation and the discovery of America which resulted first in Marlowe and then in Shakespeare? Balzac could follow the tale of the Napoleonic wars even into the life-disappointments of old maids, and write the history of one of nature's greatest convulsions, even in the humblest of households. Balzac alone could epitomise Balzac, and he did so when he said, "The world belongs to me because I understand it." To me there is more wisdom and more divine imagination in Balzac than in any other writer; he looked farther into the future than human eyes could see, and that I am finishing these pages with tears in my eyes, that I have written so many upon four short stories, and could have written as many more, so rich in thought is his very

slightest page, is a tribute to his genius, if such a rushlight as myself may pay tribute to such a miracle of glory as he. Some will deem this hysterical and exaggerated praise, but only those who do not know the master, or those who think they know him because they have read the *Père Goriot*. To arrive even at a fragmentary and superficial power you must have read at least thirty of the fifty volumes which go to make up that city of thought so well named "The Human Comedy." As God is said to have created Adam from a handful of clay, so did Balzac create the French novel. Flaubert, Zola, Daudet, Goncourt, Bourget, Maupassant, and Henry James have only taken and developed that part of Balzac which individually they superficially represent. I am at a loss to say from what root Balzac sprang. To compare for a moment any of our novelists with him would be, as every man of letters knows, absurd! Shakespeare is the only writer that can be pitted against him, and as I understand criticism more as the story of the critic's soul than as an exact science, I say that I would willingly give up *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Romeo and Juliet*, &c., for the yellow books.

GEORGE MOORE.

EASTERN WOMEN.

THE prevalent idea amongst us concerning Eastern women is that they are a most unhappy set of creatures, who live in prisons, and only exist for the pleasure of those dreadful tyrants, their masters and husbands. European women visiting these harems or zenanas, as they are variously called in different parts of the East, all tell the same tale. They visit them by special appointment, gaze on these secluded females with a sort of dazed wonder, exchange a few phrases with them by means of an interpreter, and then think they know all about them. They cannot conceive that a life so different to that which they themselves are accustomed to lead—and which they are always in the habit of associating with the idea of happiness—can be anything but irksome. They judge these women by themselves, and assume that their ideas on all subjects must be similar. Thus, if they were prevented from revealing their countenances to every passing stranger; if they were prohibited from flirting—or at least from speaking—with male acquaintances; if they were not allowed to appear at balls or theatres with the minimum amount of dress that is absolutely required by decency—they would consider themselves fearfully ill-used and tyrannised over. Were such opportunities of displaying their charms and reaping the admiration which is so dear to their souls denied them, life would become intolerable. And because with Eastern women such prohibitions are customary, they at once assume that they must be miserable, and pity them accordingly.

As a plain matter of fact, this is not so. Covering her face when abroad is to an Eastern lady neither irksome nor a mark of subjection. There is no law compelling her to do so; it is a custom which is consecrated by tradition and the social etiquette peculiar to Eastern civilisation; and, moreover, it is a custom which she approves of thoroughly. By breaking this custom she would put herself out of the pale of good society; she would fall from the ranks of "well-behaved women," as the Arabs express it. In a like manner, in Europe there is no law compelling women to wear hats or gloves, or shoes and stockings, when out in public. Yet every woman with any pretensions to be a lady always does, and this without any idea of her being a slave. Any young lady running about the streets of London with bare feet and pretty ankles exposed to the gaze of mankind indiscriminately would find herself no whit less harshly dealt with by her world than the Eastern woman without her face covered would be by hers. Her reputation would be attacked, and she would

lose caste—even if she escaped being summarily committed to a lunatic asylum. It is a curious fact that in Eastern etiquette much more importance is attached to covering the face than the feet. An Eastern lady squatting on a sofa will enshroud her features carefully from the passing stranger, but will allow her feet to remain bare to his gaze without the slightest uneasiness. For, as they say, the foot in all women is the same; but the face is different, and in it the special identity of the person is revealed; and it is this special identity of any particular woman which it is the aim of the Eastern social system to conceal from the public view.

In other words, this covering of faces is a matter of social etiquette, and one which is as much due to the initiative and desire of the women themselves as of the men. By means of it an Eastern lady enjoys privileges which her Western sister never dreams of, even if she would appreciate them. She sees every one and everything and is not herself seen! This enables her to go about everywhere and with absolute freedom, without in any way destroying her sense of modesty or exposing her to the impertinent gaze and coarse remarks of bystanders. In Constantinople, in Damascus, in Egypt and Morocco, in Persia, and in the towns on the banks of the Euphrates, I have seen hundreds of ladies strolling about the bazaars, either singly or in company, attended by a few slaves, engaged in all the pleasurable sensations of shopping, without anybody knowing who they were, except that they were ladies, and as such to be scrupulously respected. For at the slightest word or sign of insult these armed slaves would turn and rend the offender, without incurring the slightest danger, either from the people around or from justice itself. For, the man who interferes with the arrangements of the harem is without the pale of the law.

That these harems are nothing better than prisons, therefore, is an idea devoid of the slightest foundation in fact. The ladies in them are free to do as they list, provided they do not expose themselves. And this dread of exposure is inculcated in them as a matter of good breeding; not by the law of the land, but by the law of womanly purity, as they understand it. To them the woman who wilfully sacrifices this sense of decorous seclusion does so for the purpose of attracting the admiration of men other than her husband, and at once falls to the level of her who actually sacrifices her honour. She who desires anything wrong is pretty sure to do it, is their simple mode of reasoning. A Rotten Row, for example, in which is offered daily a feast of beauty—sprightly, languishing, and altogether charming—to every lazy lounger who thinks it is just worth his while to present himself at it, would to them appear a monstrosity. I must be understood to refer in this paper simply to the Mussulman population; for amongst the various Christian

and other sects the harem system does not obtain to any degree worth mentioning.

I was once showing some photographs of friends of mine to a Moorish lady. She did not try to conceal her astonishment at the fact that "well-behaved women," as I had repeatedly to assure her they were, could be so bold as to have their pictures taken in this way to be exhibited to every chance acquaintance. But when we reached one taken in full evening dress, she seemed simply stupefied.

"Wallah!" she exclaimed, "you are laughing at me. This is impossible! No modest woman could allow any strangers to see even a picture of herself with her bosom thus exposed. This must be some work of imagination, not the portrait of a real living woman."

But I assured her that she was mistaken. I explained to her the mysteries of a ball-room.

"Then," she exclaimed in high excitement, "may Allah curse her and her house and her offspring to all eternity! Shame on her!"

Now this lady was no old and haggard maiden, such as even amongst ourselves is sometimes found to frown upon the gaily-dressed damsels around her, and to reprove, in the bitterness of her envy and loneliness, their mad and merry frolics. She was a young woman of eighteen years of age, herself a perfect type of the far-famed Moorish beauty, a wife for the last five years, and a mother of three children. The tone of her voice left no doubt on my mind as to the honesty and genuine character of her disapprobation.

In other words, she regarded her Western sisters, who never cease pitying her condition, and are always busy forming themselves into societies for the relief of herself and her fellow-prisoners and slaves, with just the same amount of contempt and aversion as they themselves are accustomed to regard the brazen *figurante* who nightly displays the charms of her limbs and person for the delectation of miscellaneous audiences reeking with the fumes of tobacco and whiskey!

To obtain anything like a truthful insight into the lives and feelings of Eastern women, it is not merely necessary to pay them visits of ceremony and to talk to them through the medium of an interpreter. It is indispensable, in the first place, to speak their own language, and that with a fluency and accuracy of accent that will cease reminding them of the fact that they are in contact with an infidel stranger. Further, it is imperative to rid oneself of the preposterous idea that our own social system is the only one compatible with a state of civilisation, or even intrinsically better than theirs, although it may be more suitable to our temperaments, and to the modes of life and thought which have been transmitted to us through long generations. We must descend from the position we have always been in the habit of arrogating to ourselves as superior

beings, else we shall never be able to see things from their point of view. For these people are as civilised as ourselves; indeed, their code of social etiquette is a far more stringent one than ours. Their civilisation is of a different stamp, it is true: but let us not therefore fall into the narrow-minded conceit of the Chinaman, who believes all people outside his own Celestial Empire to be barbarians. These women are as proud of themselves and their institutions as we are of ours. And least of all are those missionaries, from whom we are accustomed to hear most about them, qualified to understand or form any reliable opinion concerning them. For they come to them previously saturated with the prejudices of their own religion and their own people. They start prepared beforehand to look upon the state of things amongst them as sinful and incompatible with the demands of civilised human nature; and they are continually on the watch to prevent their armour of prejudice being pierced. Their business is to fight against—not to study, Eastern customs. They go into harems, not to learn and to think, but simply to convert. And this they never succeed in doing in countries where the Mussulman power is dominant.

To obtain a satisfactory explanation of the Eastern system of social ethics—an explanation that will make us Westerns understand how it is that a state of things which is so repugnant to our ideas, and so utterly at variance with all our methods of procedure, should not merely have become accepted by these people, but even regarded by them in the same light as we regard ours, namely, that it is the best and the only one fit for people of discrimination and sense—we must consider for a moment the essential feature of the religion of Islam on which this social system rests. It recognises in man nothing of a transcendental nature. Both men and women are promised a future life; but their conception of this future life is very different from ours. It is nothing more than a repetition of their life here on a more voluptuous scale. Their promised pleasures are exactly of the same character as those in which they revel on earth; the only difference being that the distressing sensation of satiety is there to be kept off from them in degrees varying with the place which the happy one has secured in the seven-storied paradise. Their bodies are the same, only perfected so far as to have become insensible to pain, disease, and things of the same disagreeable nature. There is something very solid and satisfactory about this arrangement, and they hunger for it as tigers do for the blood they have once tasted. There is nothing shadowy to them in this conception of heaven, such as might have given rise amongst them to difference of opinion and final rejection. There is nothing unpleasant to them in the idea of Gehennam, for it only exists for unbelievers.

It is this certainty—this absence of all matter for speculation, in his religion that makes the Mohammedan so true to it, and renders him proof against the uncertainties, however much more beautiful, of Christianity. Moreover, it never rises up in stern opposition to the impulses of his material nature. Mohammed—knowing humanity well—when devising the elaborate system of theology and ethics, with which he intended drawing the multitude to his banner, did not scruple to order his believers to do many things, and some of them arduous, to demonstrate their sincerity. Fasts, pilgrimages, and elaborate and wearisome methods of prayer and worship were enjoined on them; but, on the other hand, he took care not to multiply the things they were *not to do*. It is so much easier, in fact, for man to do than not to do.

A description of Mohammedanism, or a comparison between it and Christianity, would be out of place here; but the above remarks I have deemed necessary to emphasise the fact, which is of considerable importance in connection with the subject of this paper, that on these people their religion possesses a hold which is hardly conceivable by us. Ours is of such a nature that, having regard to the imperfection of humanity, we are forced in our social system to practically ignore it in many points. With them it is different. Their social system is, in the eyes of every man and of every woman amongst them, sanctified by the teachings of their religion.

This religion exalts the physical at the expense of the spiritual part of man's nature. It refuses to look upon him from any transcendental point of view. It regards his material reality as the main part of himself, and it endows his sensual pleasures with an intrinsically noble value of their own, apart from any other consideration. And these views concerning themselves are ingrained, not only in every man, but also in every woman of the Mohammedan races. And, moreover, they are constantly and actively influencing them every moment of their lives.

If I have been fortunate enough to make clear to the reader the state of mind so uniformly present amongst these people, it will be at once evident to him that under such circumstances no civilisation amongst them could be possible without the harem system. An anarchical state of existence, wherein both polygamy and polyandry were customary, is the only alternative. This is what they themselves believe: these are almost the very words in which I was answered by a Persian lady with whom I had been discussing the question.

Let us glance back to our own social system, and we shall presently see that the difference between it and theirs is merely one of degree, and that this difference is due wholly to the difference that exists between the ideas we respectively hold concerning ourselves. Every

social system is based on a religion or theory concerning the constitution of the universe at large. In theory our social system regards man from a point altogether transcendental; because the religion which we acknowledge not merely exalts the spiritual nature of man at the expense of the physical, but goes much further, and inculcates a hatred and a loathing for the sensations of the latter when unaccompanied by a preponderating proportion of the former. Everything that is of the flesh is bad. Every action, to be at all acceptable, must be so permeated with and steeped in the "higher instincts" and the "spiritual cravings" of our nature as almost to obliterate entirely the physical part of it. But in practice we come very far short of this ideal, and the result is a compromise between the two extremes. It is this association of a compromise with an extreme—of a state of society wherein both sides of human nature are recognised in equal proportions—tacitly if not openly—with a religion which insists on regarding only one as of either importance or beauty that makes our position one of such change and instability, and liable to such dangers from the reaction of its own elements, in marked contrast to the quiet and monotonous life of the Easterns.

Thus in Western society, though we not merely assume the existence of the spiritual factor in man, but also attribute to it a vastly predominating influence in his thoughts and actions; yet the customs in use amongst us sufficiently demonstrate our tacit recognition of his material organisation. A lady, notwithstanding a certain amount of freedom she may allow herself in her intercourse with the world, yet surrounds herself with a multitude of delicate mysteries—in her manner of living, in her dress, in her conversation, in her demeanour, in her feelings—which create around her a barrier, within the limits of which her "camaraderie" with the world ceases. And so great is the importance attributed in society to this ill-defined, but very real isolation, that the presence of it is sufficient to constitute one woman a lady, whereas the absence of it leaves another without any defined position.

But what is the motive that induces her to screen herself in such measure from the garish light of publicity? In reality it is the same motive which induces the Eastern lady to look with such favour on the harem system, and to act in thorough sympathy with it. It is in both cases the same sense of modesty—the same instinctive apprehension of the enhancement of her value by the shielding of her womanly purity from anything that might sully it. And since, in consequence of her people's views on human nature, the Eastern lady's modesty is a good deal more sensitive, and has, moreover, a good deal more to be afraid of, her precautions are so much the greater. To a male relative even she will not grant the mere contact of her hand. She would as soon think of jumping over the

moon as of allowing any man other than her husband to touch her lips with his own! There is nothing indefinite in the duties incumbent on her position. The line separating her from a worthless member of her sex is too sharply and distinctly laid down for her to entertain any doubt as to what she ought to do and what she ought not to do. The idea that the harem system is but a tyrannical device on the part of Moslem husbands to secure and dominate their women more completely is, then, preposterous. It is the outcome of superficial acquaintance with themselves, an utter ignorance of the elementary principles on which their social system is founded, and an absurdly conceited idea of the intrinsic value of our own institutions.

Harems have further been described as hotbeds of vice. It has been lightly assumed that numbers of women thus shut up together, with nothing to do, and weighted with a sense of their position in the polity of the Eastern world, could not possibly escape sinking into a state of moral depravity. Such statements cannot, perhaps, be characterised as wilfully mendacious—but they are, all the same, untrue. They are theories evolved from the inner consciousness of people who have argued *a priori* from the very few facts with which they happen to be acquainted. All the premisses which lead them to the above fallacious conclusion I have already shown to be wrong. And as far as facts go, a comparison of the state of things amongst them with that amongst us in this matter cannot but cover with ridicule such ideas. Take some of the large Western towns, Vienna and Paris, for instance. According to the most recent statistics we find that, of the whole number of registered births, 51·5 per cent. in the former city and 28·1 per cent. in the latter were illegitimate! Even in the land of the "unco' guid"—in our own ultra-religious Scotland—the number of illegitimate births reaches the very respectable figure of 10·1 per cent.! That these results are not—except in a very slight measure—due to women of openly abandoned lives can scarcely need demonstration. Such stupendous facts reveal a state of morality amongst Western women which is hardly complimentary to Western civilisation, when compared to Eastern. Harem ladies are not all immaculate, but cases of misconduct amongst them are extremely exceptional. Anything like the scandal and secret vice existing even amongst the highest classes of our social fabric, into which our papers, with their voluminous and sickening details, afford us from time to time a lurid insight, is not known amongst them. Their system of philosophy, by the very fact of its denying their possession of any spiritual nature, concentrates their attention on what they know they do possess, and makes them value it accordingly. I have seen in the various "chowdaks" of the date merchants up the Euphrates as many as three hundred women in the

same place, all belonging to the lowest of the wild Bedouin tribes, all busy packing dates, working the whole day for the diminutive sum of threepence, poor, dirty, worn-out creatures, clothed in little better than rags, and yet scornfully and indignantly defending themselves against offers of money, which would certainly not have been refused by the majority of their class in England, and would each of them have bought a dozen of the women employed in loading ships with grain in such Russian ports as Nicolaieff! Surely with such facts confronting us we cannot deny that Eastern women are at least as chaste as their Western sisters, and that their harems do not materially debase them.

So great is the respect entertained by Moslems for the harem that any man attempting to violate it would run the risk of being torn to pieces by the enraged populace. It would be no matter of simply appearing in a divorce court, and enjoying the not unpleasant sensation for a while of being an object of the greatest interest and adulation to some of the fairest and best in the land. No pasha even would dare to issue a search warrant against a harem. If a robber or murderer be ensconced therein, so much the better for him, and so much the worse for justice; but the ladies' privacy must not be sacrilegiously intruded upon. A census of an Eastern town could never be taken for the same reason.

Nor is the harem ever mentioned in a conversation between men. You never by any chance hear any questions concerning the health of any particular member of it. Such questions would be treated as an impertinence calling for prompt castigation. A man may be perfectly ignorant as to the number of wives of an intimate friend of his. This complete exclusion of the subject from ordinary conversation is not due, as is generally supposed, to the contempt of them. Rather is it the sacredness with which they look upon them which prompts it. They do not themselves pretend to anything above a material nature, and therefore, they logically argue, the thought of woman in every man's mind—except the one to whom she belongs—is a bad one. Regarding such thoughts as insulting to their harem ladies, they prefer not to raise the image of woman at all amongst themselves. Such refinement of homage is, perhaps, incomprehensible to the Western mind, which must, therefore, needs put an evil construction on it.

Let us glance for a moment at the manner Easterns treat their wives, and then consider whether there is the slightest ground for supposing they look upon them with any less veneration than their Western brothers. Until within very recently, an English lady, on marrying, lost control over her property. From time immemorial Eastern wives have always retained complete control over their own property, and, moreover, have had the right to employ their own private

agents to manage their own affairs! An English wife has no place in her house wherein she can be sure of absolute privacy. Her husband may not merely follow her everywhere, but has even the right of breaking open the door if she refuses to let him in. An Eastern wife has but to place her slippers outside the door of her apartment to prevent the intrusion of every one, her husband included! An English lady of high degree marrying a man beneath that degree falls at once to his level, and has no more rights over him than any other wife would have. An Eastern lady, under the same circumstances, has the right not merely to rule him, but all that belongs to him! An Eastern wife can always claim a legal divorce from her husband. The law, however, cannot compel a man to divorce his wife; it is for him to pronounce the fatal words, without which no divorce is legal. But moral and pecuniary suasion seldom fail to succeed in making him do so.

If a legal wife is divorced she goes home to her own friends, and not only can but does very soon marry again. The law requires her to wait three months. At the end of this time, if she is not *enceinte*, she is free. If *enceinte*, she must wait till her baby is born. After this she may either send it to its father or keep it. In the latter case the law compels the father to support it and herself, and after the child ceases to suckle from her she may marry again.

Each man can take unto himself four legal wives, and concubinage is distinctly allowed by their religion. But the law does not permit a man to meddle with any slave of one of his legal wives. She has complete control over her own slaves, and can sell or give them away at her own pleasure.

It may be thought that to be one of four wives is in itself an unhappy position. But if we glance back again at the peculiar ideas which permeate their lives and thoughts, we shall see that this by no means necessarily follows. With us it is an axiom that if a man truly loves one woman, he cannot love another. Whether our practice accords with this axiom is quite another thing. This falls, however, for the moment without our province. But with Easterns there is no such abstract idea of love. The refined emotion, which we are accustomed to designate as "pure" or "true" love, and which with us is not uncommon, is with them an exception. The case of the Moorish lady I have before referred to is the only example of such I have ever seen amongst them. She and her husband, though married already five years, were true lovers in the Western sense. She was his only wife. But ordinarily speaking, an Eastern woman never expects to engross a man's whole affection for very long, and does not, consequently, feel so deeply hurt at his taking another wife as at first sight would appear natural to us. I have seen in many harems the different wives living together with

as much amity and absence of jealousy as can be conceived to exist between any three or four women who happen to live together.

An Eastern lady has no choice in the selection of her husband. But neither, on the other hand, has the husband any choice in the selection of his wife. The affair is mainly arranged by the ladies of both families. If there is any hardship in the matter, it is he rather on whom it falls, for he has to pay to her father certain sums of money, varying according to her degree, which he has no chance of having refunded in case she does not suit his liking, whereas, under the same circumstances, she returns home, after a divorce has been arranged, free to wed again. There is no difficulty about obtaining the divorce. Harems are expensive concerns, and he would be a fool who kept up a harem, with its scores of slaves, eunuchs, servants, and officials, all for the sake of a wife who had no love for him. Thus, if marriage is with them a little more of a lottery than it is with us, it is not, on the other hand, such a binding contract, and can soon be dissolved if disagreeable.

As a matter of fact, however, polygamy is the exception. This statement may occasion a good deal of surprise, but it is true nevertheless. Harems are luxuries which only the few can afford. A man could not very well keep one on the principle of economy. He could not make slaves and drudges of his wives, as his Western brothers are too often inclined to do. A man who keeps a harem which is badly arranged and ill provided with the necessaries and even luxuries of their life, and which therefore becomes a matter of public notice, surely loses caste amongst his fellow-men.

The odalisques, or favourite slaves of a harem, must here be mentioned. They occupy no defined position, and their tenure of office is very precarious. From being loaded with jewels, and the objects of anxious solicitude to their masters one day, they may be in the market for sale the next, shorn of all their ornaments. The legal wives may probably be quite unaware of their existence, and it is quite certain that their presence causes them no more uneasiness than the white odalisques swarming—let us say—in St. John's Wood and other parts of London occasion the married ladies in that Western city. At any rate the Eastern lady, under such circumstances, has not, besides the pangs of jealousy, the conviction forced on her that her husband has broken his vows to her, and is therefore a false-hearted hypocrite. For he never has made a pretence of everlasting affection for her, and she therefore never thinks of breaking her heart about it.

As to the open vice which is so essential a feature in all our large cities—if not in every little place wherein our Western civilisation maintains its sway—the votaries of which are so numerous, and have so recognised a standing in our society, that it taxes the ingenuity and

patience of our conscientious fathers of families to the utmost to prevent their pure daughters from coming into contact with them, it is utterly unknown in the East. I am now speaking of the real East—of the East which has not been contaminated by the intrusion to any extent of Western manners or Western people; not of the sea-port towns, which, by the admixture of all that is worst in the two races, have been converted into very hells upon earth. In Damascus, for example, a woman of light character parading the streets would be stoned to death! Such as do exist have to conceal their charms under well got-up disguises of old age, crippled, hideous, and miserable. And they are only present when either a certain number of Europeans happen to inhabit the place or when it is provided with a Turkish governor who has sojourned for some part of his life in Paris or some other great Western city, and has thus imbibed our notions on such matters, as occurred at the old and conservative town of Busrah a short time ago.

To relate in detail all the observations which have led me to hold the above opinions would be here out of place; but I think I have said enough to show that Eastern women are, on the whole, as well treated as their Western sisters—and moreover, that they are quite as happy. No one could for a moment maintain that if a highly-organised specimen of the Western woman were picked out, there could be found amongst Eastern women any one to match her in beauty, grace, purity, and that highly specialised sense which we love to think of as refined womanhood. But, on the other hand, amongst Western women there are many whose infamy and depravity of nature it would be as equally difficult to match in the Eastern world. Action and reaction are equal everywhere. Development cannot proceed apace without starting at the same time a retrograde course of degeneration. If the ideal aimed at is high, it cannot be astonishing that the majority fail to come anywhere near it, and many fall lower than if they had had no ideal at all to start with. The Easterns are content with the mediocrity and materialism of this earth. Their tread on it is firm and sure, and whilst failing to produce brilliant results, their condition of morality is one of inherent stability. We, like Icarus of old, spurn that which is material from beneath our feet, and attempt to rise on wings of our own making towards the ethereal expanse overhead. May Heaven grant that we may not, like him, come crashing lower down than that level from whence we sprung, and with disordered minds and broken-up institutions, find ourselves wallowing once more amidst the filth of primitive savagery!

HORACE VICTOR.

IN THE FORESTS OF NAVARRE AND ARAGON.

At Roncesvalles, almost within a stone's throw of the convent's storied walls, begins a wooded and mountainous country, a succession of forests divided by sierras of gradually increasing elevation, known in parts to shepherds, woodmen, and smugglers, but traversed by few roads, and broken only occasionally by patches of cultivated land, a country which stretches through Navarre to where the glacier-girt Maladetta looks down upon the Pyrenees of Cataluña and Aragon.

Into this forest country it was my purpose to penetrate, entering it at Roncesvalles and emerging at the other side of the Maladetta by the Val d'Aran. Leaving London on July 29th, I found myself at Roncesvalles about noon on August 7th in this year of grace 1889.

I had come up on foot through the Basque country, having left two days before the last Basque town, where I had obtained the necessary equipment for my expedition. This equipment consisted chiefly of a mule to carry my luggage and a man to act as guide and look after the mule. Considering that I had no choice, but had to take what I could get, I cannot complain of my companions. I was exceedingly fortunate in the quadruped. She was a handsome mule, bay with black points, standing about 15·3, and proved to be the most docile and amiable as well as the most active of her race. The biped was not equally satisfactory. He was a well-built young fellow, civil and quiet, a good walker, but by no means anxious to exhibit his powers. His title of guide was a misnomer, for he was absolutely ignorant of the country through which we travelled. Even as a muleteer his knowledge was limited, and my belongings bit the dust frequently the first three days, so little did he understand of the mysteries of fastening a load on a Spanish pack-saddle.

At Roncesvalles we stopped to bait the mule, and were in luck ourselves in getting a comparatively comfortable meal.

It was nearly twelve years since I had visited Roncesvalles; then a mule-path—as difficult as Spanish mule-paths commonly are—led up the pass from Valcarlos to the convent, and travellers were few. Now there is an excellent carriage-road, and tourists may come and go as they will; but with its seclusion the place has lost the atmosphere of old romance which once surrounded it and was its chief charm.

We had some hours' walk before us in order to reach Orbaiceta, where I intended to pass the night. As we left the inn, I learned

that a girl from Orbaiceta, who was about to return, would willingly accompany us as guide. Our way lay first through the forest of Roncesvalles, a dense wood of somewhat undersized beech, with occasional big timber, which became more and more frequent as we advanced.

The mountain mists and rains had covered the huge beech-trunks with moss, and their roofing boughs let no light come through. The tender green twilight of the forest was deliciously cool and refreshing after the blaze of sunlight we had left outside. The ground was brown, thickly carpeted with dead beech-leaves, but the gnarled trunks and spreading branches were green not only with velvet cushions of moss, but with miniature thickets of fern, among which were the mountain polypody, and the delicate fronds of the oak-fern, while here and there the leaves of the wood-anemone covered with verdure the top of some lichened old tree-stump. From time to time one's feet sank in vivid green carpets of fernleaf-moss, and in the little glades one had to push one's way through luxuriant bracken. As we advanced we came on clumps of ancient holly and silver-stemmed birch-trees, bearded with grey lichen. Over broad spaces of shady ground a thick undergrowth of tiny beeches was shooting up. There was little colour in the green twilight of the forest. At a few places where mountain streams came babbling down, the purple foxglove spikes shot up among dark-green bracken. Not a sound was there in the stillness of the spacious forest, except at long intervals the cooing of some distant wood-dove, which, indeed, rather accentuated than broke the silence. The thirst for the forest world was upon me, long pent in London streets, and I drank it in insatiably, as one rescued from the stifling choke-damp of a mine drinks in the breath of heaven.

Through the forest we wound our way in single file. The girl, a tall, strong mountaineer, with that erect carriage which comes from carrying water-jars poised on the head, going along easily as a deer in front, showed the way, which, as there was not a trace of a path, we could scarcely have found ourselves. Emerging from the forest, we crossed some long slopes of open mountain under a blazing sun and without a breath of air moving. The *grillos*, or field-crickets, were in their glory, basking in the intense heat, and filling the whole mountain with their clear music.

The open mountain which we were now crossing was walled in everywhere by dark masses of forest. A thick undergrowth of shrubs, plants, and flowers glowed at our feet. Wild thyme in great purple beds, clover, geraniums, the gold of cinquefoil and cytisus, the purple vetch, the red snapdragon, the blue viper's bugloss, various kinds of rock-rose, campanulas, with their delicate blue or violet bells, deep-coloured and sweet-scented clove-pinks,

aconite, mullein, large white wild roses, growing in great masses where the underwood was thick—these, and many a plant more, made bright the long slopes of the mountain until we reached the next forest. The songs of girls herding cows, and the continual tinkle of the cow-bells, gave life to the scene.

The forests of Navalla and Lachaga (as far as I could distinguish the names) succeeded to the open mountain, and we had to scramble along tortuous paths, winding over rocks and tree trunks along the steep mountain sides. The forest was still composed of beech, with occasional oak or chestnut. The sunlight, breaking through the roof of leaves, chequered with gold the grassy ground; and the white boles of the giants of the wood gleamed, dappled here and there with golden moss. Golden moss, too, lay in long folds of deep soft velvet on narrow ledges of rock near the path. There was a dearth of good springs in the forest, but a wealth of delicious wild strawberries was within reach without leaving the path. One thing was wanting here, as throughout Spain. Songbirds there were none, the nearest approach to bird-music being the voice of an occasional wood-dove. I noticed, however, several large hawks hovering above the mountain side at one time, and occasionally a vulture would sail with broad wings across the sky. At last the forest ceased, and a truly Spanish landscape—a steep white waste of naked rock, dotted with a few juniper bushes—succeeded. Down this we followed a zigzag track worn in the stone, and soon, turning the shoulder of the mountain, the valley of the Irati river and the scattered roofs of the hamlet of Orbaiceta lay beneath our feet.

The sun was a Spanish sun in August, not a cloud in the sky. There was no breeze, and by the time we reached the village we were in a melting state. At a house which had no sign that it was the *posada*, save a spray of withered pine, we unsaddled and fed the mule, and left the luggage. The roar of the near river coming up through the hot August air was an invitation too pressing to be disregarded, and, taking the guide to guard my clothes, I scrambled down the rocks to the water. A rude wooden bridge here crosses the Irati, which rushes in whiteness and fury through the narrow channels between the great grey rocks that trammel its downward course. Here and there are deep eddying pools in the waterworn stone. A little above the bridge there is a shoot for timber, for it is by this river when in flood that the great trunks are floated down to Pamplona from the forests of Salazar which begin a few miles up stream. The tall grey rocks that bordered the water were flooded over with a rippling tide of clematis, the deep-scented ivory-coloured blossom filling the air with fragrance, and the long veils of tendril and flower swaying in the wind of the falling water, where above the bridge the cataract comes leaping and roaring down. As we followed

up the stream the bed of the river opened out, and we passed through thickets of fragrant sweetbriar and deep beds of aromatic plants, till we reached a broad pool suitable for bathing. I was quickly in the water, swimming with intense enjoyment, after long hours of burning sunshine, which still beat down on us, in the swift cool stream.

On returning to the *posada* dinner was ordered, a very simple matter, as there was no choice of dishes; we had, as one always has to do in Spain, to take what we could get.

The *posada*, like the other houses of the village, was solidly built of grey stone and oak black with age. It was roofed with shingles from the neighbouring forest. On the stone lintel over the doorway, the date and heraldic device of the owners was roughly sculptured. Entering, you found yourself in a sort of covered *patio*, with a floor of hard earth, strewn with fresh bean-haulms, among which several pigs were grouting. The kitchen, the stable, and the cellar opened upon this *patio*, and a black oak staircase led up to the first floor, which served as a granary, out of which led two or three bedrooms. The boards of this floor left large intervals through which I could hear from my bedroom the mules munching their maize in the long stable below. Throughout the house heavy wooden shutters took the place of glass.

The kitchen, a large room which also served for dining-room, had the usual hood to carry the smoke through the roof from the open hearth. On the hearth was a wood fire, seated as far as possible from which I watched the preparation of dinner. The *posadero's* wife, a kindly comely woman, assisted by a girl managed the cookery and laid the table. As the dinner as well as the inn was typical of my experience in Navarre, a brief description may be permitted.

Soup was prepared in an earthenware pipkin by covering some layers of bread with water and strong-flavoured olive oil and stewing the mixture, with which in spite of many pressing invitations I never meddled after a single incautious mouthful. Stringy and ill-kept chops of lean mutton followed, cooked or rather charred by the simple process of raking out the red-hot embers and laying the meat directly upon them. Beans stewed in oil came next; then strong sheep's milk cheese; and there was abundance of dark red Navarrese wine, a sort of coarse Burgundy, to wash down food which would have been otherwise rather difficult to swallow. The innkeeper and his son, a boy of seven years old, dined with us, my man and myself sitting side by side. The innkeeper's wife, though I pressed her to join us, looked after our wants and satisfied herself with a few morsels eaten standing when we had finished. The boy, an intelligent and somewhat impish youth, drank wine freely and was also supplied with *aguardiente*, the coarse brandy of the country, in spite

of his mother's not unreasonable remonstrances. The father, a good-humoured sensual-looking man, himself a votary of the bottle, encouraged the boy to drink and was highly delighted when the youthful rebel refused absolutely to go to bed. The mother, however, supported by a strong suggestion on my part that the boy would be better in bed, a suggestion which at once silenced the father, seized the rebel and dragged him off kicking and yelling. She afterwards returned and was persuaded to take a seat at the table and join in the conversation, when her questions and remarks showed far more intelligence than was to be found in her husband, who together with my servant showed an astonishing capacity for *aguardiente*, at which they sat till late into the night.

Next morning in spite of the remonstrances of my man, who did not like the prospect of a journey through the lonely forest, I pushed along the course of the river, making for Isaba, though I had no hope of reaching it that night. I intended to camp out in the forest, a plan which increased my muleteer's opposition. The mule-path, a mere track worn in the stone, led along the left side of the river. It was blazing hot. The sunlight fell like liquid fire on the white rocks, which gave back the heat to the windless air. At the other side of the river the forest had already begun but our path was absolutely unshaded; the woodman's axe had spared not a single tree. There was, however, a sense of coolness in the murmur of the river below; and in the deeper pools I could see the trout swimming about where I would have gladly been. From time to time strong streams of ice-cold water burst from the mountain side beneath our feet and served to slake our thirst.

The halts to rearrange the mule's load were frequent. The horse-flies were thick as swarms of midges, and the great yellow mule-fly, with his projecting green eyes, was busy. Neither man nor beast escaped their attentions, and there was nothing for it but to press on and hope for better things when we entered the forest.

After a long spell of walking in the unbroken sun glare the path began to wind among patches of forest, and suddenly a delicious and familiar scent apprised me of the neighbourhood of man. It was a mountain hut made of and slated with wood, round which hay-making was going on, and filling the air with the refreshing scent of mountain hay full of clover, cytisus, and thyme.

We hastened on; and soon after the path was lost in the deep forest.

The change from the white sun glare and the blaze of heat to the cool green twilight of the woodland was like a change from the tropical to the temperate zone. It was indeed a change from one world to another. The forest world was around us, and the world where the sun reigned supreme was past. Though there was no

song either of bird or cicada this forest world was not without its music. The roar of the unseen river bursting down its steepening gorge far below came up through the sea of verdure, softened by its medium as was the strong sunlight that filtered through the green canopy of beech leaves. Supremely restful both to eye and ear was the cool forest light and the forest muffled murmur of the water. And if the living columns of the tree-trunks which support the high-branching roof, and the subdued light, and the deep sweet music of the rock-organs, which respond to the sure strong touch of the river, suggested an obvious comparison, the comparison was certainly not to the advantage of the cathedral. The cathedral, like the forest, appeals to the religious sense in man; but there is a breath of life, an atmosphere of mystery, in the forest, which no art can give to the senseless stone. The forest aisles are not measured or bounded, but melt away mysteriously into infinite distance: their many-centuried pillars and roofs, their pavements of emerald moss, are more beautiful than anything the work of men's hands can show; their river-music ceases never; and the sense of serene life which breathes from every part of such a temple of nature, is intensified by the free and joyous movements of the denizens of the forest; the quick golden-green lizards flashing across the mossy ground, the graceful roedeer passing like brown shadows, a moment seen, then gone.

Our path wending through the green world of forest above the river now began to be broken by steep barrancos or glens, down one side of which we scrambled and up the other, and our exertions in the shady and hot atmosphere of the wood, which had only seemed cool as compared with the furnace of sunshine outside, made the cool sound of the river irresistible. Accordingly, having descended into a broad barranco, we followed it to the river, and were fortunate enough to discover at no great distance a suitable pool for bathing.

It was a secluded spot, inaccessible save for a narrow ledge of wave-washed rock, along which none but a mule as docile as ours would have consented to climb. This ledge lay along the base of a precipitous cliff, and an almost precipitous cliff hundreds of feet in height faced it at the opposite side. On the near side the rock-wall ended in a little glade; this glade was carpeted with grass of a vivid green, due to the perpetual moisture of the spray. Over the rock-wall at the near side of the water the clematis rooted in the lower ledges snowed down its clouds of blossom, which looked white till your eye compared them with the foam of the water, when they showed a rich yellow hue, hanging like veils of old Barcelona lace over the rocks, sweeping the green velvet of the grass, and filling the air with faint fragrance. A keener sweetness came from the golden bugles of a curtain of honeysuckle blossom over which a

humming-bird moth was hovering, feeding as he flew on the nectar within. Such a scene might well have suggested Calderon's beautiful thought—"¿Que mucho si en tal calma aves fuentes y flores tienen alma?"

Great boulders of grey rock, cushioned here and there by bronze-hued velvet moss, bordered the glade towards the river. At the opposite side the cliff just above the pool rose up in ledges fringed with hazel and beech growing wherever they could find root-hold. Up and down the gorge above and around the spacious forest closed in the sky. Some distance beyond the fall a mighty silver fir rose mast-like in height, but feathered to the base, a dark pyramid amid the light green sea of beech foliage.

The pool itself was of pellucid water, sapphire-blue with depth except where, near the fall, the bubbles rose white through the blueness. It was a sensation not to be forgotten to lie in the ice-cold crystal, letting oneself be carried down the pool by the rush of the river, or to sink down into the depths seeing with dim eyes the mysterious under-light of the water world, or to float on one's back looking up to the blue sky, surrounded by that incomparable scene. The moments in which the lover of nature is most nearly made one with the nature he loves, when he is as it were, "wedded to this goodly universe in love and holy passion," are surely such moments as these.

When at last, all reluctantly, I left the cool embrace of the water, and was resting on a boulder by the brink, I was interested to find that my visit to this secluded retreat had not passed unmarked by the feathered owner of the place. A water-ouzel on a rock some little way upstream was quietly surveying my operations, I presume, with approval, for the ouzel is even fonder of water than the most amphibious of men: he dashes through the water after his food, nests in some nook protected by the falling spray, and no matter how long he may be followed, and how often he may be startled, keeps to the stream, which is at once his hunting-ground and his home. This particular ouzel surveyed me for about a minute and then there was a white flash from the stone and he was gone.

Rising by steep zig-zags from the river, we re-entered the forest, and following the path as before, passed after a time cliffs of naked white rock, rising like towers, six or seven hundred feet in height, islanded in the green sea of forest. Barranco after barranco filled with big timber-trees opened up out of the broadening valley in which our way lay. The green beech forest began to be dotted with dark pyramids of silver fir. Tall silver firs with silver beards of lichen hanging from every bough sentinelled our path, and at last, having once more climbed the mountain side we looked down on the grassy slopes of a broad valley, and the long reaches of the river

backed by a ruined castle, all closed in by walls of forest-clad mountain.

Winding down into the valley we waded the river, here a quiet enough stream, babbling over a broad sandy bed, and climbing the opposite side found ourselves at a rough but clean cottage a little lower down than the ruins, where the *Guarda del Monte*, a sort of forest-guard, made us very welcome. I wished to push on; but as it was now near sunset, and as the next house towards Isaba would take six hours' hard walking to reach, I settled to stay the night, and to start early in the morning, with the *Guarda del Monte* for guide, to walk through the forest to Isaba.

Having fed the mule, and made a somewhat scanty meal ourselves on bread and wine, I left my man to discuss the *aguardiente* and went up to the ruins, the view from which over the long valley and the vast amphitheatre of forest suggested that the builders who had placed it there had had taste beyond their generation; though their very name was long ago forgotten, and Pedro, the *Guarda*, a master in woodcraft, his proper business, could only conjecture that it was a *Castello de los Moros*—the Moors being made responsible by the peasantry, in many parts of Spain and especially in this region, for the most manifestly mediæval or modern architecture. The green-sward from the ruins slopes softly down to the river, from which comes up perpetually a musical murmur, sweet and low. Out of the valley open the loveliest glades, fern-clothed or green with the softest grass; and all around rise the many folded mountains, clothed from base to brow in light green beech forest, out of which climb darkly the shadowy masts of pine. As I watch the sun disappears behind the western mountain walls, the mists and clouds begin to creep like smoke along the mountain sides and into the higher barrancos; and, though it is not yet night, the bat-time has come, and all along the river those swallows of the night, issuing from their hiding-places, hawk up and down after their insect prey.

Returning to the house I found that the *Guarda del Monte* had been busy with his net in the river, and a dish of trout lay on the table. This was fortunate as there was nothing else to eat but an ill-kept wild boar ham, not very successfully cured in the chimney, which consisted of a barrel-shaped hole in the roof with sides of wood carried down to within six feet of the hearth-stone—a huge stone flag in the middle of the room. The *Guarda's* wife, a sturdy Amazon, with a sharp tongue, but good-hearted and genial withal, toasted bread on the red-hot embers, fried the trout in olive-oil, and then some thick strong-smelling collops of wild boar in the same ubiquitous liquid, and a dinner fit for a forester was ready.

There was plenty of wine—far cheaper there than milk is in England—to wash down the food; and Pedro, finding I knew something abou

sport and the habits of wild animals, was eloquent in his accounts of boar, wolf, and roebuck shooting. The winter with its deep snows is the time for sport in this vast forest. Then, he said, we can track them by their traces in the snow; they come down to the valleys; the wild boar are on the search for food, and the wolves lope round on the chance of picking up a stray sheep. There were, he told me, no bears now, though when a boy he had seen them a little higher up in the hills. After supper two *carabineros*, who were stopping here to stop the smuggling from France, came in and were soon on the best terms with me when they found that I knew their native village in the sierras of Alicante. The kitchen, however, became oppressively hot. I said good-night early and went up the valley instead of going to bed.

It was a windless night: the air, though warm, had caught the moist freshness of the river, and the cool scent of the vast forest coming in gradual waves down the valley was a luxury to breathe. Not a sound was audible except the ceaseless music of the water. Over the river bats were still hawking to and fro: great silver moths fluttered by, visible in the clear obscure, and after them came the night-jar, like a gigantic swallow, gliding past, and disappearing the next moment in the darkness of the lower glen. The moon was still young, and the thin veil of cloud which just sufficed to hide the sky let no light through; so that as the night advanced the valley grew darker, but never so dark that the eye, adapting itself to the conditions, could not distinguish its surroundings. Following the river up into the forest, I sat down on a mossy bank and let the quiet night and the spirit of the great forest steal into my being. At such a time, when the senses are satisfied, and the mind begins to work, it is natural to compare the charms of society and solitude.

At first the verdict will be with Andrew Marvell—

> "Society is all but rude
> To this delicious solitude."

This will, of course, be especially the case when one has been living in the midst of the many, with commonplace people who do not understand one's aspirations and interests, whose views are at variance with one's own. Such society is really the most trying isolation, and to leave it in order to be "made one with nature" is in fact to exchange solitude for society; but there comes a time when one feels with Shelley the need of human sympathy: "How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion." And the sense of this need of silent companionship (for one does not wish a companion to talk to) is perhaps the last word that one takes away from lonely communion with primæval nature.

It was late when I returned to the forester's cottage, but I could not sleep; the first cocks crowed about two o'clock, while it was

yet night; and at three o'clock as the dim light was already coming through my open window, I put on my sandals and left the house quietly without disturbing anyone. I went down to the river, and a swim in a pool that felt as though it had been iced, and the delicious freshness of the dewy air, made me feel as fit as if I had had the traditional eight hours' sleep. As I had a good two hours at my disposal, I made my way up a glen lower down the valley.

There is a charm in the woodland world at dawn which more than compensates the slight effort of early rising. Old Chaucer, the father of our English love of nature, as of our English poetry, knew this—

> "And up I rose three hours after twelfe,
> About the springen of the day,
> And on I put my gear and mine array
> And to a pleasant grove I gan passe,
> Long er the bright Sonne uprisen was!"

Nor was this early walk of his anything exceptional. He tells us, in a poem where our modern love of nature is anticipated, that, for the love of the flowers,—it was indeed to gaze upon a single flower—

> "In my bed there daweth me no day
> That I nam uppe and walkyng in the mede."

And so, as I walked through the dewy grass and fern, I brushed the misty seedpearl from the low-feathering beech-trees, I seemed to have the poet with me going forth to hear the nightingale:—

> "And right anone as I the day espied,
> Ne longer would I in my bed abide;
> But unto a wode that was fast by
> I wente forthe alone full prively."

And certainly the wood in which I found myself, if it had not the nightingales (being August it was at any rate too late to hear them sing), had beauty such as would have delighted the susceptible heart of the author of the *Boke of Cupide*. The dew was on the forest untouched as yet by a single sunbeam, for, though it was now broad daylight, the sun had not climbed above the eastern mountain tops. The grass and fern of the forest glades were hung with delicate silk threads, thicker indeed than gossamers, and hung with diamonds of dew, the largest flatter brilliants in the centre of each web, decreasing in size with the utmost regularity as the distance from the centre increased. This was of course caused by the depression of the web in the centre, which made the dewdrops run together. The dew hung in pearly drops on the delicate tips of the emerald-coloured fern-leaf moss, and gathered in soft grey veils over the feathery fringe of seed-bearing grasses on the open ledges where few trees found roothold at the side of the glen. The light green of the

beech contrasted with the vivid green of the fernleaf moss and the deep green of the bracken; while here and there, in reach of a rivulet's spray, glowed great bosses of soft deep moss like the finest velvet in texture, and with golden lights and emerald shades in it like the ruffled breast of a humming bird. The great beech-trees stood like guardians round these glades, making a wall of verdure that reached right down to the deep bracken that sandalled their feet. The delicate earth scent filled the air. All was still. The sun had not wakened to active life the insects or the wild dwellers in the woods. Looking through the vistas of leafy boughs into each secluded glade, one would hardly have been surprised to see one of the woodland creatures of Greek fancy, Dryad or Faun, amid those lonely lawns and many centuried trees. With the sunrise came a light intermittent breeze, which just stirred the beech forest, making

"A soft eye-music of slow-moving boughs."

When I got back to the house, I found the good wife toasting bread on the red-hot embers, and her husband and my man already discussing their breakfast. This consisted of raw *aguardiente*, a potent native brandy, to strengthen the stomach, as they explained, followed by cups of black coffee. A charming little boy, between three and four years of age, answering to the name of Julian, was the third in this characteristic breakfast. He too had his little glass of spirit and his cup of black coffee, and this, though I found there was plenty of goats' milk, of which I promptly secured a bowlful. Julian made friends with me at once and sat on my knee. He liked some chocolate I produced, but entirely despised the milk I was drinking. His father appeared to be proud of his son's tastes, and smiled at my warnings. Breakfast over, the mule was saddled and loaded by the forester, who was an adept at that work; and, after paying something more than the trifling charge our worthy hostess wished to make for our lodging and entertainment, we shook hands and parted, her husband accompanying us as guide.

Our way at first followed the course of the river, now thundering among gigantic boulders, now gliding quietly over soft brown slopes of rock that gleamed a golden brown through the shallow water. Steep walls of forest-clad mountain rose on either side. The universal beech soon began to alternate with silver fir. In this part of the forest no trees are cut at all. The trees that are blown down supply sufficient firewood to the forester, and there is no sale for wood. There were indeed numbers of trees long fallen and overgrown with moss across or near our path. We walked as usual in single file. The forester led the way. He was a tall, sinewy, dark-complexioned Navarrese, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, and with his rifle on his shoulder, and his long springy stride, looked

every inch a man. He wore the usual dress of the country. A rough shirt and trousers, a Basque *bereta* on his head, and sandals on his naked feet. As this part of the wood was full of large vipers and we all wore sandals we kept a sharp look out. More than once we saw the flat head and the great black coils of the venomous thing sunning itself on some great stone, and more than once the forester was too quick for the snake. The primitive enmity against the serpent's seed was so strong in this son of Eve that, unable to persuade him to put the vipers he surprised out of their pain, I had to finish them off myself. He told me a good deal about the habits of the snakes: more to the south, towards Tudela, there is a big yellow viper which the people eat after they have cut off the head and declare it is as good as chicken. I think his story is not improbable, as so scanty is the supply of flesh obtainable, even in Aragon, that at the mountain *posadas* I saw them eating frogs, not as a delicacy, but as a necessity of life. The forest through which we were walking was absolutely solitary, never once did we see man or any sign of man, except an occasional tree burned as it stood to supply a night's firing without trouble of felling it. There was but little bird life. The harsh voice of the *graja* (jay) was heard from time to time and once or twice I caught sight of its bright plumage. On one or two open pools on the river, the swifts were circling, dropping gracefully to drink, as they perform all the operations of life, on the wing. Once we saw a kestrel or wind-hover poised above a glade at the other side of the river, and several times the broad vans of a Pyrenean vulture moved slowly across the blue. Of insects there was no lack. Gorgeous dragon-flies sailed up and down above the river in the more open parts of the valley: butterflies of splendid hues were not uncommon; but our old enemies, the horse and mule flies, were neither so numerous nor so troublesome as before.

And now the stream divided and, following a branch to the right, we climbed a deep barranco, in which the view was so far open that we could see over the trees, the mountains rising tier above tier, fold beyond fold, up to the higher summits, scarfed with white cloud and blue in the distance. The silver fir had quite superseded the beech as the giant of the forest. The scarlet berries of the mountain ash made a glow of colour here and there in the universal green. Underfoot, foxgloves and a strange plant, with corymbs shaped like the elder's but scented like hawthorn blossom, gave variety at intervals to the mossy or leaf-strewn ground. Wild strawberries of delicious flavour grew in profusion over the rocks and tree stumps, but I was alone in my liking for them. Neither the forester nor my man would touch them, and, indeed, speaking generally, they go to waste in Navarre even more completely than blackberries do in Ireland. The pace at which we travelled had greatly improved since we followed

the forester, who walked up the steepest barrancos at above four miles an hour without losing breath or turning a hair, while we toiled panting after him as best we might. About noon we rested on a low hill-top free from trees where there was a slight breeze from the higher mountains, a refreshment we had not felt for days. There we smoked and talked over the best spots for wild boar and the chance of getting a shot at wolves in the great forest.

A vast amphitheatre of forest beyond forest, and mountain rising above mountain, lay around us. The higher mountains, thinly streaked with dazzling snow, rose blue in the distance, the nearer mountains showed a deep violet where the shadows lay in the hollows of the glens; while the open grass slopes were green or shifted their tints from green to gold, as a wind of light moved over them. As far as the eye could reach there was no sign of man or the works of man.

On the hill-top where we were resting the sun fell with full force, and the cicadæ filled the air with their merry music.

One of the characteristics of open-air life in Spain is the important place in the music of the country which belongs to the cicada or *grillo* as he is called. His chirring song (in the south he is called the *chicharra*), which is both clear and sweet, is the prevailing sound in the spring and summer, not only all day, but late into the warm nights. The Spaniards love the music, and even keep the insect-singers in cages as we do birds. This, too, we know, was the custom among the Greeks. The cause of the high estimate of the cicada's music is, in Spain, I think, the scarcity of song-birds. Though I heard nightingales in June in some of the Pyrenean forests some years ago, I came on scarcely any song-birds, indeed, on very few birds at all during my expedition in an undisturbed forest country, which might have been expected to be full of them. Scarcely any birds I saw, but with this exception, that birds of prey were everywhere exceedingly numerous. Hawks, kites, and vultures were to be seen daily. The absence of game-birds—shot down mercilessly on the ground or in their nests in season and out of season—leaves the song-birds to supply the food of the birds of prey, which breed unmolested, as no one thinks of wasting powder and shot on them. Thus the absence of our English love of sport, and consequently of game-laws such as we have in England, results in the increase of birds of prey and the extermination by them of the song-birds, while the absence of song-birds leads to the high estimate of the musical powers of the cicadæ. As for the game-birds, it is pretty certain that if they had a voice in the matter they would much prefer to be preserved and to pay at last with a speedy death on the wing for their protection from hawks and kites, rather than to be left to be torn to pieces by their winged foes without any close period either against

them or against the occasional efforts of the unsportsmanlike Spaniard who deliberately pots them on the ground and in a lump if he gets the chance, or even in the breeding season on their nests. Whether this reason for the love of the cicada's song in Spain could be applied to the Greek love of the song of the τέττιξ, I will not venture to say, remembering the nightingales of Colonus in Sophocles and the *Birds* of Aristophanes. The Greek love of the cicada's song shows throughout the literature from Homer to Theocritus, and is nowhere more charmingly displayed than in that poem in The Anthology in which Eunomus tells of his victory in lyre-playing over Spartis, how when one of the strings broke a cicada alighted on his lyre and supplied with its note the place of the broken string, and how, a victor by the cicada's aid, Eunomus commemorated in brass the achievement of the little songster. Browning's use of this story in "Tale" is, as all lovers of his thoughtful verse know, exceedingly happy.

The half-hour's rest over, we pushed up the barranco, that held the headwaters of the river, and then began the ascent of the mountains, rising gradually by long zig-zags out of the forest world into a treeless region, where, if the sun beat down on us, the air was cooled by an occasional light breeze from the Alpine world above. We now saw heather and heath, and occasional clumps of Alpine Rhododendron, the flowers of which were generally just over, though now and then a patch of rosy colour showed where some late blossoms had not yet yielded to the parching sunrays. In our long climb over the mountain walls, which seemed to increase in number as we advanced, we would have been sorely tried for want of water, but that the forester knew every spring in all that pathless region, and knew also to perfection which fountain-head was the coldest. This generally proved to be some tiny basin into which the water came slowly drop by drop, and lay in the fern-curtained darkness, as cold as ice and clear as crystal. For judgment in the quality and coldness of water, commend me to the mountaineers of Navarre and Aragon, who would turn with disdain from the water that passes for excellent in London, or indeed, in any part of England. The poorest mountaineer will willingly send a long distance for the drinking-water of his house, though he may have a stream which in England would be considered remarkably clear and cold, within stone's-throw.

It would be tedious to record the discomforts of every inn and the events of every day. Enough that five days after I found myself in Aragon, having first parted cheerfully enough from my Basque muleteer, and not without great regret from the mule, who had maintained her character for sweetness of temper, sureness of foot, speed and bottom, beyond my highest expectations.

The change in the scenery and entire flora from Navarre to Aragon was like a change from one continent to another. The change in the character and costume of the peasantry was scarcely less. The Navarrese are a far more genial people, with a light-heartedness and an almost effusive friendliness which is entirely foreign to the Aragonese character. In Aragon you hear none of the light jesting so common in Navarre. The Aragonese mountaineer is a man of sterner mould. He is silent, serious, almost solemn, and thus in keeping with the scenery among which he dwells. That scenery is stern, savage, but far more grand than anything in Navarre; it must be remembered that Zaragoza is Aragonese, and the men of Aragon have not forgotten the great siege so well sustained for freedom by undisciplined men and women against the trained armies of France. The soft and spreading beech is characteristically the tree of Navarre; the rugged pine, of Aragon. The Navarrese wears the blue Basque *bereta* and the *alpargatas*, or hemp-soled Basque sandals; but otherwise his attire is not noticeable. The strong individuality of the Aragonese mountaineer shows itself even in his dress. This is composed of tight light blue velvet knee-breeches not reaching to the knee, and showing loose white drawers that are gathered just above the knee; full stockings or *gaiters* of brown or black wool, spun as it comes from the backs of the mountain sheep; sandals, a short waistcoat of blue velvet, a loose white shirt with full sleeves, a handkerchief wrapped round the head, with a black sombrero above, and a violet-coloured *faja* or sash wrapped round the waist. The women, though their dress is less picturesque than the men's, are like them full of individuality and independance, and did the need arise, I doubt not that many an Agostina would be found among these sierras ready to rival the deeds of the Maid of Zaragoza. The food in Aragon is much worse than in Navarre. I had never enough to eat while I was there. Dry bread and poor wine is the usual fare. The wine is generally inferior, hard, black, and with a strong earthy flavour.

Here I may offer a few notes of scenery made before my arrival at the *posada* at Canfranc, where I spent the night on my way to the Peña Colorada, the highest mountain in that part of Aragon. I had been travelling all day through the passes and over the ridges of the sierras. In the higher mountains it was bitterly cold all day, clouds shut out the sun, and a sharp wind came from the snowfields of the highest Pyrenees. I felt the sudden change of climate from the warm Navarrese forests to this cold and misty region. Mist-smoke was driving down the higher barrancos, which were here mere gashes in the naked rock, with now and again a pine or some copse of box wood clinging to it. Snow fields showed everywhere through the gaps in the driving mist-clouds above. Stunted

juniper bushes made bands of dull green against the steep slopes of red sandstone. Walls of red rock would suddenly change for white limestone, against which the scattered pines looked black and dreary. The walls of mountain rose thousands of feet naked and savage on every side. Here and there the dark green of nearer belts of fir against the red stone was picturesque. The torrents leaping down furiously from the snow fields in which they had their birth had carved out deep basins in the sheer rock, and the water showed crystal clear in the white basins of limestone and dark red in those of the sandstone. As we descended the box grew higher and thicker. Patches of white snow showed bright against the red rock. Then the pines became more plentiful, looming ghost-like out of the mist-smoke which dived down from the heights into the barrancos, where it was moved fitfully and slow by the cold gusts that came at intervals.

Suddenly issuing from a barranco, we found ourselves in a broad valley, blue as if it had been paved with darkest lapis-lazuli. I ran down the slope and found that this sheet of glorious deep blue which covered the whole valley was formed by the flowers of a large iris in full bloom. The effect was magnificent, backed up as it was with the walls of red rock above. Again and again I came upon broad belts and little fields of this magnificent blue among the sierras of Aragon, where strong effects of colour are a feature of the scenery.

A frequent and striking effect was produced by the vivid emerald of great cushions of velvet moss, set in the hollows of the red rock, where perpetual water trickled down.

Very fine too was the effect in barrancos where the red rock gave only a narrow gateway for the furious stream, and the water leaped against the great rock portals and falling over the sides in long white streamers, fed the verdure of lush green ferns with a continual spray, which rose like smoke out of the depth below; while in the background, seen through the rocky gateway, a sea of pine trees rose, and above them a rugged peak, its sides streaked with snow.

And when at last we reached the little *posada* near to the Peña Colorada, it was night and the moon just edged with silver light the steep rock wall rising a thousand feet directly behind the houses of the village, which clings to a narrow shelf above the furious torrent of the *Rio Aragon* below.

As space will not permit me to do more than make a selection of my experiences I shall pass over several days, and describe at some length one of my most interesting expeditions in Aragon. I wished to explore a valley inaccessible to mules, and as there was no inn within reach, determined to sleep out in the forest. Starting with my guide, a sturdy mountaineer, whose carbine had often brought down the bear, and the *cabradel monte* or bouquetin, I walked over a

pass bordered by snow fields, and arrived early in the afternoon at the last *venta*—indeed the last house—within leagues of our destination. The inn, a solid structure with small windows and excessively dirty inside, stood close to a mountain stream. There was no meat obtainable; and I wished to save our scanty supply of provisions; so we dined on bread and wine. Just as we were starting, the guide put in a plea for a supply of wine for the night; he had brought a wine-skin rolled up on his back, so that I fancy he had the wine in view all along. He proposed that we should go down to the cellar and select our wine. This we did, and for four pesetas (about 3s. 4d.), got a small skinful of strong white wine, the best I tasted in Aragon. This skin the guide willingly added to the provisions he was carrying on his back, and thus equipped and heartened by a long pull at the liquor in the cellar, set forth with strides which would have become a giant refreshed in the traditional manner.

We followed a narrow path by the brink of a mountain river, and the scenery was typical of the best scenery in Aragon. On either side of the river were giant pine-trees, their red trunks and dark green foliage lit up by the strong sunlight. On a narrow strip of land at the foot of the red cliffs, which rose beyond the stream perpendicularly from six hundred to eight hundred feet, grew dense box thickets, and oak and beech mixed with occasional silver fir, made a thick belt up to the very base of the wall of stone. A hundred feet below the path, which here clung to the steep face of the cliff, the river burst its way through the solid rock and a perpetual roar came up from successive cataracts, where the water struggled in whiteness and fury with the prisoning walls of stone. Above from the great walls innumerable cataracts — a feature of Aragonese scenery — dropped in slowly-falling veils down the lofty precipices; the water shaken out in successive folds like the descent of a great curtain; or with exactly the movement (to compare small things with great) of tears swelling out one after another down the same track. Long and hot were the hours of march through this gorge and by the side of the river. At times the shadows of the cliffs protected us from the sun, but generally the sun-rays beat down full upon our heads. My guide knew every spring, and the icy coldness of the water was a luxury in which I quenched my fever of thirst on every opportunity. He held himself in reserve, unwilling, I fancy, to waste so fine a thirst on water, when he had a skinful of more generous liquor on his back. At last the sun's rim dipped behind the western mountain-tops, and our walk through the cool twilight would have been pleasant enough, but we had leagues still to go, and night was upon us as we climbed the first steep bastions of the barranco to which we were bound. Up the cliffs we climbed, holding on by the box-

eagerness not to offend the British nation is increased by the trouble which he experiences in holding the central alliance together. The Italians, sorely wounded in the war of tariffs, and not so forgetful of the Trentina as Vienna loves to imagine, are beginning to ask what compensation the Chancellor can offer for the sufferings which his policy of isolating France has brought upon them. In Austria, too, signs of irritation and impatience are plainly visible. Each day heightens the bitterness with which the Germans, Bohemians, and Slavs resent the insolence of a few million Magyars, and the supremacy of Pesth once destroyed, the coalition must tumble to pieces. On the other hand the Czar, distrustful of republican France, hesitates to commit himself to an alliance with the Quai d'Orsay, while France, though too much divided by dissensions at home to embark on adventures, lives in constant terror of a reconciliation between St. Petersburg and Berlin. A strong and consistent foreign policy would render England mistress of the situation. To obtain ascendancy in Europe it is now simply to act as Wolsey would have done, since the Treaty of Berlin gave birth to the new diplomacy. The price of success is readiness to fight; the prize, a dominant voice in every problem of common interest, but more particularly in the Eastern Question. It is doubtless the case that a prominent attitude might involve us in hostilities, yet equally so that self-effacement during peace cannot save us from ultimate participation in the approaching struggle. Not intervention, in short, means indecision, for that the British government can stand aloof while the fate of Constantinople is finally settled I decline to believe. The perils of neutrality in the preliminary stages are really greater than of excessive meddlesomeness. There is still time for England and Russia to agree. The Czar might materially promote an arrangement by negotiating with us a liberal treaty of commerce, as such an instrument would deprive the Russophobists of their sheet anchor. Thanks to his astute and patient policy, the Muscovite sovereign has now a splendid chance of winning all he covets, and he could well afford to make the concessions which are essential to dissipating the real ground for opposing his advance towards the Mediterranean. But deal how Russia may with this important point, England's right course is clear. Spirited speeches are the hollowest mockery when not sustained by bold deeds, and merely serve to confirm abroad the dangerous error that we have in sober truth voluntarily descended to the level of a third-class state. Events in the Balkan Peninsula are marching fast and irresistibly to the inevitable crisis, and they will not slacken their pace to suit our convenience. Every year passed in idleness sensibly augments the risk, and if we continue to declare that Europe can go its own way in the East the Powers will end by taking us at our word. Russia has always the means of making conditions with the Vienna

Cabinet. The argument that Prince Bismarck will restrain the Hapsburgs, who hate him, and besides long to share in a partition of European Turkey, is utterly untenable. In the first place he might not be able to do so, in the next a renewal of the Holy Alliance at the expense of smaller nations is an ever-present possibility, and we may quickly provoke its realisation by persistent irresolution. We are living in a fool's paradise. The Osmanli, mortally wounded by his own rotten administration, is dying fast, and simple prudence demands a practical recognition of the fact. Even now England may divert the course of affairs into the channel which will guide them conformably to her own interests and the rights of Europe, but should she hesitate she must in the end either stand aside or fight under disadvantageous circumstances. Doomed to speedy destruction, the Turk has only left him the hope of perishing in seas of blood, a closing triumph for his barbarian race and lasting shame to England and Russia, who united by an anticipatory agreement, would at the fitting moment have power to cast him raging impotently out of Christendom.

JOHN WELSH.

AFRICAN DEVELOPMENT.

THE SOUDAN.

Success in life must depend upon the ability of an individual to perform his special work; this will necessitate experience and application to the subject; whether it be political or judicial, commercial or mechanical, the necessity remains—we must understand our business. This is accepted as an axiom in all private affairs, and a man would be ridiculed if he attempted to perform upon the violin without having studied the instrument, or should he plunge into deep water without having learned to swim; nevertheless we see persons in high authority who occupy ministerial departments which entail special knowledge, of which they are entirely ignorant.

It is said that Java was handed over to the Dutch because the British minister was ignorant of its geographical position and importance, and he was ashamed to confess it; thus we lost a possession of infinitely greater value than the whole of our West Indian islands. In the same manner the Soudan has been lost to Egypt through the paralyzed action of Great Britain. We knew little or nothing about it, and were too proud to learn, or to betray our ignorance. The recent history of Egypt has been a highly coloured picture which exemplifies the compound methods of confusion in the labyrinths of British policy.

It is hardly to be wondered at that "Perfide Albion" is a bye-word on the Continent. The great outside world, to which we are supremely indifferent, regards us with a mixture of admiration and contempt; their admiration is at intervals awakened by some sudden stroke portending a grand policy; to be followed by contempt, when the opportunity is wasted, and the heaving of the mountain produces the poorest specimen of a mouse, whose timid squeak is falsified by events which belie our public declarations.

When England first accepted responsibility of action in Egyptian revolution, the French fleet steamed out of Alexandria Harbour, as a protest against European interference in the affairs of a country which formed a most important portion of the Ottoman Empire, belonging to his Imperial Majesty the Sultan. When the French fleet quitted the waters of Egypt their responsibility ceased; their influence and political voice should have ceased also. The English fleet destroyed the batteries of Alexandria, but the sophistry of a Gladstonian Government declared that we "were not at war." Upon that illogical plea we could destroy, but not protect; therefore we annihilated all local authority by a bombardment of the forts, but declined to land troops to defend the city. We drove out the natural defenders, and abandoned the greatest town of Egypt to

the plundering anarchists, who burned the capital before the eyes of the British fleet. This preliminary step to a British occupation of Egypt entailed a loss to the country of four millions sterling. Events move rapidly, and the destruction of Alexandria, the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and the advance on Cairo, although brilliant in immediate political results, are regarded as ancient history. England found herself, as though in a dream, in military possession of Egypt, without any policy, or any idea of what course we should pursue.

Under these peculiar circumstances it became necessary to reassure the Sultan, into whose dominions we had intruded, and to explain to European querists something concerning our intentions. We were quickly supplied with one of those charming Gladstonian utterances that inevitably pacify the anxious inquirer, as they sound so well, and are spiced with humanitarian principles of the highest merit. The British were declared to be in Egypt to restore or "re-establish the authority of the Khedive."

To effect this humane project we were to reform the administration of Egypt, to abolish the corvée (forgetting that it exists in India and Ceylon), suspend the system of flogging (forgetting that our own sons are flogged at Eton), and generally we were to correct all abuses, and manufacture a model administration that should remain as a landmark of British political architecture, leaving the Khedive upon the enviable throne, from which he could survey his country purged from discontent and revelling in prosperity; the result of a good government based upon those principles which had raised a Gladstonian ministry to a pinnacle of fame; which comforted their supporters, but perplexed the outside world.

In order to reassure the authorities, and the Egyptian population who had been in open rebellion against their lawful ruler the Khedive, we announced our intended departure as almost immediate; at first we declared that we should remain only a few weeks, and, as unbelievers exist in all ranks of life, Lord Hartington was appealed to in the House of Commons, and the world was assured from the mouth of a minister that the British evacuation of Egypt would take place decidedly in "six months."

It appears incredible that practical statesmen could deceive themselves with the belief that we could gain the confidence of a people by assuring them of our almost immediate departure. If we had wished to destroy all confidence among every class in Egypt there could not have been a more certain method, as the people reasoned thus: "Why did these cunning English invade this country? Why did they bombard and destroy Alexandria and kill 1,000 of our people? Why did they kill 2,000 of our soldiers at Tel-el-Kebir? If they came to restore the authority of the Khedive, why did they interfere to save Arabi Pacha the rebel, who was condemned to death for rebelling against the Khedive? Why have they sent this rebel as an exile to their beautiful colony Ceylon, unless they intend

to reproduce him at a future time to serve their policy? Why should they take the administration out of the hands of the Khedive and reduce him to a mere puppet, if they profess to re-establish his authority? How can they expect to re-establish his authority if they reduce him to a cipher in the estimation of his people? Why should they, if honest, throw dust in our eyes and declare that they intend to depart from Egypt in a few weeks or months? Would they have taken all this trouble for love of the Khedive? No; these English are either fools or liars, but they cannot be fools. They commenced in India with only a few yards of ground and a small factory; they are now masters of an Indian Empire—these people are infidels and liars, they are here under false pretences, and they say they are going away simply because they are afraid of France. The French did not invade us: God be praised they are natural enemies of the English, and Inshallah (please God) the time will come when they will be driven out."

I have actually heard these arguments used by Egyptians, who have at the same time asked, with some anxiety, "Why England should interfere with the administration of Egypt when she cannot govern Ireland within a few hours of her own shores?"

In order to instil confidence if possible, or to lessen the apprehension of the Sultan, our most able Minister Plenipotentiary, Lord Dufferin, was instructed to leave Constantinople and betake himself to Egypt, to inquire into every abuse, and to institute reforms, through a model administration made especially to order, like a new boot warranted to please the wearer, and to fit all manner of feet without pinching the most tender corns.

It was impossible to make a better selection, and no political Hercules could have taken greater pains to cleanse the Augean stables, but a broom was necessary, and the Gladstonian broom was too weak in the bristles for a work that required not only skill, but unflinching perseverance and determination. If Lord Dufferin had been unfettered, if he had been given time to effect his purpose, and by slow though sure degrees to gain the confidence of the people, and to obtain their sympathy and co-operation, he would have succeeded better than any living man, but what was his position? He was called into a sick room like a consulting physician, the usual medical attendant being Sir Edward Malet (our Consul-General and Diplomatic Agent). The British Government was not satisfied with the humiliation of the Khedive, whose power was absolutely destroyed through our intervention, but our own Consul-General was overshadowed, as though not competent to fulfil the task imposed. The necessity of a consulting physician was a reflection upon the ability of the ordinary practitioner, and nevertheless the greater authority was almost immediately withdrawn. He was to write a prescription and to disappear, leaving the patient to swallow a dose, the effects of which required his undivided skill and personal attention.

Lord Dufferin returned to Constantinople; his departure was regarded by the Khedive and all his ministers with unfeigned regret; they felt that they had lost not only a sincere adviser, but a friend.

The withdrawal of the ambassador had a disastrous effect, as it appeared to confirm the declaration of our intended evacuation of Egypt, and thereby shattered the foundation for future confidence which had been so carefully prepared.

Sir Edward Malet was shortly promoted as our Minister at Brussels, and subsequently to Berlin, thereby confusing the Egyptian mind, which naturally reflected that a man of that calibre and estimation, if fitted for posts of such dignity and confidence, might have been entrusted by his Government with the management of his Egyptian patient without the assistance of a consulting physician.

It is absolutely ridiculous to summon the assistance of a professional adviser if you are determined to oppose his measures. The Gladstone Ministry completely paralysed the action of their representative by special instructions from which he could not deviate. England entered Egypt under the pretext of enforcing order and restoring the authority of the Khedive. The first step was to reorganise the army and to establish a gendarmerie for the protection of the country, but at the same time that we assumed the control of Egypt, we declared that all which pertained to the Soudan was beyond the sphere of our jurisdiction!

We thus established "a house divided against itself." The Arabs were always difficult to govern, and although the administration of the Soudan had been defective, the people had been kept under tolerable subjection; but disturbances are contagious, and the rebellion of Arabi Pacha had vitiated the atmosphere; germs of discontent were floating in the air, ready to spring into active life should an opportunity arise favourable to their development. At this critical moment, when all authority had been overthrown by Arabi, and the English had invaded Egypt to secure the Khedive upon his throne, we proclaimed to the world that we should hold entirely aloof from the affairs of the Soudan, thereby inciting the Arabs to throw off the Egyptian yoke and to declare their independence.

There were two vital points upon which the Gladstone Ministry was determined, both of which were fatal to the prosperity of Egypt.

First, in the army reorganization scheme they absolutely prohibited all Turks, Arnauts, or others from enlistment. The entire Egyptian army had only lately been in open revolt against their ruler, the Khedive; nevertheless, to please the people, instructions were issued that the newly-organized battalions should be composed entirely of the fellaheen, a great portion of whom had a few weeks before been running, with the points of British bayonets in

their posteriors, after the defeat at Tel-el-Kebir. These were to be the protectors of Egypt, and the loyal defenders of the Khedive, after the departure of the British forces at the expiration of six months from the date of occupation.

It appears incredible that such an arrangement should have been insisted upon, but so determined was the British Government upon this point, that all Turks who had been recruited before the order had been issued were transhipped, and returned to their respective ports of embarkation. The Egyptian army was to be purely and simply a native force, with no foreign element except the Soudanese, which formed the black battalions. These blacks were the only reliable material, but as the British victory had annihilated all military organization, the Soudanese regiments had dispersed, and it was difficult to discover and reform their units.

Any administrator would have argued that if the Egyptian army had only recently mutinied against the Khedive, it would certainly repeat that insurrection when the British forces should be withdrawn. If our own authorities believed in the declaration of the Ministry that we should withdraw from Egypt in a few months, how could they possibly entrust the peace of Egypt and the safeguarding of the Khedive to the same people who had declared against him, and who would, after our departure, be incensed at the remembrance that the British troops had supported him, and crushed themselves, his adversaries, in the lines of Tel-el-Kebir?

The new army organization was originally planned by the late General Valentine Baker Pacha, and he had suggested a mixed force of Turks, Albanians, and other fighting races who never would fraternise with the fellaheen, whom they would regard with contempt. A mixed force, divided into separate battalions, would never combine in insurrection. An army of 10,000 men of the best fighting material would have been not only a physical but a moral power. The Soudan blacks would have been collected, and when assured of honest payment, they would have become splendid troops under the tuition of British officers. The moral effect of Albanian troops in connection with Turks would have been sufficient to establish a wholesome terror among all those who were in sympathy with rebellion; at the same time a new army of such staunch material would have formed an irresistible force, ready for action at immediate notice, either at Souakim or elsewhere.

Instead of this, a positive veto from ignorant Downing Street debarred Egypt from the services of Albanians, Turks, and all other valuable aid; the new army, and also the gendarmerie, were to be composed of those native fellaheen who hated a military life, and were emasculated as a fighting element. Their idea of battle was a quick retreat. Their war-song would have been that well-known martial verse, "He who fights and runs away Will live to run some other day."

General Valentine Baker was appointed by his Highness the Khedive as commander-in-chief to reorganize his army, and he, as I have said, was in favour of well-known military material. The British Government was opposed to this, and in order to prove the truth of their declaration that they had appeared in Egypt to re-establish the authority of his Highness Mehemet Tewfik, the Khedive, and representative of the Sultan, at once interfered with his appointment, and substituted Sir Evelyn Wood as commander-in-chief, to create and command an army of such utterly worthless material that they dared not venture to expose them to the attacks of the half-armed Arabs then in insurrection at Souakim.

The gendarmerie was then confided for organization and command to General Valentine Baker, who, as the Khedive's appointed commander-in-chief, had been shelved by British intrusion and reduced to an inferior command, and was under the same necessity of restricting his recruits to the worthless natives of the country. The result may be imagined. There was a nominal army, and a nominal gendarmerie, both of which had to be paid, although practically useless if called upon in emergency. These two bodies were under British officers.

Egypt at that period was at rest, within the limits of the Delta; beyond that, England had disowned all responsibility. The fanatical movement of the Mahdi had commenced in the Soudan; Mahomet Achmet, a religious enthusiast, who had been quieted by a subsidy during the reign of the astute Khedive Ismail, had been deprived of this narcotic stipend through British cheeseparing when reducing the expenditure of Egypt. The soothing influence of an annual subsidy being removed, this holy person exhibited his power by fanning the sparks of discontent, and he quickly raised a blaze of insurrection through Darfur, Kordofan, and Senaar.

The worthless Egyptian troops were utterly defeated in the two first-named provinces, which were wrested from the power of Egypt and entirely lost; thus, south of Khartoum, the actual frontier was exhibited by the White Nile, a well-defined and easily protected boundary. Senaar, upon the east, between the White and the Blue Nile, was the battle-field upon which, with fluctuating success, the rebel forces and those of the Khedive were in almost daily conflict. This was the position of Egypt a few weeks before the departure of Lord Dufferin; if he had remained, the outlook might have become more favourable, as hard and fast regulations might have been modified according to the necessities of events.

England had declared that she declined all responsibility in the Soudan, which was beyond the sphere of British interference. At the same time two provinces, Darfur and Kordofan, had been absolutely lost to Egypt, and the garrisons of Obeid and other military positions had been taken prisoners. The fortunes of Senaar were trembling in the balance; that province is one of the granaries

of the Soudan, upon which Khartoum generally depends, as the Blue Nile, which forms the eastern boundary of Senaar, is the navigable channel for all commerce. If Senaar were lost, Khartoum would be starved into submission.

In these pressing circumstances it was of the highest importance that strong reinforcements should be sent without delay, both to Souakim and Khartoum, under the command of experienced British officers. Here came the pinch! England was in occupation of Egypt; the Khedive had no authority; he could not move his finger without the sanction of our representative; and yet the necessity was admitted upon all sides that troops must march immediately to the Soudan, although England had declared that "the Soudan was beyond the sphere of British interference!"

All half-hearted measures are doomed to failure. There was no way out of this dilemma. We looked ridiculous. The position demanded action; and it was arranged that General Hicks, with a staff of British officers, should start for Khartoum, *viâ* Souakim, with as many Egyptian troops as could be got together for such special service.

There could not be a greater proof of the necessity of foreign material in the composition of the Egyptian army. A few battalions of Arnauts or Turks would have crushed all resistance; but the unfortunate General Hicks started from Cairo with utterly worthless Egyptian troops, who were known to be so faithless that they were not trusted to carry arms on board the transport at Suez, but their rifles and ammunition were despatched to Souakim only to be delivered to the men upon disembarkation.

At that period through the dislocation of responsibilities occasioned by England's absurd declaration that the Soudan was beyond the sphere of British interference, General Valentine Baker represented the only authority for Soudan military operations, although he was no longer commander-in-chief in Egypt. If he had remained in authority, Khartoum would never have been lost, neither would the rebellion have spread into such vast dimensions.

General Hicks started from Cairo under the command of General Baker with the following most positive instructions, the result of a plan of operations determined upon by him in conjunction with myself, as I knew the positions upon both the Blue and the White Niles for the proposed strategy:—

On arrival at Khartoum Abd-el-Kader Pacha, an experienced officer, educated in Germany, and Governor of the Soudan, was to advance in steamers with five thousand men up the Blue Nile and bring the rebels to a decisive action in Senaar. At the same time General Hicks was to advance up the White Nile to a point near Gebel Eèn (two hills) where there is a ford across the river during the low Nile to Kordofan. At that point General Hicks was to await the arrival of the rebel army after the defeat, should Abd-

el-Kader be victorious, in which case, when pursued, they must inevitably fall back and retreat across the ford into Kordofan. This would afford an opportunity for completely crushing the movement, as Hicks would intercept the fugitives, and with steamers and other vessels upon the river, he could prevent the enemy from attaining the western shore. When this success should have been achieved, General Hicks was to decline all operations on the west bank of the White Nile; under no circumstances was he to land upon the Kordofan side, but he was to throw up a line of watch-towers along the east bank, patrol the river strictly with his steamers, destroy all boats belonging to the west shore, and occupy Senaar with a chain of military posts. He was then to form an administration, reform abuses, redress all injustice, &c., &c., and restore confidence.

This plan was ably carried out. Abd-el-Kader defeated the enemy in Senaar; the beaten army fell back as was expected, and was intercepted by General Hicks. They should have been annihilated, but unfortunately there was no cavalry. Although the enemy had been beaten by Abd-el-Kader Pacha, they showed the stubborn determination which has distinguished them in every encounter since the commencement of the insurrection; they actually surprised Hicks's force which hurriedly formed square to receive their attack. Although not pursued, the enemy were beaten, and General Hicks found himself in the position that was expected; he was master of the situation.

In the meantime organization was the new creed in Egypt Proper. Sir Evelyn Wood and his energetic staff were taking the greatest pains to form an Egyptian army—making ropes of sand; General Valentine Baker was striving after the impossible with similar material in the formation of gendarmerie; while in the neighbouring deserts and mountain ranges of Souakim the Arabs were organising themselves to throw off the Egyptian bondage, encouraged by the announcement that had reached that port, that "England would have nothing to do with the Soudan."

The Arabs being an active people lost no time in exhibiting their policy, while England was only ventilating her policy in the repeated declarations of almost immediate departure from Egypt. The Haddendowa Arabs attacked and slaughtered every detachment of Egyptian troops that were sent against them, and so closely invested the only two remaining positions, Tokar and Sinkât, that the Egyptian garrisons were starving.

The position of Egypt at that particular period was as follows:—

A growing rebellion had been suppressed on the east of the White Nile, upon which side all was quiet, although discontent was rampant. On the west, Darfur and Kordofan were lost, but the White Nile formed an admirable frontier.

In Souakim the rising was formidable, and would assuredly extend widely unless at once suppressed. Tewfik Bey the gallant com-

mander of Sinkât was starving with his garrison of six hundred men, invested closely by an overwhelming force that never gave quarter to an enemy.

In Cairo and Alexandria the British forces numbered	11,000
The new Egyptian army under Sir Evelyn Wood .	6,000
The gendarmerie	5,000
	22,000

Souakim was three days' steaming from Suez, and with 18,000 regular troops in Egypt, the unfortunate but heroic Tewfik Bey, with his little garrison of 600 men, were left to starvation and massacre because England was absolute in Egypt. England had declared that the Soudan was beyond the sphere of her interference. The British army of occupation was officered by Englishmen. The Khedive's army was officered by Englishmen. Egypt was at that time governed by Englishmen. The Khedive had no power to move; this was the shameful, the terrible position: "that the Khedive's officer in command and a faithful garrison of black troops at Sinkât were left to perish unaided, although 22,000 troops and gendarmerie were actually in Egypt!"

There was one Englishman who felt keenly the disgrace of that position. General Valentine Baker, although not connected with the Khedive's army, declared his readiness to attempt the succour of Tewfik Bey and the garrisons of Tokar and Sinkât with only the police, if the army would not move.

There was not an hour to lose. He started, accompanied by a devoted friend, the late Colonel F. Burnaby, who was always to be found in the front where there was dangerous work to do.

The wretched material of the newly-formed gendarmerie refused to start upon such a forlorn hope, and they were forced into the railway cars by cavalry with drawn sabres. Many of these men had never fired a musket.

Upon arrival at Souakim they were drilled and instructed as far as the short interval would permit. They were then led against the enemy to the relief of Tokar. Four thousand men formed in a square were attacked by at the most 1,200 Arabs. The miserable fellaheen fired in the air, rushed panic-stricken towards the centre of the square, threw themselves flat upon the sand screaming for unexpected mercy, and 2,300 men were massacred upon that day, with the greater portion of the British officers, although the enemy at the outside numbered 1,200.

Although it pleased certain persons to boast that under British officers the Egyptian fellaheen would make good soldiers, there was no confidence exhibited in this theory by a desire to bring them into close action with the Arab sword and spear. A British force under Sir Gerald Graham was sent to Souakim, although we had so

studiously declared that the Soudan was beyond the scope of British interference.

Mr. Gladstone was at this time declaring in the House of Commons that the Arabs were "a people rightly struggling to be free." We accordingly destroyed several thousands of them, and lost a considerable number of our own men. The brave Haddendowas broke through our square, and did all they could to prove that men who are born warriors can plan attacks, effect surprises, rush through squares, and conduct a campaign successfully without the advantages of special military training and competitive examinations.

"Too late" should be printed upon the British flag. The brave Tewfik and his starved garrison, having eaten all the dogs, sallied from their earthworks sword in hand, and fought their way through the ranks of the overwhelming enemy, until, weak through starvation, one by one sank down to die in honour, while the British forces retreated from Souakim. The whole of Tewfik's garrison, together with their heroic commander, perished.

The horrors of mismanagement were now commencing. The control of the Soudan had been placed in the hands of the Minister of War, having been removed from General V. Baker's department in the process of the new organization. Elated by the success of Abd-el-Kader and General Hicks's operations in Senaar, orders were now issued by the Egyptian Minister in direct opposition to those which had been so carefully adhered to. Hicks was to re-conquer Kordofan and Darfur! An officer who was utterly ignorant of Arabic, with an English staff equally uninformed, was to be sent into the deserts of Kordofan with an army of 11,000 or 12,000 men, all of whom were suspicious of Englishmen, who were in occupation of Egypt Proper, and none of whom could be depended on in any great emergency. When I heard this astounding news I could only utter the word, "Destruction!"

At this crisis in Soudan history an extraordinary vision of false confidence had misled the wisdom of our authorities. It was considered in the highest quarters that the period had arrived when our task had been accomplished, and Egypt would be able to walk without our leading strings. The authorities declared that security could be assured by the Egyptian army alone, and that the British troops might at once evacuate the country. Orders were actually issued to this effect, and two regiments were waiting at Alexandria for embarkation.

At this climax of imaginary security the telegraph from Khartoum flashed the terrible words, "Hicks and entire force annihilated." If the British force had been removed from Egypt before the arrival of this message, there would have been a rising against the Europeans throughout the Delta.

This was a blow that spread consternation, and required imme-

diate and decided action. The so-called new Egyptian army was only a name. It was an army when no fighting was required, and no person in his senses would have exposed it to the shock of battle with determined Arabs who had broken British squares, and defeated nearly every force that had been brought against them. If that army had been composed of Arnauts and Turks, it would not have been necessary to send British troops "too late" to rescue the garrisons at Souakim; neither would Hicks have been destroyed if he had been supported by such staunch material. The fact remained that no troops in Egypt could be brought into action except a few excellent regiments of Soudanese blacks; even those were woefully deficient in their rifle practice, although men of undoubted courage and endurance.

In spite of our recent perfection of organization and the Khedive's new army, gendarmerie, and a large British military force, Egypt was prostrated by panic. The Queen's representative waited upon the Khedive to urge the necessity of at once abandoning the Soudan! Sheriff Pacha was Minister at that important moment. He was astounded at the demand upon the part of England, who had professed to have only one desire in Egypt to excuse her uninvited presence, "to re-establish the authority of the Khedive."

England had already abstracted all power from the patient and long-suffering Khedive; and, should we forcibly determine the abandonment of the Soudan by Egypt, nothing would remain of any value except the little triangle which benefits from the inundation from Cairo to Damietta, and thence to Alexandria.

Sheriff Pacha refused to sign any document tending to a severance of the Soudan from Egypt, and as England enforced this policy upon the Khedive, he, as Prime Minister, at once resigned. Sheriff Pacha suggested an excellent measure, that the Sultan should lend 10,000 of his best troops to at once subdue the insurrection in the Soudan. Had the new Egyptian army been composed of similar material, 5,000 additional troops from Constantinople for twelve months would have been sufficient to dispel all danger. Without some decided and instantaneous movement the Soudan would become a blaze of general insurrection. England had vacillated in every step that she had taken, but she appeared determined that fighting was to be avoided. It was officially announced that the Soudan was to be abandoned.

Those few who were experienced in Soudanese affairs at once perceived the mighty folly of this announcement. The Arab tribes which had remained faithful would by the force of circumstances be compelled to join the enemy. If the Soudan were to be abandoned, the garrisons of the numerous towns and stations would be forsaken. How could they retreat towards Egypt across those dreary wastes, without a drop of water in the burning deserts? From whence could they obtain the many thousand camels to carry their families and supplies along the fatiguing march, harassed throughout the

inhospitable route by pitiless Arabs thirsting for plunder and revenge? The bare fact of the declaration of abandonment would raise every spear against authority, and not a man of all the numerous garrisons would be permitted to escape.

The moral effect upon the army would be disastrous. If officers and troops were to be abandoned to their fate simply because we had suffered a military reverse, there would be an end to all confidence, which never would be regained. It would be absolutely impossible to insure the retreat of all the peaceful inhabitants of the Soudan. These would be represented by tens of thousands in addition to the military garrisons. There were traders of all nations, but especially Greeks and Syrians, who had invested their capital in the purchase of lands and houses. They possessed stores of merchandise, crops upon the soil, and all the ramifications of industrial enterprise represented by the respectable portion of the population. All those poor people would be utterly ruined, even if their lives were spared, and this enormity would be the direct result of British interference in Egypt to re-establish the authority of the Khedive. It was a travesty of all justice, and a dishonour to all England. Common-sense would suggest that the natural instinct of self-preservation would induce the troops to make terms with the insurgents, especially as no quarter was given to prisoners or wounded in action. If they were to be abandoned by the Government, it would be better to join the forces of the Mahdi. At that time all the principal towns and fortified positions were in possession of the Egyptian authorities; but no sooner had the declaration of abandonment been made public than the spirit of disaffection exhibited itself upon every side.

The British Government was at length forced by public opinion to admit the necessity of action, and General Gordon was sent in company with Colonel Stewart upon a hopeless mission to Khartoum, with the impossible instructions "to withdraw the garrisons from the Soudan." Here was another departure from the original declared policy. The Soudan was beyond the scope of British interference, therefore we permitted Tewfik Bey and 600 men to be massacred at Sinkât. We then sent an expedition and inflicted punishment. Although we repudiated all responsibility for the Soudan, we had allowed General Hicks and other British officers to be employed; and because they were destroyed we enforced the entire abandonment of the territory.

Having declined all responsibility, and having seen the fruits of a departure from this policy of non-interference in the destruction of General Hicks and his entire force, the Government now sent General Gordon and Colonel Stewart, entirely unsupported, into the jaws of an insurrection of the most bloody and fanatical character, without taking any measures for the safety or support of their envoy in the event of complications.

If General Gordon had been sent with instructions to hold Khartoum and to reorganize the Soudan, supported by 5,000 Turkish troops to remain in readiness at Berber, he could have saved the country, but the instant that he corroborated the policy of retreat, and began to send down women and children and invalids towards Egypt, his influence ceased. 'How could it be supposed that a man's influence can remain powerful when he assures his hearers of his intention to abandon them?

In a short time after Gordon's arrival at Khartoum the garrison of Berber yielded to the insurgents. The commandant was my old friend Hussein Khalifa Pacha, the great Sheik of the deserts, and report declared that he had a secret understanding with the Mahdi; if so, I am not surprised, as it was a natural conclusion for any sensible person whose home and birthplace was the desert—"If I am to be abandoned, I must make friends with the power that will remain."

There cannot be better evidence of the situation than that of General Gordon himself, given in the last letter that I ever received from him when beleaguered in Khartoum. It is dated—

"KHARTOUM, 11. 3. 84.

"My dear Sir Samuel,

"Thanks for your kind letter 17th February received to-day. I hope Lady Baker and your daughters and you are well. I am sorry for your brother's wound, and hope he and Mrs. Baker are not cast down.

"We are about to be hemmed in here, for the Shookeriehs and the tribes north of this have risen, and it is not to be wondered at when they know we are going to evacuate; this they know by the sending down of the Cairo employées, sick, &c., &c. They will not attack Khartoum, I think, but will cut off the roads, and though we have plenty of provisions, say, for five or six months, we must eventually fall, and with Khartoum, fall all other places. It was a petty affair had we had any forces, but this we had not. Loyals were driven into rebellion to save themselves. I have no time for more, and doubt if you will ever get this, for we may expect the roads cut to-day or to-morrow. If the Nile were high it would be far easier, but now Nile is very low.

"Believe me, with kindest regards to Lady Baker, yourself and family,

"(Signed) C. G. GORDON."

Volumes may be written, but the short letter of poor Gordon is a curt history of the period, and in the midst of his anxieties his heart was full of sympathy for others.

I will not enter into the details of his sacrifice, which will always remain an indelible blot upon British honour. Again the dreadful monosyllables "Too late" described the policy of England. Khartoum fell; Gordon was lost; the Mahdi was victorious; the British forces turned their backs in sad retreat, leaving two dead generals in the desert sands, and the Cœur-de-Lion Burnaby, all victims in an expedition well and gallantly led, but organized too late. The Soudan was lost.

We will now examine the position and importance of a possession which was conquered and annexed by the great Viceroy of Egypt,

Mehemet Ali Pacha, after many years of arduous military enterprise, all of which was given up in a sudden panic by the great civiliser of the world, England—a country which boasts of an enormous empire which girds the earth, won in olden times by force of arms, developed by the rare intelligence of her people; this great Power, which has been for centuries the moving force in the world's action, stepped into Egypt, and hastily put back the clock of progress one hundred years by giving up to savagedom all that had been gained by civilisation; by sacrificing the reputation that had been the pride of her sons to support, when struggling unaided through difficulties in the Nile Basin (before England intruded upon the scene); and by the destruction of her prestige, by advancing only to retreat, and leaving the bones of her envoy to bleach unburied and unrevenged.

It may be natural that our officers and men who were engaged in the Gordon expedition entertain the idea that they have some knowledge of the Soudan; in reality they know only the desert route upon the west bank of the river Nile, with the exception of the important position Dongola.

The deserts which appear interminable throughout Nubia and Libya are the results of a waterless atmosphere which seldom affords a drop of rain, except in a phenomenal thunderstorm. It is an interesting study when, after many weeks of painful camel-journey through the Nubian deserts, covering many hundred miles of latitude, the point is reached within the limit of the rainy zone, and the scene gradually changes from the desert sand to the brown surface of fertile soil.

When I first travelled in the Soudan, in May 1861, we crossed the waterless desert between Korosko on the Nile, and Abou Hamed, again upon the river, the distance being 230 miles by cutting off the great bend towards Dongola. From Abou Hamed the route is always desert, but dome-palms afford a tolerable shade along the banks of the Nile for 143 miles to Berber. The latter is the most important position, as it is the starting-point for all commerce, either to Souakim, 270 miles upon the east, or to Dongola by ferry across the river and desert route to Korti, or other points, or towards Korosko, a route which, although devoid of water, is nevertheless direct. Berber is 200 miles from Khartoum, and throughout that distance, when I first knew the route, the country was cultivated upon either bank, excepting certain intervals where rocky hills prevented irrigation. Two thousand seven hundred sakyiahs, or water-wheels, paid each the iniquitous tax of 500 piastres annually (about £5). In 1870 not one remained; the country had become a desert through bad administration.

From Berber 25 miles south, the river Atbara 400 yards in width, and about 30 feet in depth when full, appears as the first affluent of the Nile throughout the immense course from the Mediterranean

bushes, and at last reached the summit of the final fold of mountain above our destination, and pushed into the thick forest. It was now almost dark in the valley, the sun had long disappeared, but the topmost westward facing cliffs were still on fire with the sunset light. We walked in single file, my guide decidedly dispirited by the miscalculation of distance he had made. Here we were, in the dark in a forest on the steep mountain side, picking our way as best we might over rocks and boulders. Even the guide, excellent mountaineer though he was, lost his footing again and again, and came to the ground. As for myself, my falls were innumerable and my temper sorely tried, but it was no use to grumble, we were bound to go on till we reached some level ground on which we could encamp.

The stars were out before we halted in a large open glade some acres in extent in the upper part of the forest. It was now quite dark in the valley, though there was light in the starry sky, and the outlines of the mountain walls were marked clear against the clear obscure of the heavens. Lighting a thick taper, of which I always carried a roll (for this was by no means my first night under the stars) we looked about and found a spot where the ground was quite hard and dry. Not having brought an axe, and being unable to discover any fallen wood, my guide suggested the Spanish plan of setting fire to the bottom of one of the great pine trees which stood some hundred yards or so distant. This, however, I vetoed, being strongly opposed to a practice which has ruined large tracts of the forest (for the fire easily spreads); and besides I did not then think there was any urgent necessity for a fire.

We had but a single cloak between us, but the night was not yet cold. Seated on this we made our dinner on the provisions we had brought. My clothes, soaked with perspiration, the result of our ten hours' hard walking, were already a chilly covering, and the wine-skin was decidedly acceptable. Then cigarettes were lighted, and we talked, wrapped up, as well as might be, in our single cloak, and stretched on the grassy ground. The application of the golden rule to treat others as you would like them to treat you, especially in reference to the relations of capital and labour, was our chief topic. Thus we passed an hour. Then my companion dropped off to sleep, and I was free to look about me.

It was a strange scene. The glade in which we were was leagues from human habitation in the midst of a great forest, a noted haunt of bear and wild goat. Around us on every side but that by which we had descended rose the mountains in sheer precipices of, as far as I could judge one to two thousand feet in height. The forest broke like a sea against the base of these huge rockwalls, and under the further cliff from us a river thundered down. The night was still comparatively warm, and the cicadæ were chirring and chirping in the box bushes

and the deep grass. Gradually the air grew colder and their song died away, and all was still but the deep ceaseless murmur of the river.

It was one of those wonderful nights of stars, such as you see through the clear atmosphere of a Spanish sierra and in the unclouded spaces of a Spanish sky. Between the keen stars, the sky was a deep blue-black. And ever as I gazed more and more stars came out islanded in the fathomless depths of that ocean of darkness. The same stars that had looked down on mediæval knight, on Moorish cavalier, on Roman legionary, on Carthaginian mercenary, looked down unchanged on the mountains of Aragon that night, as they will look down when centuries are past and other eyes than ours watch their silver fires. One felt in all one's being the pervading spirit of the scene:

> "The silence that is in the starry sky
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

The music of falling water has a peculiarly peaceful sound. It does not seem to break the silence of night, as does the intermittent roar of the sea; it seems rather to be a part of it. I suppose that I should have fallen asleep, but first the fresh forest scent in the air, and then the rapidly increasing coldness of the night, dispersed whatever faint inclination to drowsiness I may have had.

Suddenly I noticed that the blue-black depth of the sky was gradually but surely growing paler, and presently a soft silvery radiance gleamed from the topmost summits of the cliffs at the further side of the valley, though all the precipitous height remained unchanged a black wall below. Slowly the silvery belt spread lower, and then a few scattered fragments of cloud almost on the cliff's edge, shone full of silver light, drinking in the beams of the unseen moon, which, though it rose late, was now at the full.

A brief pause; and the moon, full-orbed, sailed up from behind the black wall of the nearer cliffs and flooded the valley with its magic light. The further wall of rock was lighted up from base to brow; the nearer cliffs still cast a broad shadow across their side of the valley, a shadow that showed black as ebony against the grassy breadth of the glade, overspread by the mysterious tide of ivory light. The cushions of clover-starred grass, and blossoming thyme on which we lay, the flowery sward of the glade, the dense leafage of the box-copse behind and beside us, shone as with myriads of diamonds with glistening drops of dew. The stillness seemed to have become more intense; "the moonlight steeped in silentness" the towering rock walls, the shadowy forest, and the glistening spaces of the glade. As I gazed upwards and saw the stars with their tremulous light grouped round the steady splendour of the moon in a windless sky, which had for horizon the serrated summits of the mighty cliffs, and beyond them,

towards the end of the gorge, the outlines of many a mountain rising peak above peak, while all the valley, as the moon moved across it, was bathed in that serene light, these lines of the greatest of the poets of Greece came into my mind, as almost exactly descriptive of the scene:—

ὡς ὅτ' ἐν οὐρανῷ ἄστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην
φαίνετ' ἀριπρεπέα, ὅτε τ' ἔπλετο νήνεμος ἀιθήρ.
ἐκ τ' ἔφανεν πᾶσαι σκοπιαὶ καὶ πρώονες ἄκροι
καὶ νάπαι· οὐρανόθεν δ' ἄρ' ὑπερρήγη ἄσπετος ἀιθήρ,
πάντα δέ τ' εἴδεται ἄστρα· γέγηθε δέ τε φρένα ποιμήν.

Slowly the moon moved across the valley. Slowly the stars grew dim in the pale blue sky. The morning star shone bright. The day was at hand. It was nearly five o'clock when I rose. The unseen sun was just rosing a distant snow peak, but did not climb above the high rock-walls of the valley until some hours later. Still it was clear daylight, and the moon hung white and dead like a withered flower on the edge of the further mountain peaks. The leafy box-trees and the thymy greensward were grey with frosty dew. Our clothes were drenched with dew. The wine in the skin which had been warm when we dined at night, was now in the morning ice-cold, a plain indication how low the temperature had fallen. For the first time it was a duty rather than a pleasure to plunge into the ice-cold water of the glacier-fed stream, and I felt almost benumbed when I scrambled out. We breakfasted on the remains of our provisions, and wished the wine-skin had been of greater capacity.

About six o'clock we started to leave the valley. The daylight revealed what we had not yet seen. The mighty rock-walls of the valley, which seemed to be simply a range of mountains cut down sheer from summit to base, were of rich red and yellow stone, which contrasted finely with the sombre green of the vast firwoods and the vivid emerald of the dewy glade. As we pushed up the valley, the sun, which was still hid by the mountain walls, could be seen in its effects, gleaming on the far snow fields and glowing on the warm-hued stone of the higher mountains. I noticed several flowers as we climbed out of the valley. The delphinium which was rather plentiful, starred the ground with its pyramidal flower spikes of intense blue. The purple monkshood, the rose-hued Alpine rhododendron, the golden rock-rose, the red snapdragon, the white grass of Parnassus, showed here and there. Among the prevailing red boles of pine could be distinguished a considerable variety of trees: smooth-stemmed silver fir, the tender greenery of the acacia, sown, one must suppose, by the birds, leafy hazels over which the ivory-coloured clematis blossoms came cascading down, filling the air with faint fragrance, and a few lime trees, sweet with blossom, and already murmurous with bees. And then

as our path wound along the brink of the river, leaping down over its barriers of rock, the sea-green pools alternating with snow-white cataracts, under precipitous ledges plumed with pine, were succeeded by long slopes where the crystal water slipped over smooth rocks now red, now purple, now green, now white, which showed their colour through the water as through a sheet of moving glass.

To pass at once to the end of my expedition. I made the last part of the journey not exactly in the way I had intended, and there is nothing that need be recorded, save that in due course I reached the Maladetta, the highest point in Aragon.

How much they lose who approach a great range of mountains by railway, and commence to receive their impressions at what should be the climax of a gradually ascending scale of experiences! It is like reading the conclusion of a great novel without having been prepared for it by the gradual development of the story. To find yourself suddenly in the presence of the desolate grandeur of great snow mountains without the preparation of starting at the lowest part of the range, and ascending through the intermediate steps of changing scenery, is to treat a masterpiece of the shaping spirit of Nature with a want of taste, which an intelligent reader would be incapable of showing towards a masterpiece of literature. When the dazzling white of the snow-fields that rise above the glaciers of the Maladetta met my eyes, I was prepared for the impression, for it came as the natural conclusion of a great work, the pages of which I had been studying with delight for many days and nights.

First I had passed through the Basque country among those foothills which are the fitting introduction to more grand and more beautiful scenery. I had received the impression of a prosperous and fertile country, where the peasants' houses smile among the glossy green of the tall maize-crop; where quiet streamlets run through ferny glens, and the dark green chestnut leaves starred with the paler green of the fruit weave a canopy above a carpet of bright green bracken; where the pale pink of the heath and the deep crimson of the heather make warm masses of colour, while here and there the deep blue starry eyes of the gromwell answer shyly the hot gaze of the wooing sun; where in the warm night the chirping of the cicadæ sounds sweet in the quiet air, and often from the high balcony of a Basque house you may see the summer lightning silently pulsing with a pale sulphurous light across the sky, lighting up the dark outline of the mountains with a momentary glare.

Next I had entered the forest country of Navarre, where the great beechwoods filled the valleys like a sea, and tossed their leafy spray high against the grassy slopes of the mountain ridges;

there I had tasted the delight of open-air existence, lived in close communion with nature; the fresh breath of the forest world at dawn, the "cool silver shock" of the plunge in the living sapphire of the mountain stream; the delight of finding, after hours of walking in the hot hazy windless twilight of the wood, some hidden fountain-head where the maidenhair bowed its slender black stems with their tender green tresses, above the clear mirror; while from its pavement the delicate spires of silver sand rose trembling through the crystal water as if moved by the quiet breathing of the naiad below.

Then I had found myself in the midst of the savagely grand scenery of the Aragonese sierras, among rock-walled, pine-plumed barrancos, a land of streams, where the glacier rivers thundered in the hollows of the glens, and from the tall cliffs the cataracts dropped veil above veil of crystal water, which fluttered slowly and leisurely down and broke beneath into a gleaming mist that wore the iris of the unclouded sunlight. And above the rock walls I had seen the peaks and snow-streaked ridges of the higher sierras, and below them the forest-glades and mountain slopes glowing with the deep blue of the iris and the delphinium, or the purple of the monkshood; while by day the sun poured down a flood of scorching flame from a cloudless sky, and by night the stars trembled brightly in the cold, keen air. And higher up in the sierras I had seen where deep blue glacier lakes slept, blue as indigo, save where against the whiteness of the glacier sloping under it the water showed a pale sapphire; or, when the deep-blue mirror was ruffled by a wind from the peaks, the hues of the mallard's neck swept over it.

Then at last on a day of furious wind, as I emerged from a natural gateway in a wall of rock, the snow fields and glaciers of the Maladetta had opened suddenly before me, the black shadows of the white clouds drifting swiftly across the dazzling sea of sunlit snow, which above was tossed in white surf against the dark nakedness of the topmost peaks and below was bounded by rounded slopes of crevasse-seamed glacier, ending in a grey wilderness of stone.

JOHN VERSCHOYLE.

LAST DAYS OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

SKOBELEFF once declared that if England knew her own mind, we should soon be rid of the Eastern Question. He pointed, as he spoke, to the ironclads which were then holding a vast Russian Army halted within sight of Santa Sophia. It was easy to divine his thoughts. No man felt more keenly the Czar's losses in the fierce conflict which a Neutral Power had brought to an abrupt close beneath the walls of Stamboul, and he raged to witness the great prize snatched away in the very hour of victory. Yet, ambitious soldier though he undeniably was, his views at that period breathed peace rather than war. He insisted that the Sultan ought to be immediately thrust out of Europe and his dominions divided in accordance with the scheme of the Emperor Nicholas. Constantinople must fall to Russia, but England could seize Gallipoli and other places which she considered necessary to the maintenance of her naval supremacy in the Mediterranean and the safety of the Suez Canal. For France Syria remained, while to Greece and the Balkan States would be allotted the territories to which each was ethnologically entitled. Should Austria interfere, her doom was sealed, and Germany, besides being an unconcerned spectator, dared not move through fear of provoking a Franco-Russian alliance. In all probability, therefore, the partition would not cost further bloodshed, but, whatever the consequences, it ought to be commenced without delay and, as a preliminary step, Abdul Hamid and his Pachas shipped across the Bosphorus. Whether they lingered at Broussa or Bagdad on the road to final extinction and during the distribution of the Asiatic Empire was a mere detail, and of no particular importance. The essential was that England abandoned her cruel and mischievous policy of saving the Turk when at his last gasp. That point gained, Europe would be in comparatively smooth water, for the obstructiveness of the St. James's Cabinet alone prevented a speedy and satisfactory solution of the problem.

Times have changed since the hero of Plevna sat angrily watching batteries rising in his front under cover of Admiral Hornby's squadron. Never before in modern days has England seemed so utterly indifferent to the swift approaching doom of the Ottoman empire, nor Germany so anxious to avert it. Proofs of Prince Bismarck's solicitude is furnished by the high figure at which a Berlin house took the last loan. Every financier of experience predicted that the public would refuse to touch it at the price; and their warning was justified by the complete fiasco of the issue, yet the

Deutsche Bank not only accepted Agop Pacha's terms, but even saddled itself with the Ismidt railway extension into the bargain. To pretend that the Wilhelmstrasse did nothing to promote this operation is absurd. The German ambassador pressed the Porte to close with the Deutsche Bank, and subsequently styled the signature of the contract a diplomatic triumph, testimony to the fact that the Chancellor is, at least for the moment, as anxious to support Turkish credit as to depress Russian stocks. It is not that he wants fresh Turkish paper floating about the German markets, but does not mind a few speculators burning their fingers provided Abdul Hamid gets money to spend on rifles and cannon. Signor Crispi is labouring in the same direction, and a few months ago his representative at Constantinople urged the Porte to postpone the fulfilment of its pecuniary obligations to the demands of the Seraskeriate. Turkey's first duty, virtually argued Baron Blanc, is readiness for war, and to it she must, if necessary, sacrifice Quixotic notions of commercial honesty. He went still farther in his anxiety to win over the Sultan to this view, and actually intimated that should the cost of arming entail suspension of payments the Central Alliance would see him safely through its political consequences. But years of trouble and disappointment have taught Abdul Hamid to gauge with tolerable accuracy the depth of diplomatic assurances to the Porte. Extremely cautious by temperament, he has grown nervously suspicious of foreigners, especially when they profess attachment to his Government; and since Sir Henry Layard's famous dispatch appeared in the Blue Book no ambassador can claim to have enjoyed genuine personal influence at Yeldiz Kiosk. To the disgust, then, of the Italian envoy and his German colleague the Sultan is fighting shy of their advice. They may, if so disposed, continue to swell the host of Imperial councillors whose opinions are sought only to be rejected, but they need not dream of deceiving the crafty ruler of the Ottoman empire. For he is at no loss to discern the reasoning which suddenly converted Prince Bismarck and Signor Crispi to the Turcophile creed. Italy aspires to a leading voice in Eastern affairs, and Germany's motives for fawning on a country which she so lately scorned cannot be misunderstood. Alarmed by the increasing strength of France, conscious that its own blunders have turned the friendship of Russia into hate, Berlin is feverishly eager to secure Turkey's assistance in the next war. But the minister who three years back again refused the Ottoman Alliance and put such an exorbitant value on the bones of his Pomeranian grenadier can scarcely expect the Porte to enter into an engagement of this kind without material guarantees for remuneration proportionate to the number of battalions that it could summon to the colours. And the Sultan has additional cause for prudence in the attitude of

the French and Russian ambassadors, who with the object of thwarting German machinations, have drawn still closer together. Their tactics are practically the same that M. de Nelidow, a somewhat fussy yet astute disciple of the modern Muscovite school, has steadily pursued since his arrival at Pera. Threats judiciously softened by hopes of recovering Egypt, and fortifying throughout Islam the Padischah's spiritual sovereignty, are daily poured into the ears of the Grand Vizier and palace officials. On the mind of Abdul Hamid the honeyed words produce as little impression as the allurements of M. de Radowitz; but a menace from the Czar cannot be lightly disregarded. To that monarch's envoy when in earnest the Porte listens and trembles. The swift vengeance which followed Sir Henry Elliot's victory over General Ignatiew has not been forgotten, and just now the Russian Government possesses a legitimate grievance in the war indemnity arrears. Half a million sterling could not be collected without foreign aid in forty-eight hours, and did the Sultan incline too much towards the central alliance, the Czar might quite possibly occupy a province as tangible security for the whole debt. But so far neither side has made progress, and the sole result of their rivalry is to confirm Abdul Hamid, who has taken the direction of foreign affairs into his own hands, in his conviction that the old device of coquetting with all the Powers offers him the best prospect of safety. He no more believes in M. de Nelidow's zeal for the Caliphate than he does in the sincerity of Baron Blanc's hint, that Italy desires an excuse to recognise Tunis and Algeria as Ottoman territory; but he *has* profound faith in his own ability so to avail himself of the great international quarrel, that he will eventually obtain the maximum of benefit with the minimum of risk. The Sultan's immediate fear is that of being driven into a premature choice of sides. To it might be traced every turn and double of his tortuous policy. The private audiences and brilliant banquets, the lavish distribution of ribands, and extravagant remuneration of useless foreigners, are calculated efforts towards the same end, the mystification of Europe. Nor does Abdul Hamid hesitate, when seemingly necessary, to have recourse to more dangerous means of exciting hopes and fears. Only yesterday the German ambassador was led to believe that his Majesty again desired to enter Prince Bismarck's coalition; to-morrow the wires may be carrying across the Continent news of an equally "secret" overture to the Russian envoy. Such a game is doubtless beset by perils, but we may not forget that the Turkish sovereign has, from his point of view, no alternative to playing it. A general war will inevitably draw him into its vortex, and his aim is to keep free till he can decide where his interests lie. Too experienced in the shiftiness of modern diplomacy to trust a single State, and painfully aware that his existence rests on the difficulty in

reconciling the conflicting claims of Russia and Austria, he is ever striving to widen the breach between them, and render the Turkish army sufficiently powerful to turn the scale in a European struggle, and therefore to buy him allies prepared to stand or fall with him. He will fail and bite the dust, not from lack of diplomatic skill, nor solely through the ambitious designs of neighbours, but because the Ottoman Empire is rotten to its very foundations.

Here we reach the core of the Eastern Question. It is in her own vile administration that Turkey has her deadliest foe. Turn where we will signs of early dissolution appear. Macedonia scarcely acknowledges the Imperial yoke, Albania is a hotbed of revolutionary societies, and crossing into Asia the traveller finds the whole country from Hellenic Smyrna to Armenian Erzeroum seething with disaffection. Even on his fellow Mussulmans the Sultan can place no dependence. People are too prone to conclude that the Pomaks migrated from Bulgaria after the war in order to escape living under a Christian flag. As a matter of fact, religion was only the indirect cause of their flight. They left because they feared that the new Government would not be able to protect them against an excited peasantry, and many refugees are to-day frankly regretting their short-sightedness. In the districts annexed to Russia no exodus of importance occurred. The Mohammedans of those parts had not been cutting Christian throats in the garb of Bashi Bazouks, and knew that the conqueror would place them on a footing of perfect equality with his other subjects. Their confidence was amply repaid, and in consequence they are now loyal and happy. This would be the case in Asia Minor generally, where the inhabitants detest the rule of Constantinople, and from Syria and Arabia, which is never quiet, the Sultan can only expect mortal antagonism. So hot indeed is their impatience of his sway, that in Yemen the authorities must condone revolts to escape worse harm, and dare not meddle with local customs, no matter how illegal and barbarous, while the inhabitants of the Hedjaz, though less turbulent than the neighbouring tribes, can scarcely be kept from publicly praying for the restoration of the ancient caliphate.

It is difficult to overrate the impression which this wide-spread disaffection produces upon the thousands of pilgrims who yearly flock to the holy cities. They, too, learn to cast longing glances towards Koniah, where dwells "the great Tchelebi" of Islam. Only seen at Stamboul on the accession of a sultan, to whose thigh he girds the sword of Othman, little is known of the personal qualities of the present sheïk, but the veneration which he has inherited among orthodox Moslems is so extensive, that were he to raise the standard of rebellion, the whole country from Mecca to Damascus would be in a flame. And to the Christians the Sultan could not

look for help. A common misery has, at least temporarily, broken down religious barriers, and whatever may be the future relations between the rival creeds, a well-organized Mohammedan rising against the reigning dynasty would unquestionably receive assistance and sympathy from the rayah population. In the capital itself treason is rampant. Guards are mutinous, pachas murmur, and courtiers, conscious that their sway is doomed, are solely occupied with filling their pockets. Corruption is lord paramount of the palace and Government offices. Ministers, secretaries, chamberlains, sell influence unhesitatingly to the highest bidder, and the smallest clerk refuses to attend to a stranger's business till assured of his half-dozen dollars. Turkish functionaries and their subordinates are not innately dishonest. They are simply starving, and must perforce levy black-mail. In a word, backshish is the mainspring of the administration, and without it the machinery would immediately stop. Slight wonder then that patriotism is dead and reform impossible, as no servant of the State but would do his utmost to prevent a change which threatened daily bread and provision for old age. The Sultan does not even try to purify the administration. On the contrary, all conscientious men are rapidly being removed from the higher posts and the vacancies filled with palace favourites. Even the present Grand Vizier, who is very intelligent and not innately wanting in self-respect, can only retain the seals by fawning and cringing in the royal antechamber, and that his colleagues hold their portfolios during the pleasure of the ruling clique is as notorious as their incapacity for any responsible employment. The Seraglio despises such trifling drawbacks as unfitness and indifferent reputations. Ready obedience is the one essential feature in its eyes. For loyalty which blurts out truth, for courage which seizes corruption by the throat, for integrity which neither temptation nor menace can shake it has no place. Chill neglect is the portion of men who do their duty fearlessly, despite the frowns of minions and slaves. Yet they have but to turn parasites, to sacrifice honour, to sneer at patriotism and instead of being silenced and mistrusted, they might now be numbered with the elect of Yeldiz, and enjoy the supreme privilege of scrambling with idle strangers for decorations and gold wrung from the ruined peasants. There is nothing new in this. Natives and foreigners alike have long recognised the hopelessness of any attempt to remedy the evil, except a sovereign speedily arise who combines with the craft of Louis XI. of France the brutal energy and personal heroism of Peter the Great. Can the dynasty of Ottoman produce such a prince? Let history give the answer. In its pages may be read that since Sobieski rolled back the crescent from the ramparts of Vienna, not a single Sultan has succeeded in

checking the downfall of the Turkish Empire. The few who tried were baulked by intrigues or revolutions, and in some cases expiated their audacity by a cruel death; the majority never troubled about public affairs so long as they could wallow in luxurious debaucheries and gold was forthcoming to keep the janissaries quiet. The actual monarch is a cross between the two categories. He credits himself with good intentions, and probably *does* consider the country's interests next in importance, after a wide gap, to his own, but he accomplishes nothing useful because he is afraid of honest officials. From her State Church Turkey cannot expect relief. Though in its purer form healthy food for babes, Mohammedanism is poison to men. Excellent in fact as an elementary school of civilisation, Islam is the mortal foe to later progress, and save when propagating monotheism, has always fought in the cause of mental degradation and ignorance. Its virtues are common to every faith, ancient and modern, worthy of the name; its vices have lowered the *morale* of all non-savage races subdued by its sword. So plain is this that Reschid Pacha, the greatest Turkish statesman of the century, openly declared war against the interference of the Sheïk-ál-Islam in temporal affairs. It was a bold measure in face of the humiliation experienced a few years previously by an influential minister. During the reign of Mahomoud the Second, a prince of decidedly liberal tendencies, the then Grand Vizier and Mufti differed over some question, and sharp words were spoken. From the Divan the Vizier went straight to the Seraglio, and complained that the Mufti had actually dared to threaten him. "What did he say?" inquired the Sultan. "That he would issue a fetvah to cut off my head." "Then he will keep his word, and I shall have to execute his sentence," cried his Majesty; "be off at once and beg pardon." Away ran the terrified minister, and half an hour afterwards was on his knees imploring grace of the angry priest. Reschid Pacha fared little better. He escaped disgrace, though only to behold the Church triumphant along the whole line, and the nation still fast bound in galling fetters. But the struggle was not altogether barren of good results. It carried hope to the intellectual Arab, who almost from the first refused to interpret the Koran in a sense hostile to culture, and partially arrested the practice, so common in Albania and Macedonia, of professing the Prophet's faith from worldly motives. A wave of free-thought is also sweeping across the land. Turkish atheists and deists are to be found in every town of the Empire. Under the present *régimè* it is too dangerous publicly to avow heterodox opinions, but they are none the less disseminated, and with visible effect. Roman sceptics bowed in the temples as an act of duty towards their country; Turkish sceptics prostrate themselves in the mosques to retain their master's favour, but they do so with a sneer

on the lips and hearts embittered by the necessity of hypocrisy. Yet over the mass of the Moslem population imaums and dervishes continue to exercise vast influence, and employ it cruelly. In the palace abound astrologers and augurs, in the hovel dwells fanaticism which, when it does not preach despair, usurps the place of true courage, in both bigotry and superstition. The State with axe, the Church with dry-rot, have between them nearly brought the tree to the ground. How far the process of decay has gone is a matter of opinion, but that dissolution is close at hand few politicians would care to deny. At any rate it is childish to seek refuge from embarrassing questions in the delusion that, as the Turk is dying hard, he will last our time. Much, no doubt, depends on the general course of events. If spared external shocks the next century may dawn on him still in Europe, for the revolts which are breaking out would then of necessity leave him Stamboul till the end. But there is little probability of so close a parallel to the fate of the Roman Empire. The rivalry of Greece and Bulgaria, the pretensions of Austria, the fixed purpose of Russia, indicate that the Ottoman sovereignty will be driven from Constantinople through Broussa and annihilated by the waves of the Mediterranean.

Such being the situation, it is surely time for England to trace her line of action with regard to the Turkish succession. If our decision be to remain neutral unless events threaten Egypt, the question is, as far as we are concerned, provisionally shelved. Should the English people refuse, on the contrary, so completely to efface themselves and abdicate their position in Europe, it must be boldly met. In the latter, and, I presume, notwithstanding all appearances, certain case, we can no longer afford to delay learning our own mind and settling our policy. The cause of peace and the vital interests of our Empire are alike urging us to make an end of Downing Street uncertainty and vacillation. Frothy talk is poor compensation for vigorous action. England ought to brace up her loins, determine what she wants, and proclaim her resolution to have it even at any cost. It is the wisest course, and offers the best chance of settling the Eastern Question without war.

A great deal may be said in favour of allowing Russia to go to Constantinople, if we are not ready to defy half Europe and plant the union-jack on Seraglio Point. It would possibly save us from war, which otherwise seems inevitable, stop for the next fifty years all trouble on our Indian frontier, and secure us the support of the most powerful of Continental nations. As an offset, we might occupy Gallipoli, annex Crete, and remain in Egypt; while stipulating that to Greece, whose claim to the Bosphorus, however just, can no longer be sustained, should fall the Hellenic portions of Ana-

tolia and Macedonia and the whole of Albania. An arrangement on these lines would not merely bar Russia's progress towards the Suez Canal, but bring us the alliance of a strong Greece and the good will of the Arab Caliphate, which must arise from the wreck of the Sultan's double sovereignty. Nor can it be honestly contended that the Greeks are unworthy of high rank among the nations. Hampered by scanty territory and insufficient resources, battling against vices which survived the slavery that engendered them, this heroic people has struggled into a lofty civilisation, and by its steadily-improving Government, marvellous self-restraint, and cool courage, given the lie to the spiteful prophecies of its enemies. Yet Greece is in deadly peril. Without active friends and still unready, she may at any moment be compelled to thrust her army between Austria and the Ægean. The risk would be terrible, but a glance at the map shows that she dare not shrink from it. By an agreement with Russia, England could block the Austrian's road to Salonica, and thus protect the future development of an Hellenic Empire, while laying the foundation of a coalition which we might reasonably hope would prevent the Turk's death-agony involving Europe in strife. Is it not infinitely better to stake peace on the prospect of such an arrangement's success than to sit lazily indifferent to the impending crash, till, in a fit of frantic jealousy, we endeavour to repeat the mad folly of thirty-five years ago? For if we persist in our present policy, Russia will suddenly dash at Constantinople, either in accordance with the terms of the partition which the Court of Vienna so eagerly desires, or by marching along the Northern Coast of the Black Sea. In either case England would be without allies, and might, quite possibly, be too late to seize the material guarantees which the safety of her Empire requires, did the Romanows gain Stamboul and the Hapsburgs Salonica. We are certainly told that the Czar's advance through Asia Minor could be easily arrested by an Anglo-Turkish army, but this would mean returning to the old policy of temporarily propping up the Sultan at the price of frightful misery to millions. It may also be doubted whether the military task would prove a light one, especially if Austria were bribed as in 1877, and France persuaded to invade Egypt and Syria. Italy might, perhaps, join us, but as a fighting Power she is still almost an unknown quantity, and William the Second's reign has so far been chiefly remarkable for disturbing confidence in the policy of Germany. Detesting England and aspiring to naval triumphs, that restless Prince might not impossibly be tempted to forswear the vision of riding a victor into Paris, and shake hands with France over the ruins of Belgium and Holland. In trusting Berlin, we should therefore be guilty of egregious folly. Were Frederick the Third living, or the Germans

a free people, the question would present a different aspect, but as it is, we have hampered our Colonies, betrayed the cause of our subjects, and abandoned the Sultan of Zanzibar to no purpose. Yet there are Englishmen who tell us that we can only find safety beneath Prince Bismarck's shield. The doctrine is as false as it is humiliating. Of all European nations France and Russia are alone those with which it is important that we maintain cordial relations. Yet they are precisely the Powers which our Government is estranging in the hope of pleasing the Court of Berlin.

The plain truth is that England's difficulties and undignified attempts to escape them are the direct consequence of her refusal to accept a solution of the Eastern Question in conformity with the logic of accomplished events, and the natural tendency of those events. But it is not too late to acknowledge our error and embark on the right track by concluding an arrangement with France and Russia to which Greece must afterwards be made a party. This step, a precautionary one, would not be calculated to hasten the downfall of the Turk. It is, on the contrary, clear that, were the four states agreed respecting the division of his possessions, he would have a much better chance of dying quietly. But the exact date of his departure to the limbo of political failures is immaterial, the essential point being that generally acknowledged heirs be ready to step into his dominions pledged to assume all financial obligations belonging to their respective shares. Proper stipulation for paying off the Ottoman public debt and discharging the Porte's other pecuniary engagements would remove the last well-founded objection to cutting up the Empire. It is a propitious moment. Greece, notwithstanding the betrothal of the Duke of Sparta to a Prussian princess, is completely her own mistress. For years past King George's Governments have followed the policy of keeping free from diplomatic entanglements so as to be able to join any coalition which promises a *quid pro quo*. Up to now the opportunity has not presented itself, and the Greeks are therefore at liberty to act as they please. No foreign representative can honestly boast influence over Mr. Tricoupis, though that minister is sufficiently versed in statecraft to permit each of them to imagine vain things. Meanwhile Greece has set straight her finances and is bestowing anxious care on her army and fleet. In the course of the next two years her navy will be at least equal to the Turkish, and her troops, if few in number, admirably disciplined and equipped. With such a Power firmly seated on the Adriatic and Ægean, England could well afford to let the Czar go to Constantinople. Of Russia's willingness to accept a compromise based on these lines no doubt can exist, nor should it be difficult to gain the adhesion of France by humouring her aspirations in the Mediterranean. It is

true that Austrian jealousy might bring the Central Alliance into the field with the avowed object of saving Turkey, and that Italy too would, unless bought, urge Bismarck to interfere. But to the Hapsburgs Servia and a big slice of Macedonia lie open, and the Quirinal's demands could be most probably satisfied with Tripoli, and, if absolutely necessary, part of Upper Albania. Greece could console herself for the loss in the fact that a useful antagonism must thus be created between Vienna and Rome, and in the guarantees given her for the latter's good behaviour. That diplomacy might fail to negotiate an arrangement with Austria and Italy and war follow is, I admit, a possibility, but an uncompromising attitude towards Russia will certainly provoke hostilities, and in the former event we should at least be fighting in our own interests and on the right side. It is also perfectly evident that to England Russia and France would prove more dangerous foes than the Central European allies, since our navy is capable, if unopposed by the Republic's, of driving all other fleets from the seas. The presumption that the German Empire is the strongest European Power rests on hasty conclusions. Russia and England are her equals, probably her superiors in an exhaustive conflict, and, united, they would be invincible. In the long run we shall find Russia our safest friend. Of her stamina no doubt can exist. She is mistress of resources which ours alone exceed, and her national patriotism stands above dispute. When her glory and honour are at stake, political hates vanish, and still more noteworthy, the conquered Asiatics have, under sore temptation, established their loyalty to the white Padischâh. For England to neglect the opportunity of reconciling her vital interests with those of so mighty a country seems the height of folly.

But, however views may differ regarding the solution of the Eastern problem, no sober politician believes that it can be much longer avoided. That British troops should be again sent to reshackle the Moslem's fetters on Christian races is, I hope, impossible. For England then the primary question becomes whether, having discarded the system of keeping the Turk in Europe by force of arms, she will stand entirely aloof or play her part as a great Oriental power in the final settlement. Should we resolve to compel the world to respect our interests there ought to be no further hesitation as to our line of action. Let us have done with delusions and fallacies. Russia and England are the chief factors in Turkish affairs. If we retire the Moscovite will order the Ottoman succession in conformity with his own wishes. It is *not* true that the Czar has lost ground. Despite everything that has occurred in Bulgaria he is still looked up to by the enslaved millions as the Emancipator. Even in Albania, where the Austrian and Italian propaganda are busiest and the League yet vainly dreams of creating

an independent nation, Russia retains her authority and prestige. Greece alone rivals the mighty northern Empire in the affections of the Balkan populations, and her field of operations is necessarily limited by national jealousies. Circumstances, too, have recently been somewhat against her, and while making rapid progress in Asia Minor she can for the moment do little more than hold her own in Europe. But signs are not wanting that her time is nigh at hand. Slowly yet surely the Mohammedan inhabitants of Lower Albania are gathering to her standard. Perceiving that the Crescent must soon be lowered—in fact, quite ready to haul it down—and the impracticable character of autonomous projects, they have already begun to gravitate towards Athens as a refuge from Italian or Austrian annexation. Before long conviction of their own helplessness and increasing danger will oblige the Upper Albanians to adopt a like view and in all probability they will seek union with Greece on principles of dual government. It may, therefore, be safely assumed that Russia and Greece divide supreme influence in the Balkans and that the latter's weight predominates throughout the Christian regions of Asia Minor. Among the Moslems of Arab extraction and the numerous body of Turks who are sickened of emasculated despotism, England has incomparably the most authority, and she may if she choose occupy in Islam the rôle of temporal protector of the spiritual caliphate. In order, however, to win the prize which lies within our grasp we must abandon our policy of inaction and come boldly forward. It is idle to procrastinate with the notion that by staving off the solution a confederation of the Balkan States will bar Russia's road to Constantinople. That escape is closed to the timid diplomatists who suggested it, for an agreement between these countries cannot be brought about. Separate they are and must remain unless a conqueror involve all in a common ruin, and if St. Petersburg were not satisfied on this point the Czar's battalions would be already marching towards Stamboul.

Fifty years ago England was the leading power in Europe. She could speedily regain that position by virtue of her strength and dominion, if willing to discharge the duties inseparable from the maintenance of high rank among the nations. At this juncture, moreover, the re-assertion of her rightful place would not encounter any grave difficulty. Circumstances are, in fact, extremely favourable to such a step. Prince Bismarck does not attempt to hide the anxiety with which he contemplates the political outlook. Painfully aware of the dangers encircling Germany, and that his own death might prove the signal for a general conflict, he would allow the utmost possible latitude to the St. James's Cabinet, lest opposition should lead to a close understanding between England and Russia. His

to north latitude 17°. This stream, although dry at the close of the hot season, is the most important element or factor in the Nile system, as it has actually created the Delta of Egypt by the deposit of fertile alluvium, brought down from lands almost unknown at the time of my first visit, which I determined to investigate. The Atbara loses its waters through the impetuosity of its current as first tributary to the Nile, and through the percolation into a sandy bed for 350 miles of its desert course, but the fact of such absorption supports a welcome fringe of vegetation upon either bank, which delights the eye with shady palms and green mimosas after weeks passed in the glare of yellow sands.

We arrived in Berber in June, 1861, and rode along the banks of the Atbara for 247 miles to Gozerajub. A few miles beyond that spot, about 630 miles from Korosko, I observed the first change of surface which denoted the rainy zone. The dry bed of the Atbara was suddenly invaded by a roaring torrent during the night of 23rd June. On the following morning the river was deep with a mass of thick muddy fluid, which, although the sky was a cloudless blue in our position, denoted the commencement of the rains in Abyssinia. The Atbara had commenced its annual duty, and was supplying the mud to fertilize the lands of Lower Egypt.

From Gozerajub to Kassala, the capital of the Taka country, the distance is 92 miles; this is within the limit of the rainy zone, and the soil begins to be extremely rich at Soogalup, about midway. The Atbara has made a bend, and is again met with at Goorasi, 52 miles from Kassala. We are now in the midst of fertility, where the rainy season commences about 1st June and continues till the middle of September. On the mountains of Abyssinia the rains commence in May. The country from this point, after crossing the Atbara to the west bank, is one vast flat surface of the richest possible soil in which it is impossible to find a stone. Through this extensive tract of alluvial soil the river has cut its way, receiving in its course the treasures of continual landslips, which fall into the burrowing current, and melting in the water, add to the consistency of the turbid stream, and are carried down to the Egyptian delta.

The river has through countless ages scooped a channel, in many places 150 feet below the general level of the country, and the chasm from margin to margin of the level plateau varies from a mile to two miles in width. During the rainy season interminable springs rush from the sides of the depression, causing landslips, and scouring channels of thick mud through the rough broken ground to increase the muddy volume of the Atbara. There are no ravines upon the plateau, and a stranger would disbelieve in the existence of a river when travelling across the level surface, until he suddenly arrives within view of the deep depression.

The rich soil extends for an immense distance, not only throughout the course of the Atbara river, but to the base of the great chain of mountains which should form the geographical frontier of Abyssinia. From this range, the various rivers tributary to the Atbara are the Settite or Taccazzy (the Atbara *par excellence*), the Salaam, Angrab, Royân, and minor streams, all of which, although of mountain origin, flow through soluble and fertile soil which they transmit to the great river.

Although nature has apparently arranged this vast depôt of alluvium for some wise purpose, and Egypt has been created by a deposit of the precious loam carried away by the purloining rivers to form a country which was the nucleus of ancient civilization, and the commencement of all history, no advantage has been taken by a nomad population of the attractions of fertility, beyond the raising of crops which require little cultivation, after which, the fertile area is deserted, and the Arabs migrate to the sandy deserts during the period of annual rains.

There is a reason for this exodus. In the total absence of roads the alluvial surface is absolutely impassable. No camel could move, as it would sink knee-deep, or would slip upon the muddy ground if shallow. The soil is of such an adhesive nature that when wet it adheres like birdlime, and neither man nor beast could travel any distance. We passed the rainy season on the banks of the Atbara river eight miles south of the junction where the Settite meets the former stream. On the hard white sandstone of Sofi, having ridden 960 miles from Korosko during the hottest season of the year, we formed a camp, which afforded an admirable experience concerning the action of the rains, at the approach of which the Arabs had sown their crops, and then departed from the neighbourhood to the drier atmosphere of the deserts.

During the hot summer months the intensely dry north wind parches all vegetation; the grass becomes so crisp that it breaks above the root, and is carried away by the strong breeze and rolled up in wreaths as though by the work of man. This is fired by the Arabs, and the surface is represented by brown soil, so intensely bare that it is impossible to believe it will again be green within three days from the commencement of rain in the following season. This clean surface is admirably adapted for the Arab method of cultivation; the whole population turns out at the first signs of rain, and with a small hoe they scratch a few inches of the bare soil, into which they drop several seeds of dhurra (*sorghum vulgare*). These seeds are sown about eighteen inches apart in straight parallel lines *three feet distant.*

The yield may be imagined, *as I took the trouble to count the* grains in one fair average head of dhurra when the crop was ripe, at Sherif-el-Ibrahim, near Sofi; there were 4,848 grains of corn in this individual head.

From Sofi at the close of the rainy season we crossed the Atbara, and after exploring the course of the Settite, we passed into the Abyssinian territory occupied by Mek Nimmur, and examined every affluent from the mountain range until we at length arrived at the town of Gellabât. From thence we followed the country until we reached the river Râhad and the Dinder—two primary affluents of the Blue Nile. It is hardly possible to describe the fertility of this immense tract of country, where the earth yields its wealth in the most unbounded quantity with the smallest amount of labour. Cotton, which is described by the historian Pliny as the "wool-bearing tree of Ethiopia," is indigenous, and produces the quality known in the Liverpool market as "good middling." In 1862 I sent a fair sample from Khartoum, which was reported upon in the foregoing terms, and the Soudan was requested to forward a million bales annually to render us independent of America. . . .

At Gellabât, the frontier town of Abyssinia, there is a considerable export trade, as cotton will not flourish upon the highlands of that country, where the climate is unfavourable; it loves the deep rich soil of the alluvial plateau between the Nile and the eastern tributaries of Abyssinia. In that extraordinary soil the cotton plant grows with a vigour that is only explained by the fact of its indigenous birth. The seed is sown in May before the commencement of the rains, and the crop is gathered in the following March at a season when the atmosphere is so dry that not a breath of dew could be found upon a blade of grass if such verdure could exist. Any person who is conversant with the cultivation of cotton will appreciate this favourable peculiarity, as the greatest necessity is dryness when the crop is fit to gather. In that highly-favoured climate there is a regular season for three and a half months' rain, from 1st June till the middle of September; at the same time there is a certain dry season when crops can be gathered without the expense of barns or artificial covering. The cotton lies upon mats in huge piles before it is packed in little bales for market; and the corn, when cleaned, may be seen in hills of several thousand quarters, before it is distributed in camel-loads, or sent down the Blue Nile to the market of Khartoum.

The best practical proof of agricultural production is the price upon the centre of cultivation. I have never paid more than 15 piastres a râchel, or less than 12 piastres. A râchel is a measure of two urdêps, each 300 lbs.; a piastre = 2½d.; therefore at Sherif-el-Ibrahim in 1862 the best white dhurra was purchased for 3s. 2d. a râchel = 600 lbs.; and throughout the banks of the Râhad the price was 2s. 6d. In the latter district the cattle were of very large size and exceedingly fat; a fine bullock cost five dollars, equal to £1 sterling; such an animal in England would be worth £25 for the butcher. It is necessary to state that I have only met this particular breed of cattle throughout the course of the Râhad and the Dinder, and they were originally brought from Abyssinia.

Wheat, flax, jute, oil-seeds, &c., might be grown to any extent, but the natives are contented with dhurra, cotton, sesame, and a few other insignificant cereals. The striking peculiarity throughout this extensive area is the fact that nature has done so much, and man so little. The plough is unknown; the surface is scratched, the seed sown, the rain falls, the crops ripen.

I examined the Râhad, Dinder, and arrived at Abou Harraz upon the Blue Nile, facing the province of Senaar. The important water supply of those rivers is entirely wasted. Their importance can only be appreciated by a study of the map; it will be seen that they are drains from Abyssinia, following a similar course to the Blue Nile, to which they are powerful tributaries, but, like many others, their torrents disappear during the dry season, as they become rapidly exhausted through their impetuosity. Nothing would be easier than to form simple earthen dams during the arid season when their beds are dry, and to deflect the water into numerous canals, to irrigate the wonderful soil which extends throughout Meroe towards the junction of the Atbara river with the Nile near Berber. No professional engineer would be required to effect this project; it is the natural work in which the fellah of Lower Egypt excels all others. If the waters of the Râhad and Dinder, also of the great Atbara river, were retained by a series of dams raised when their beds were dry, there would be no difficulty whatever in irrigating vast tracts of fertile country now absolutely waste, and at the same time, the canals being navigable for small vessels, would convey the produce to branch stations upon the Souakim railway.

I estimated the fertile area of the Soudan at 30 millions of acres between Kassala, Gellabât, Senaar, Abou Harraz, and Gadârif. The whole of this valuable tract is included in the Nile tributaries of Abyssinia.

In 1871 the enterprising Circassian Governor of the Soudan, the late Moomtazz Pacha, having been recently appointed, determined to prove the cotton-producing power of the country simply by issuing a word of command. He proclaimed that every sheik and headman of villages should be responsible for the cultivation of a certain acreage, in proportion to the number of the population. This despotic but industrial edict took force at once. When the crops were ripe, the production of cotton was so enormous that it remained, like snow, thickly upon the ground. The villagers gathered more than could be carried by the camels of the deserts, the owners of which immediately doubled and trebled the price of transport, and the experiment was regarded by the population as a proof that Moomtazz Pacha, their governor, was decidedly insane, and they petitioned that he might be removed.

Moomtazz Pacha had proved to his own satisfaction the enormous producing power of the country, and its people. Cotton was unlike the sugar, coffee, tea, or other plants which require a great outlay in

their cultivation, and some years to arrive at maturity; but by a simple edict, in only seven months, a crop had been produced that would have delighted Lancashire. The experiment had also decided that the existing means of transport were utterly insignificant, and that it would be useless to entertain the question of development in the Soudan, unless the primary step should be the construction of a railway between the Nile and the Red Sea port Souakim. I have always held this opinion, which has been strengthened by subsequent events.

The Soudanese Arabs are divided into numerous tribes; these are nomadic, not from choice, but from necessity. The scanty desert pasturage is insufficient for their flocks and herds, and they must wander over an extensive area; the Arabs must therefore change their locality in search of herbage. This nomadic life engenders a strong feeling of independence and objection to taxation. There are no towns or streets where the houses of occupants are numbered, and the tax-collector may personally pay his unwelcome visit; but the Arab's home is his tent, his country the desert, his conveyance the camel is always ready, and his life is a continual change. Such material is difficult to govern. The only hold over these people is by possession of the wells. *Water* is the great power; and water will be the means of civilising these grand nomads under a just and energetic administration.

If a good government were established, and a well-considered plan arranged for the development of the Soudan, with means of irrigation provided, and a small bonus given for the erection of water-wheels instead of the crushing tax that was formerly imposed, the Arabs would cease to wander over unprofitable deserts, and they would become useful members of an agricultural community. There cannot be a more striking proof of this theory than in the change which has been effected among the population in North-Western India by the advantages of irrigation within the last thirty years.

In the contracted limits of an article it is impossible to enter into the various details connected with the Soudan. The name in the ears of Europeans embraces an unknown quantity, but among Egyptians a distinction is made, and all south of Khartoum is designated as the country of the White River (Nile), excepting the special countries of Darfur and Kordofan.

The loss of those provinces has been a gain to Egypt, as they never produced a revenue equal to the expenditure, and they are absolutely beyond all hope of prosperous development. The White Nile should be retained as the natural geographical frontier as far as the 10th degree north latitude, at the station of Fashoda.

The equatorial provinces were advancing in prosperity before the Mahdi's movement blockaded Emin within his well-governed territory. There are steamers upon the Albert N'yanza which I myself

introduced from England; there are many steamers at Khartoum, all bearing the names of Samuda Brothers, Poplar, and Penn and Sons upon the long-enduring engines; all these were evidences of advancing civilisation — English names as manufacturers, and English names connected with their advent to the Soudan. They are now in possession of the insurgents; as we have abandoned the Soudan. I cannot believe that it will be possible to continue this severance from Egypt. It is an unnatural separation that cannot endure, as there will be no security in Egypt so long as the deserts remain without a government.

The belief among the Egyptians is freely expressed, "that England does not wish for peace, as in the event of perfect security, France would call upon her to remove the military forces." The extraordinary policy we have pursued would naturally encourage a suspicion, which we ourselves know has no foundation; but if we have determined to enforce upon Egypt a total abandonment of the Soudan, to whom does that vast territory now belong? If there is no government, there is no law. What is to prevent the annexation of Unyoro and Uganda by Germany, or any other Power, should an Emin Relief Expedition, under the command of some energetic officer, arrive at the Nile exit from the Victoria N'yanza?

We have been exceedingly generous with the Khedive's dominions. We handed over Massowah to the Italians. We have given away the Soudan to the insurgents. We exiled Zebehr Pacha (under what law I never could discover) without trial, for corresponding with the Soudan at a time when we had proclaimed its abandonment.

All this appears very strange to the outside world. We are so keenly occupied at home with party squabbles, and the extreme difficulty with thirty millions of inhabitants in Great Britain of governing three millions of discontented Irish, that we can hardly be expected to sympathise with the necessities of the Soudan. Before General Hicks was defeated, all Egypt was reported *couleur de rose*. Because he was defeated, that enormous territory termed the Soudan was immediately abandoned. On the same principle Ireland might be abandoned, should the British troops meet with disaster in any encounter with a rebel force. But Ireland belongs to ourselves, and if we are smitten with insanity we may throw away our own possessions; but, should a foreign Power invade our country; burn Liverpool to imitate our treatment of Alexandria; occupy London to re-establish the authority of Queen Victoria; give away Ireland because we lost a battle; and advise a friendly Power to occupy Edinburgh, as a parallel to the Italians in Massowah; what would be the feelings of the British people? and the Queen, whose authority the foreigner professed to re-establish? We do not see ourselves in the same light in which we are seen by others.

There can be no doubt that within the last few years a new impulse has been given to the development of Africa. It has been called the "Dark Continent," but the darkness is the night, which may be dissipated upon the break of day. The improved means of locomotion, the marvellous progress in science, the increase of population, with corresponding wealth, all tend to the enlightenment of the world, and the success of South Africa in the growth of our Colonies, and the great discoveries of diamonds, gold, and coal have given a fresh impetus to African exploration. England discovered the sources of the Nile, and unravelled the great secret which had baffled the whole world. England gave up and abandoned the sources of the Nile, and thereby lost the prestige which her sons had gained. Some other Power should occupy those sources, and some Power will, unless they are regained by Egypt, to whom alone they of right belong. It would be a shameful attitude for England to stand by as a spectator, and see a foreign Power march into those territories which Egypt won, but which England deliberately abandoned; this is the disastrous position in which we have been placed by a Gladstonian Government.

I can only see one hope. It is that Emin Pacha, who has so nobly held his own and stuck to his ship among the wrecks of insurrection, will continue to preserve the integrity of the Equatorial Provinces. He remains in his present position the Mudir of the Khedive. Should he return to Egypt, he will naturally expect his arrears of pay, in like manner with the Egyptian officers and troops under his command. The steamers belong to the Khedive, also the great stores of ivory that have been collected during so many years; therefore, so long as Emin represents the Government, the Khedive is in possession, notwithstanding the pretence of England when assuming a power to dictate the abandonment of the Soudan. If Emin continues to hold his position, the Soudan may be easily re-conquered, as it will be, directly that the Khedive is free, and "his authority re-established." If the Khedive would guarantee 4½ per cent., a railway would be constructed by public money without delay from Souakim to the Nile, and should he grant a concession to a public company similar in independent action to the original East India Company, no British troops would be required to advance and retreat, and break their hearts in obedience to orders from Downing Street, but the Soudan would be re-occupied, and once again the Arabs would appreciate the honourable influence of English individuals; lost only through the interference of their Government.

The rapidity of agricultural development has been exhibited by the progressive stride in Egypt, which supported Lancashire with cotton during the civil strife that closed the harbours of America to our ships, and threatened our operatives with starvation. It

should be impressed upon the mind of every Englishman that Egypt never knew a cotton plant until the seed was brought from the Soudan by a French traveller, and introduced to the notice of Mehemet Ali Pacha, grandfather of His Highness Ismail, ex-Khedive. That great ruler of Egypt foresaw the advantages of cotton cultivation, and without delay he established cotton farms, and laid the foundations for the prosperity of his country.

Nevertheless Egypt remains in infancy; although among the oldest historical countries in the world, surpassed by none for fertility, but for geographical position, her river is uncontrolled; it may rise or fall; it may bring destruction, or convey the welcome flood; but it remains in the capricious hand of nature, unguided and unrestrained. There is nothing impossible in the suggestion that every river belonging to the Nile system should be controlled by weirs, or dams of masonry, similar to those well-known engineering works of India. Such an arrangement upon the Nile would raise the level of the river in those localities now blocked by cataracts, and the navigation would be opened from Cairo to Khartoum, and thence to Central Africa by the White Nile. A series of dams, with gates upon either side, would not only control the river, but by the increased level of the stream it could be conducted over an immense area of desert, upon which the fertilizing mud would be deposited to form an artificial delta, instead of choking the Mediterranean, and blocking the entrance to the harbour of Port Saïd.

The water-power for working cotton-gins, flour-mills, and other works would become practically unlimited, by raising dams 60 or 80 feet above the present level, and the scheme for the restoration of Lake Mœris (Fayoom) as the great reservoir of the Nile, proposed by Mr. Cope Whitehouse for the security of Lower Egypt, would be accomplished as a natural result of engineering science which had bridled the untrained jaws of Egypt's river, and guided its course to the service of mankind.

England is in Egypt by the force of circumstances; she cannot shake off responsibility, neither can she retreat from her position without the certainty of disaster: another Power would occupy her vacated place, and our route to India would be at the mercy of a rival. England must develop the vast resources of the Soudan which she has forced Egypt to abandon. If once the will be expressed, the deed will be accomplished, and the hand of a firm and determined government upon the helm will establish confidence, and steer a course to success. That policy will secure us the respect of the outside world, the gratitude of the Egyptian people, and will confirm the honesty of our declaration, that we interfered in Egypt to reform the Administration and "to re-establish the authority of the Khedive."

SAMUEL W. BAKER.

RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

PART II.

WHERE the great guiding principles of social conduct universally accepted by civilised peoples are not yet assimilated by a nation, it would be puerile to expect the observance of those minor practical rules which are usually included under the name of propriety. This may be an enviable blessing or the opposite, according to the point of view from which we consider it, but in either case it is an incontrovertible fact. In no other civilised people is the sense of the fitness of things and the perception of the incongruous so undeveloped and rudimentary as in the Russians. This defect can be satisfactorily accounted for in many ways; for instance, by the listless, unreal, dreamy life led by the people, who are ever glad to flee from the dread realities around them, to sleep, drunkenness, phantasy, for transient relief; by their childish view of the relation of cause and effect, which to their thinking is as necessary or as accidental as the falling of rain in answer to the prayers of the priest for moisture for the crops. Thus a most trivial act—such as spitting over one's shoulder, for instance—performed by a nobody will work revolutions in the heavenly spheres, producing effects that are nothing if not infinite. The stroke of a pen of a country boor, who is a copyist in some government office, will thwart the will of the Tsar and baffle the efforts of the entire Government;[1] a few genuflexions in church and the burning of a penny wax taper before an *icon* will straightway restore to pristine innocence the abandoned wretch whose soul is black with the guilt of inexpiable crimes, to which Tannhäuser's were mere peccadilloes. To the average Russian mind every cause is a talisman between which and the effect to be produced there need be no proportion whatever. The scholastic law—*Nemo dat quod non habet*—would be rank heresy to the mind of the Russian, who has no eye for the perception of the grotesqueness that so often results from the logical application of his own view of causality. The talisman once put in requisition, the necessary effect must follow; if it does not, the reason thereof surpasses the understanding of the poor

(1) This is literally true. I could bring forward several curious cases in proof of this statement, which is well known to business men in the country—natives and foreigners, who have always to begin the distribution of the indispensable bribes with the lowest officials, ascending gradually upwards. The omission of a single intermediate link would be as fatal to final success as the passing over of a proposition in Euclid to the boy who learns geometry for the first time.

helpless mortal who had best leave things to right themselves. At the root of this slipshod way of conducting the most serious business of life is the absence of reflection, which during ages of demoralization, when all the expanding intellectual energies of the people were systematically driven into the narrow channel of emotion, was paralysed for want of exercise, like the ventral fins of the mudfish (*Siluridæ*, &c.); or the eyes of the sightless *amblyopsis* of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. A man is appointed to a post which requires constant hard work, he shirks the hard work and accepts the emoluments in conformity with a confused half-conscious feeling that the nomination and his occupying the post constitute as it were the talismanic formula; the results intended should somehow come of themselves, or at any rate with very little co-operation from him. A typical instance of this view of one's life-work occurred in the beginning of the present year. The secretary of the Town Council of the city of Taraschtscha (Government of Kieff) for a long time discharged his professional duties in accordance with this curious conception of his obligations, until at last it occurred to certain town councillors that they might get on fairly well without him. They drew up a report to this effect, which had first to be privately read and signed by him, and then publicly read by him to the Town Council. He actually signed the report, having shirked his duty of first perusing it, and afterwards publicly read about half of it to the Town Council before he became aware of its drift.[1] This same conception of duty was manifested some time ago in a somewhat emphatic manner by a favourite pianist whose concerts are eagerly visited by friends of music in Russia. This gentleman sometimes deems that he has satisfactorily performed his duty if he merely shows himself to the public assembled to hear him playing. Last year, in spring, he was advertised to give a concert in the University of Dorpat. The seats were filled by an appreciative audience, which grew impatient when the artist failed to put in an appearance at the hour fixed. At last he arrived, staggered along the platform, turning his dull unmeaning eyes upon the audience, and fell heavily into the seat beside the piano. Then he laid his bushy head upon the candle-stand, and let his hands drop motionless to his side. The public grew nervous; several ladies cried out that he had a stroke of apoplexy, and were imploring medical assistance for him when he fell heavily to the ground. "He is dead," they cried despairingly, and the confusion became indescribable, until a friend of the artist came forward and said: "It is nothing dangerous; our dear artist is only dead drunk."[2] And the "dear artist" is as great a favourite as ever. Improprieties of this kind are constantly

(1) *Novoye Vremya*, 18th February, 1889.
(2) *Novosti*, April, 1888.

passing without notice in Russia, where the manners of the rudest elements of society—the not yet amalgamated Armenians, Georgians, Mingrelians, &c.—have an irresistible tendency to keep the general standard rather low. Turghenieff was one day complaining to his friend Panaïeff of the queer (to an Englishman's way of thinking outrageous) manner in which the well-known *littérateur*, Pissemsky, had conducted himself the evening before, when reading a new novel he had written to a circle of well-born ladies and gentlemen in a salon of St. Petersburg. "I shall take care never to be present again when Pissemsky is reading, unless it be in our own circle," exclaimed Turghenieff. "Just fancy, gentlemen, he undertook to read his novel though suffering from a disorder of the bowels. As usual, he incessantly belched, constantly jumped up and went out of the room, and returning adjusted his dress before the ladies. *Lastly, and to crown all*,[1] he called for a glass of *vodka*."[2]

Is there any other country but Russia in which the accomplished horseman of a circus could arrange to have a concert given for his benefit—in the Christian church, as Schuman Cook did last autumn?[3] Is there any other country in Europe in which a Minister of State, arrayed in all the gold lace and decorations of his office, taking part in the most solemn and impressive ceremony imaginable, the obsequies of his murdered sovereign, and bearing the sceptre or some such other symbol of imperial power, the cynosure of hundreds of thousands of eyes, quietly put the sceptre in one hand and with the other pulled out from his pocket a substantial sandwich which he had thoughtfully provided, and leisurely munched it while walking in the procession as naturally as if he were in the clearing of a wood on a pic-nic with friends.[4] It would be a mistake to treat these things as isolated facts of rare occurrence—the result of the heedlessness or eccentricity of obscure individuals. They are frequent, one may say universal, and quite as characteristic of corporate bodies and assemblies in which the collective wisdom of whole classes of the population is supposed to reside. Every year the city of Moscow organizes a public festival in aid of the Society of Christian Help. This would seem a good enough work on the face of it, but unfortunately the realisation was never quite in keeping with the conception, for the festival always consisted of drinking to excess, listening

(1) The italics are my own and are meant to emphasize Turghenieff's idea of the highest term of the climax, the *ne plus ultra* of impropriety.

(2) *Historical Messenger*, April, 1889.

(3) Cf. the *Journal Bals*, August, 1888; the *Riga Messenger*, August, 1888; and the *Odessa News*, August 28, 1888, &c., &c.

(4) This act, however, cost the gentleman his portfolio, and the usual solatium invariably given to dismissed Ministers. I refrain from mentioning his name, though I have said enough to lead to its identification in Russia. The gentleman is otherwise a very worthy man.

to the singing of indecent songs by women who illustrated them by indecent gestures, and other equally "Christian" pleasures. Still people desirous of upholding the Society of Christian Help went and generally brought their families with them, and went home satisfied, having killed two birds with one stone. This year an additional attraction was held out to the people in the shape of a pantomime for boys and girls, in which was reproduced "the life of the shady women of the *demi-monde* of St. Petersburg and the manners and morals of cooks and servant women of the capital, when organizing orgies at night with their lovers, members of the fire brigade."[1] *One* father of a family protested at last, and declared that this was not the kind of spectacle that he would like to bring his children to —the intrinsic incongruity of the thing having seemingly completely escaped his observation. The *Moscow Listok*, however, a widely read journal, ridiculed the remarks of the gentleman in question, observing that what children should be protected from is not demoralisation, but puritanical fathers; that it is a mistake to entertain ideal conceptions of what our social amusements should be, and *if one of the factors of this amusement should prove to be the delineation of light morals, &c., that in this there would be no great harm.*

This helpless inability or unconquerable repugnance to duly shape the means to the end proposed, this deep conviction that, the first step taken, everything else may be safely left to God or to chance, is manifest in every act of individuals, societies, and representatives of the nation. It strikes us with quite as much force in Siberia as in Moscow, and testifies to Russian nationality as loudly in Archangelsk as in Kieff. One is being perpetually reminded of the two simple-minded Russians who entered into conversation with each other in a railway carriage half-way between St. Petersburg and Moscow, and discovering that they were travelling in the same train though bound the one for Moscow and the other for St. Petersburg, which lie in very opposite directions, were loud in their admiration *of the wonders of science and civilisation, but whose raptures gave place to very sober reflections the next morning, when they both* found themselves in Moscow, one of them being several hundred miles from his destination. This typical story was forcibly recalled to my mind a year ago, when reading the startling disclosures published by two respectable doctors concerning the Hospital of the Russian Sisters of Mercy in Odessa, of which they were the consulting physicians.[2] "Patients are received," we are told, "mainly in order that they should die. They are kept in narrow, moist, stinking cells, are treated in the name of mercy with a degree of cruelty that outstrips the limits of the probable; they are fed with loathsome food, are [redacted] to wait eight hours for their medicines, which are prepared

(1) Cf. *Novosti*, 31st October, 1888. (2) *Ibid.*

in the kitchen along with the meals, being for economy's sake compounded with water instead of spirits, and put up in match-boxes and cigarette-boxes; paralytics are purged with enemas, and sufferers from typhus put in strait-waistcoats. Since the arrival of the new Superioress from St. Petersburg a new method of treatment has been superadded, and now patients are healed by charms, spells, and magical formulas."[1] There were two exhibitions in St. Petersburg during the first half of the present year, both of which were adaptations to a different order of things of the journey to St. Petersburg in a train bound for Moscow; the one a Pan-Russian exhibition of the products of pisciculture, with specimens of fish from the far north, the extreme south, the Volga, the Vistula, and the Caspian; and the other a flower show with naiad-like lilies, royal roses, and rare exotics. Large numbers of the fish in the first exhibition were in such a very advanced state of putrescence that they were *sold* for nominal prices *for food* to the visitors, who had to hold their noses and shorten their stay. The persons responsible, when appealed to, had the fish removed, but not before they had pointed out that all the aspects of the fish industry in the Empire should be in evidence at a good representative exhibition, and that as the sale of putrid fish as an article of food was a common feature in the trade it should also figure there.[2] The finest exhibit at the flower show, a magnificent specimen of the Cape Colony *Strelitza* with gorgeous yellow-blue flowers, sent by the *Imperial Botanical Gardens*, was found to be a mere sham, a rootless flower with short stalk, temporarily stuck into the earth to deceive simple-minded visitors to the exhibition. How many other exhibits, from private as well as from *Imperial* institutions, were equally clever frauds the public had no means of judging.[3]

Conscious that these statements are the logical deductions from facts numerous enough to fill bulky volumes, I am also aware that patriotic Russians with a strongly-developed sentiment of national *amour propre* may deem, or at least declare them, exaggerated or too strongly coloured. The possibility of such a line of argument, rather than any real need of further confirmation, is my excuse for quoting the opinion of a Russian *littérateur*, now living and writing on the staff of the Petersburg journal *Novosti*, who published an article in that paper in October, 1887, on the question "Are Russians Civilised?" and I am bound to say that the views which he there put forward were received with approbation by the greater part of the provincial press, which reproduced the article in *extenso* or in part.

"To begin with," writes M. Skabitscheffsky, "the most civilised

(1) Cf. *Novosti*, 12th November, 1888. (2) Cf. *Novosti*, 12th May, 1889.
(3) *Ibid.*

of us all lead double lives: one life for our guests, when we flaunt our culture, and a totally different one in private, for daily use at home, where you can never say what enormities your most civilised man may not be committing. He may be blowing his nose with his fingers, licking the frying-pan with his tongue, drinking out of the bottle or milk-jug, &c.; &c. It is not without cause that our proverb says: 'If you do not wish to spoil your appetite don't look into the kitchen.' Now what manner of civilisation is that which exists only to be paraded before the guests like a gala uniform which is taken off after having been worn for an hour? Why it is the fullest negation of the very conception expressed by the word—the conception of a series of customs and habits that have grown into second nature. *In the most civilized classes of society* you observe the complete absence of respect for public or private property. It needs all the watchful vigilance of the police to keep public gardens from being befouled, the trees therein from being torn up, the monuments from being broken and covered with ribald inscriptions. If you let your country house for the summer to people who are to all seeming thoroughly enlightened, with an easy conscience they allow their horses and kine to graze in your garden and to eat up the flowers in your flower-beds. I once called upon acquaintances of mine, who were also most civilised people; all the stoves in their lodgings were heated until they were well-nigh white hot, and fuel was still being added. The heat in the rooms was unbearable. 'Why do you heat your rooms so immoderately?' I asked. 'Well, how can you ask such a question?' was the reply; 'why, the wood, don't you know, is the house-owner's;[1] surely you would not have us spare it!' And it is remarkable that *in all classes of society* you see the same sottish, brutish conviction prevalent, that not only need we not save and spare what does not belong to ourselves, but that we are in a manner bound at all costs to annihilate it. It is in obedience to this instinct that we cover the tables of our lodgings with inscriptions and pour every imaginable filth upon them; that, removing from our rooms, we consider it our duty to tear off the wall-paper and if possible to damage the walls also. To reduce to rags the book we have taken from the library, to deface the margins with sottish remarks and to tear out the pictures —this also is, in due season, our sacred duty. . . . And, after all this, we have the audacity to talk of Russian civilisation, of the cultured class!"

The lowest substratum of the Russian character which the most careful analysis can discover is irreverence. However serious the thoughts by which a Russian's mind may at a given moment be ab-

(1) Lodgings (flats of several rooms, containing kitchen, &c.) are frequently let in Russia with fuel; the house-owner stipulating to supply all the wood required by the tenant to heat the rooms and for culinary purposes.

sorbed, however enthusiastic his devotion to a truly noble cause, he is always careful to leave a chink of his mind open for future irreverence, to bubble up through and swamp the relics of that faith for which he is now perhaps ready to sacrifice his life. In the height of his noble enthusiasm, like David Copperfield, when sorrow for his dead mother was most poignant, he carefully notes the most trivial incidents going on around him, and will treasure them up in his memory on the chance of their yielding him the materials for a future sarcasm against his present ideals. *Olim meminisse juvabit.* Hence the amazing suddenness with which a Russian changes his point of view, and veers round from north to south without a moment's stay at any of the intermediate points of the compass, and the picture of Dostoïeffsky, the great psychological novelist, solemnly offering up his heartfelt gratitude to the Emperor of Russia for having banished him to Siberia, to herd with the scum of creation and suffer maddening misery for acts which, if not indifferent, were positively praiseworthy, cannot be matched in Christendom, outside the walls of a lunatic asylum.

Deep-rooted faith in destiny, which is another fundamental trait of the Russian character, and is the only real faith that permeates the people, contributes largely no doubt to that peculiar frame of mind in which such fickleness is possible, such laxity of morals an inevitable necessity. "What is to be, cannot be avoided," is a proverb and a dogma of every subject of the Czar, who on seeing a murderer or his victim is always devoutly thankful to destiny that he chances for the time being to be neither; thus implying that one *rôle* is just as likely to fall to his lot as the other, neither being avoidable by any mere effort of his will. The Russian is a firm believer in the unlimited possibility not of his own active nature, but of an external power whom he indiscriminately names God and Fate, which is always actively interfering in the ups and downs of his unreal life, taking away all incentive to action, but likewise easing him of all moral responsibility. Quaint Sir Thomas Browne believed that the "rubs, doublings, and wrenches," of which most men's lives are in great part composed, and which "pass awhile under the effects of chance," need only to be well examined "to prove the mere hand of God." And the good-hearted old doctor felt the better for this conviction. In Russia, without any study or analysis, people find God's finger in every accident, crime and intrigue, having sharpened up their sight

> "To spy a providence in the fire's going out,
> The kettle's boiling, the dime's sticking fast
> Despite the hole i' the pocket."

And the ensuing familiarity has only bred contempt, in addition to that irresistible tendency to inaction which vitiates the good beginnings of so many well-meaning men and women. "The devil is

now engaged in mortal combat with your guardian angel," exclaimed the prefect of some ecclesiastical seminary in Italy to a lazy student who was lying in bed, and whom he was exhorting to go down to divine service.

"What?" said the slumbering sluggard, turning over on to the other side, "my guardian angel fighting the devil on the question of early rising? Well, I have confidence in my guardian angel, who is bound to win. I will watch them both from this coign of vantage, till the fight is over. Have no fear for the result."

Now this is precisely the Russian's position in respect to the question of self-help. He lies listlessly in his place and lazily watches what he deems the finger of Fate forming and shaping the good and bad events of his own existence. With fate all things are possible and are equally probable. There is no everlasting yea or everlasting nay in the Russian's theology or philosophy. Religion shows him a hell whence there is no redemption, a heaven whence there is no fall. Science puts him in possession of truths that are unassailable, and experience gives him facts that are as certain as his existence. Yet he thinks and speaks and acts in utter defiance of them all, for down in the hidden depths of his consciousness he has a confused notion that God or fate may alter these things any day in his favour, if desirable, and that none of them are final. Finality does not exist in any shape or form for the Russian. The archangels and seraphs may yet fall from their lofty thrones, the devil has a fair chance of salvation; the Caroline Islands may some day be shown to be in the Indian Ocean, and the earth prove the centre of the solar system; and all this in virtue of destiny, which though almighty, whimsical, well-meaning, and mischievous by turns, is at bottom benevolent and kindly, willing to humour all desires and prepared in the next life to make things right and comfortable. His is the one active will working behind ours, moving us as puppets in the Punch and Judy show; thinking with our minds, speaking with our tongues, and living with our lives. A country where such notions are prevalent, is naturally unfavourable to the growth of Consul Bernicks, Pastor Manders, or Mayor Stockmanns—of those living pillars of society and lights of Christianity who thank God, meaning themselves, that they are not as other men. "Unto each man happens what was decreed at his birth," is one of the countless proverbs which embody that national Russian solution of the problem of free-will. Others are: "What is to be will be." "You cannot run away from fate, not even off horseback." Nor is it the merely material side of destiny, so to say, that is brought out in such bold relief in the proverbs and the conduct of the Russian people; its moral aspect is no less emphatically accentuated. "Sin and sorrow overtake all men alike." If a

dog is to be beaten, there will be no lack of sticks." "A fool shoots, but God bears the bullets." "The wolf seizes the destined sheep," &c., &c.

Hence there is no inexpiable sin, no social hell for the upper or lower classes of Russian society. How low soever a man or a woman may have fallen, he or she is never held to be irredeemably lost. They can always come back to their former places without causing "doubt, hesitation, or pain." A man who has irreparably wronged you, blasted your cherished hopes; blighted your life, ruined those nearest and dearest to you, will after the lapse of a few months seek you out and address you in the most winning way, sure that you are glad to let bygones be forgotten and renew the friendship of the past. And he is only judging you by the highest standard he knows—to which his own life more or less conforms—utterly unconscious that it implies anything incompatible with your conception of a Bayard. I could illustrate this by numerous instances, some of which came under my own observation; but I prefer to restrict myself to one or two that have the advantage of being notorious. A few months ago a well-known capitalist of Moscow, on his return home from the Exchange, became aware that a daring burglary had been committed during his absence, his desk having been broken open and a sum of five hundred roubles abstracted. Suspicion at first took no definite shape; but at last the butler suggested the name of the family physician—a man who was under innumerable obligations to the capitalist, having been rescued when a boy from abject poverty, sent to school and to the University at his expense until he obtained his medical degree, and being ever since in receipt of a large yearly salary from him for the discharge of the nominal duties of family physician. The suggestion was naturally treated as a foul-mouthed calumny at first; but the doctor was soon sent for and questioned. He began by denying the charge, but, like most Russian criminals, ended by confessing it. He pleaded necessity in palliation of the deed, and tried to prove it by saying that the money was indispensable, as he was morally bound to make a present of a costly necklace to a gipsy woman whose favours he had been enjoying for some time past. He then asked for forgiveness, and without more ado received it. And his friendly relations with his benefactor continue as if nothing had occurred to ruffle them. He is as respectable and respected as ever.* Another instance is afforded by the case of the notorious revolutionist, Leo Tikhomiroff, whom the present Czar lately pardoned on his expressing deep contrition and writing a recantation of all his errors. This individual returned to Russia this year and called on the late Count Tolstoy, Minister of the Interior, who was so delighted with the uncompromising

(1) *Noroye Vremya*, April 13, 1889.

thoroughness of his new convictions, and was so taken with the earnestness of the man, that he actually asked him for his photograph and autograph as souvenirs. Leo Tikhomiroff is now one of the pillars of the reactionary party in Russia, one of the lights of the Moscow *Gazette*, in the columns of which paper he publishes endless diatribes against Russian Liberalism as hollow and as lifeless as a two hours' sermon in a parish church in France.

It is not surprising under such circumstances that unmerited misfortune and richly deserved punishment should be indiscriminately confounded in the one comprehensive conception of Destiny, or that disgrace and suffering coming in the guise of retribution for odious crimes have no corrective or deterrent effect upon the average Russian, whose motto is *hodie mihi cras tibi*. The Russian criminal is as patient and resigned under condign punishment as under wanton persecution, and his friends are lavish of their sympathies, as becomes genuine fatalists; both, mindful of one of the proverbs of which the Russian language is one vast mosaic, proclaiming that all such calamities, like spring rains and evening dew, fall alike abundantly upon good men and evil, and that immunity therefrom is the result of personal luck, not the meed of right conduct. And the most ferocious and hardened criminal is always sure of evoking a sigh of pity such as that which was breathed by the tender-hearted Adah for lost, impenitent Lucifer.

"Sleep; God will keep watch and ward for you," is a saying of the poet Lermontoff's that correctly describes the mental, moral, and political attitude of the millions of miserable human beings who dreamily acknowledge the sway of the Tsar, staggering and stumbling under the burdens of life, as in a painful half-conscious stupor. The extent to which fatalism and shiftlessness, with all the other vices of which they are the source, have eaten into the Russian character, can with difficulty be realised by those whose knowledge of the people is not derived from personal experience. Even in things that interest him most the typical Russian is strangely apathetic, and the terribly significant expression, "I waved my hand at it," meaning "I have given up all further thought of it," is daily and hourly heard from men who, at the first little obstacle they encounter, withdraw from the race within easy distance of the goal. Some idea, however, of Russian sluggishness and shiftlessness may be formed by those who have read Gontscharoff's novel *Oblomoff*, and can picture to themselves a vast empire peopled by undeveloped types of humanity weltering in chaotic ignorance and misery, in various degrees of disintegration from the action of that fearful solvent nameless in the English tongue, and which Russians now term Oblomoffism. This combination of fatalism, will-paralysis, indifference, and grovelling instincts gives us a clue to the marvellous endurance of the masses,

whose mode of life is at times more bleak, cheerless, and less human than that of the grazing monks of Mesopotamia described by Sózomen, whose sufferings were at least the result of choice.[1] For ages they have been taught by word of mouth and by the lessons of daily experience to take no thought for the morrow; they have been trained by the Government and counselled by their Church to look to others for all things needful, to put their trust in princes and powers, visible and invisible; and the outcome of this habit is on the one hand a degree of shiftlessness compared with which Mr. Micawber's waiting for something to turn up was sublimated worldly wisdom, and on the other a lively expectation of daily miracles in which the most spoiled thaumaturgus of the Middle Ages never ventured to indulge.[2] The groundwork of the average Russian's life-philosophy is composed of two fundamental maxims, one being the Russian equivalent for Mr. Toots' favourite dictum, "It's of no consequence" (*vsiôh rovnôh*), and the other an untranslateable term (*avoss'*) sometimes rendered by "mayhap," or "somehow," but in reality a sort of sacramental formula, shifting to the Fates the responsibility for the consequences of a hope entertained or an act to be performed, and challenging them to intervene and set at naught the laws of the universe, even to the extent of saving the life of him who is recklessly rushing upon destruction.

Hence the persistent refusal of the Russian to shape and vary his actions according to the objects in view, for he has a deep-rooted feeling that all his words and deeds, however incongruous or wide of the mark, are endowed with some mysterious power of righting themselves automatically, and like Vathék's sabre will do their work independently of the incompetency or clumsiness of him who uses them. "It will all be ground up fine and make excellent flour," is one of his favourite proverbs, when speaking of the tares and sweepings of life that so often mix with, and outweigh its corn, and he continues cheerfully to let things take their own course, confident that everything will be for the best at last. This childlike or childish faith is made

(1) Grass and a substitute for bread ingeniously made of the powdered bark of a tree flavoured with flour is sometimes the staple food of the worst-off of these modern *βοσκοί*, who, when unfortunate or fortunate enough to be destitute of even this sorry apology for sustenance, have no alternative but sheer starvation, and, like the dumb, patient ox, after lowing in vain for fodder, lie down and die without a murmur. (Cf. *Moscow Gazette*, April 10th, 1888; January 18th, 1888; and the journal *Day*, 25th March, 1888.) It is astonishing, and of good augury, that in spite of the scant reasons they have for hugging life, they seldom think of passing through what Epictetus calls the "open door," and that having emulated the sect of the *Grazers* from dire necessity, they do not imitate that of the *Circumcelliones* or suicides from deliberate choice. But the Russian character is one mass of inconsistencies.

(2) That this presumptuous hope is not always vain is obvious to those who remember the details of the railway accident last October at Borki, when, by a curious freak of chance, the Imperial family had a hairbreadth escape from death.

manifest in a thousand ways, all equally hurtful to the interests of society. It emboldens him to reverse Napoleon's rule of life and leave as much to chance as is consistent with his keeping outside a prison and a lunatic asylum; thus it imparts to a railway built over crumbling embankments[1] and laid on rotten half-burnt sleepers[2] the strength it should have received from nature and engineering skill; it supports tottering railway bridges over which no sensible man would consent to forward his furniture in a goods train;[3] it encourages architects to build vast public and private edifices—like that lately erected by the merchants of Moscow—which a sudden gust of wind or the shaking of the soil by passing vans causes to fall down like the wall of Jericho at the shout of the men of Joshua, and crush to death more victims than were buried alive by their Pagan ancestors in the foundation of whole cities; it keeps them of good cheer when, as jurymen trying prisoners for grave crimes, they send one man to Siberia and let another dangerous criminal loose upon society solely because they are in a hurry to get home to supper and to bed, or because the next day is a holiday;[4] it makes them feel that they are putting their interests wholly in the hands of Providence when they send out utterly unseaworthy vessels like the ill-fated *Vesta*, which a heavy sea will swallow up with the lives of all on board; and it preserves them from that momentary qualm of conscience which made even that Pillar of Society (Cf. Ibsen's play), Consul Bernick, anxious to have Rector Rörlund's absolution in one form or another before despatching the *Indian Girl;* in a word it gives the highest conceivable sanction to acts of commission and omission which nothing short of a revelation in thunders and lightnings could have justified in the old ages of theocracy, and only

(1) Cf. the terrible railway catastrophe at Kukuïeff, near Kursk, the victims of which were very numerous, although their exact number never was known.

(2) Cf. the Russian newspapers, during the first ten days of last November *passim*. One of the causes of the accident at Borki to the Imperial train was declared to be the sleepers, which were made of charred wood taken from a forest that had been on fire.

(3) Cf. *Novoye Vremya*, 7th September, 1889.

(4) This is not a flower of rhetoric, but a statement founded on numerous facts, of which the following is a specimen. In Borissoglebsk, Government of Tamboff, in December, 1886, a peasant woman was tried for the poisoning of her husband, the evidence being such as no British jury would convict upon. The Russian jury unhesitatingly found her guilty, and she was formally condemned to banishment from European Russia for life, and to some years' hard labour in those mines of Siberia which have lately been so vividly described. The next day that same jury, refreshed and bright after a good night's rest, spontaneously declared to the court that they had brought in their verdict, knowing it to be—incorrect, because they were very tired at the time, and that they were now desirous of having it quashed. The court accepted the statement, and decided to lay the case before the Senate. Were the jury punished, one naturally asks, for this flagrant violation of their solemn oath? The answer is to be found in the newspaper which reported the case (*Voronesh Telegraph*, 24th December, and the *Kharkoff Governmental Gazette*, 28th December, 1886 (which sympathetically concludes with this equivocal remark: "The conduct of the jury met with universal approval."

proven lunacy could excuse in most civilised countries to-day. In Russia these acts are not held to be criminal, and considering the intellectual and moral level of the mass of the people, it would be very hard if they were. The following case in point, deliberately chosen for its comparative tameness, will help to explain what is meant. There are about 2,500 steamers, barges, and various small trading vessels on the river Volga every year, towards the conclusion of the Fair of Nischny Novgorod, the comparative safety of which is as much the result of mere chance in the face of immense odds as is that of little children abandoned to themselves, over whom a special Providence is popularly said to watch. "Wherever you look," says M. Lender, who has written on the subject, "you find that the regulations laid down with a view to insure the safety of the shipping are continually broken through, especially at night. Here the lamps on the mast are not lighted, there a barge is lying in such a position that the first vessel that comes along must inevitably run into her. Another boat takes up its place in the very centre of the channel where all the vessels that go in or out must pass, and although the night is pitch dark the crew have not the slightest fear for their safety or for that of their craft. To their thinking it lies there quite as secure as in a garden pond. The police boat, however, approaches; the usual summons is called out, but on the barge everything is silent as death. No one answers; no one stirs. The summons is repeated—but still there is no response. A man is sent to board the barge; he seeks for the crew and finds them stowed away in out-of-the-way places, their loud snoring the only sign of life. At last he succeeds in waking them up and a drowsy half-dressed man appears, between whom and the representative of the police the following dialogue ensues: 'Why don't you light the lamps?' 'Because all the candles are used up.' 'Well, then, why do you take up your position right in the middle of the channel that has to be kept clear for steamers? A steamer will surely run into you and smash your boat to pieces!' 'Oh, your honour, we hope not. God is merciful.'[1] A few weeks ago, in one of the country districts near Petersburg, one of those fires broke out which periodically destroy scores of houses owing to the inflammable material of which they are built, and to the absence of fire-extinguishing apparatus. The members of the district police, whose duty it was to go and assist in putting it out, stayed on in the coffee-house where they were, and when asked by anxious civilians where the fire was, replied, 'How do we know? Somewhere there.'"[2]

This mixture of irreligious faith and presumptuous hope lies at the root of most of the crimes and avoidable accidents of which a

(1) Cf. also *Svett*, 12th June, 1889.
(2) Cf. *Graschdanin*, 24th August, 1889.

large part of contemporary Russian history is composed. It is rank Malebrancheism in the sphere of ethics: a belief that mere mortals are but the occasions of all their so-called acts, which are really performed by God or fate, the sole efficient cause, who can shape and form them as he pleases. "Man may walk, but it is God who leads him," is a Russian proverb which the French Oratorian might have taken for the motto of his *Recherches*. This baneful belief tinges all the qualities of head and heart which it has not actually created, transforming even virtues into positive vices.

If hospitality were, as the Talmud teaches, the pith and marrow of divine worship, then Russians might claim to be a pre-eminently religious people; for there is no other European, and perhaps no inhabitant of any other country in the globe, who will more cheerfully share his last loaf with the hungry stranger than the Russian peasant or merchant. Nor is this custom in Russia, as in civilised countries, confined to the poorer classes, whose generosity proverbially increases with their indigence. Ungrudging, genial hospitality, suggestive of that which characterized the contemporaries of Abraham, is almost as marked a feature of the higher classes as of the lower. Thus the inconveniences resulting from the absence of hotels and inns in the interior of Russia is more than counterbalanced by the spontaneous and cordial hospitality dispensed with consummate tact by landowners, proprietors and directors of factories, marshals of the nobility and others, who practically keep open house; and if they do not often entertain angels unawares, never at least expose themselves to the danger of making awkward biographical discoveries, by putting indiscreet questions to their passing guests. Once while staying on a visit at the house of a friend in one of the southern governments—a Russian Squire Hardcastle—a day rarely passed that I did not meet at least one such traveller at table. They were generally men of some education, but of whose pedigree, antecedents, and intentions my host knew far less than history knows about those of the Iron Mask. I never saw more than one at a time, though sometimes as many as three are entertained simultaneously. They seldom stayed longer than two days, and generally only a day and a night; were shown into a comfortable bedroom and invited to take their meals with the host and hostess, whom they usually endeavoured to entertain with the political news of the day.

Hospitality has been aptly termed the virtue of benevolent barbarism. There are aspects of it, however, which might well be named vices, if only they who practise them were tutored enough to distinguish the boundary line where virtue ends and vice begins. And these are precisely the forms of it which one most frequently meets with in Russia, where numbers of families, lately prosperous or wealthy, are yearly reduced to beggary by hospitality as ruinous

and as meaningless as that of Timon of Athens. I am personally acquainted with several noble families of St. Petersburg and Moscow, who spend on the dinners and soirées which they give during the season, a sum of money equivalent to their yearly income—which, it should be remarked, is not large according to British ideas. A friend of mine, a general, was wont to languish with his family for weeks on Lenten fare, in order to be in a position to give a *recherché* dinner to his friends twice or thrice a year. The wedding dinners of the merchants—often attended by utter strangers; the funeral banquets given to commemorate the death of a husband, wife, or parent; the feasting during the Carnival and in Easter week, make almost as strong demands on the purse of the host as on the health of the guests. "Help your guest till he cannot lift his food over his lip" is the popular maxim bearing upon the exercise of hospitality, which is too literally observed by the middle classes.

"Hinc subitæ mortes atque intestata senectus."

Fortunes are as recklessly squandered in this way by the Russians of to-day as they were by the Romans of the Empire. What has remained, for instance, of the princely fortunes of Prince V.... sky, of Prince D., who has to entertain at times members of the imperial family, of the late Prince S. D., but scraps and leavings which taken all together would not have sufficed to keep Apicius, the Roman, from committing suicide. It is no secret that a very large proportion of the noble families of the two capitals, whose brilliant *soirées* and at-homes are the talk of the press and the wonder of foreign ambassadors, are living greatly beyond their income, some of them actually lacking the means of paying their men and maidservants their paltry monthly wages. Numbers of generals are well-known bankrupts, the third or half of whose salaries is monthly deducted by the Treasury and handed over to their creditors.[1] It would seem as if what Carlyle calls "the great bottomless pit of bankruptcy" were ominously yawning under this entire system of acted unveracity. But the thought, if it occurs to his mind, has no terrors for the Russian fatalist, who, like the reckless revellers of plague-stricken Florence described by Boccaccio, continues gaily to amuse himself on the brink of ruin. Every Russian, whatever his social position, his means, or his needs, beginning with the Tsar and ending with the scullion, deems it a sort of sacred duty to entertain his friends and relations on the festival of his patron saint, many spending their last borrowed coin upon these ruinous merrymakings, and, like Dick

(1) It is the privilege of Russian officers to enjoy immunity from the bankruptcy laws. When one of these cannot meet his liabilities his superfluous property is sold and part of his pay handed over to his creditors: one-third if he is married; one-half if single.

Swiveller, turning whole streets into no-thoroughfares bristling with impatient creditors.

Another of the visible effects of fatalism, to which I can scarcely do more than allude, and which created unfeigned surprise in the French, who lately had an opportunity of studying it in certain productions of Russian literature, is repentance, or rather what the Russians mistake for it, confession of guilt. "Samovar et répentir," exclaimed the French critics who sat in judgment on Ostroffsky's drama, *The Thunderstorm*, "are the two salient symbols of Russian civilisation." When a Russian unburdens his breast of a crime, even though eager and anxious to repeat it, he feels that he has made what the Apostle Paul terms "confession unto salvation," and is authorised to begin a new score forthwith. Indeed the popular proverb, which is at bottom merely the embodiment of the popular practice, says as much: "He who confesses has repented, and he who has repented has wiped out his sin." Nothing is more striking or characteristic in the annals of Russian criminal justice than the almost mathematical certainty with which one can predict that a person arrested on suspicion, even though there be no legal proofs of guilt, and no likelihood of their ever being obtained, will take the *Juge d'Instruction* into his confidence, and glibly relate every detail of his share in the transaction. Out of sixty-five criminal cases taken at random, I find that in forty-eight the prisoners were convicted on their own confession, and in most of the remainder there was no need for self-accusation, as the criminals were caught red-handed, *in flagrante delicto*. Were it not for this, only a fraction of the criminal population now arrested and brought to trial every year would be molested by the police, who are deservedly held to be the most inefficient detectors of crime in Europe.

E. B. LANIN.

*** *The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any Manuscripts.*

THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. CCLXXV. NEW SERIES.—NOVEMBER 1, 1889.

WILKIE COLLINS.

THE ingratitude of kings and the ingratitude of democracies have often supplied the text of historic or political sermons: the ingratitude of readers and spectators, from Shakespeare's day to our own, is at least as notable and memorable. A man who has amused our leisure, relieved our weariness, delighted our fancy, enthralled our attention, refreshed our sympathies, cannot claim a place of equal honour in our grateful estimation with the dullest or the most perverse of historians who ever falsified or stupefied history, of metaphysicians who ever "darkened counsel" and wasted time and wearied attention by the profitless lucubrations of pseudosophy. To create is nothing: to comment is much. The commentary may be utterly hollow and rotten, the creation thoroughly solid and alive: the one is nothing less than criticism, the other nothing more than fiction. "Un âne qui ressemble à monsieur Nisard" takes precedence, in the judgment of his kind, of the men on whose works, inventive or creative, it is the business of a Nisard to pass judgment and to bray.

Some few students, whose levity or perversity is duly derided and deplored by the Nisards of our time, are of opinion that the age of Shakespeare is well worth studying even in the minor productions of his day and the humblest professors of his art. And, far as the modern novel at its best is beneath the higher level of the stage in the time of Shakespeare, it must be admitted that the appeal to general imagination or to general sympathy, which then was made only by the dramatist, is now made only by the novelist. Middleton, Heywood, and Rowley would now have to undertake the parts so excellently played by Collins, by Trollope, and by Reade. Culture, in their days, was pleased to ignore the drama with a scorn as academic—in Mr. Carlyle's picturesque and fortunate phrase, as "high-sniffing" a contempt—as it now can pretend to feel for the novel. And yet the name of Shakespeare is now more widely known than the name of Puttenham. And though Dickens was not a Shakespeare, and though Collins was not a Dickens, it is permissible to anticipate that their names and their works will be familiar to generations unacquainted with the existence and unaware of the

antipathy the unsolicited and unexplained revelation of her poisoned nature and her cankered life; or that the ill-mated pair whose miserable tragedy had been so darkly foreshadowed and so elaborately sketched in should have been left in the simply uncomfortable condition to which the great novelist, overburdened with an inartistic multiplicity of episodical and incoherent interests, was finally content to condemn them by default. A writer may let his characters slip for the sake of his story, or he may let his story slip for the sake of his characters: Dickens, in *Little Dorrit*, fell alternately into both errors, and yet achieved such success on both lines that the chaotic magnificence of his work may well be held sufficient to strike even the most rational and rightful criticism into silence. Such triumph and such aberration were alike impossible to Collins; the most plausible objection that could be brought against his best books was that the study of character and the modesty of nature must too surely have been subordinated, if not sacrificed, to the exquisitely mechanical ingenuity of so continuously intricate a plot. And now and then it would certainly seem as if the writer had been struck, and had possibly been irritated, by an apprehension that he might be regarded as a mere mechanic or mechanist of fiction, and had been impelled by this apprehension into some not always fortunate or felicitous attempt to relieve the weft of his story and heighten the tone of his work with somewhat crude and over-coloured effects of character or caricature. But it seems to me grossly and glaringly unjust to deny or to question the merit or the truthfulness of his better studies. By far the best, the most thoughtful, serious, and critical article that appeared on the occasion of his death, fair and good as it was in the main, may be cited in example of this injustice. Count Fosco, said the critic, stands revealed as a mechanical nonentity, an ingenious invention never realized or vitalized or informed with humanity by the inventor, who felt at last that he had failed to make a living man of him; the proof of this being simply that at the close of the story two or three different explanations of his conduct and his character are suggested as equally plausible and acceptable. This would be a quite unimpeachable objection if the story had been told in the third person; but such too intelligent criticism overlooks the fact that it is not. The author does not tell us what he thinks of his creature; he gives us the various impressions made on the fellow-creatures of his imagination by the influence or the impact of this particular figure. And the consequence is that we see there are more ways of considering and estimating a man's character than a meaner artist could have suggested or conceived. And the author's especial genius is never more distinctly displayed or more happily employed than in the exposition and the contrast of such varying estimates of character or explanations of event. At the opening of the story which seems to be generally regarded as

the masterpiece of his art, we are warned by the worthy old steward who first takes up the narrative to believe nothing that may be said of him by a lady whose recollections and reflections are to follow on the record of his own; and when the Evangelical hag who is one of her creator's most thoroughly and simply successful creations takes up the tale in turn, and sets forth her opinions as to the past and the present and the future of her friends and neighbours, we find that her view of life and character is as dramatically just and appropriate—from the opposite point of view—as his. It is apparently the general opinion—an opinion which seems to me incontestable—that no third book of their author's can be ranked as equal with *The Woman in White* and *The Moonstone*: two works of not more indisputable than incomparable ability. *No Name* is an only less excellent example of as curious and original a talent. It is more elaborately ingenious, but less thoroughly successful, than the finest work of the first Lord Lytton—a story grounded on the same motive, and starting from the same point; the imputation of illegitimacy, the struggle against its consequences, and the final triumph over its disadvantages. But there is nothing—though much is good—so good in the work of the later novelist as the character of Gawtrey; nor anything so effective and impressive as his end.

In this story the complication and alternation of interests and incidents are carried as far as they can reasonably be carried: in *Armadale* they are carried further. That curious and laborious romance must be considered, even by those who cannot consider it successful, as a failure which fell short on the verge of a success. The prologue or prelude is so full of interest and promise that the expectations of its readers may have been unduly stimulated; but the sequel, astonishingly ingenious and inventive as it is, is scarcely perhaps in perfect keeping with the anticipations thus ingeniously aroused. To the average reader, judging by my own impressions, I should imagine that the book must on the whole be a little disappointing; but such a reader should ask himself whether this impression of disappointment is reasonable. The criminal heroine who dies of her own will by her own crime, to save the beloved victim whom it has accidentally brought to the verge of death, is a figure which would have aroused the widest and the deepest sympathy of English readers if only she had not been the creation of an Englishman. Had a Frenchman or an American introduced her, no acclamation would have been too vehement to express their gratitude. The signature of Nathaniel Hawthorne or of Octave Feuillet would have sufficed to evoke a rapture of regret that England could produce no such novelist as this. But neither Feuillet nor Hawthorne could have composed and constructed such a story: the ingenuity spent on it may possibly be perverse, but is certainly superb. And the studies of character are fair; the fortunate and amiable young hero

and heroine may be rather incredibly boyish and girlish, but the two somewhat loathsome figures of the Pedgifts are as good as any studies of ugly dotage in a father and hideous depravity in a son can be made by any dexterity of arrangement to be or to appear. But the weft of the story is perhaps too dense; the web is perhaps too tightly drawn, and the threads of it are perhaps not always harmonious in colour. The superb success of *The Moonstone* may perhaps make even his most cordial admirers unconsciously if not ungratefully unjust to the less unquestionable and the less unqualified successes of its author; just as any one who has thoroughly enjoyed Lord Digby's incomparable *Elvira*—the one dramatic work in the language which may be said to have anticipated the peculiarly lucid method, and the peculiarly careful evolution of a most amusingly complicated story, which we admire in the best works of Wilkie Collins—will find himself disqualified from enjoying Sir Samuel Tuke's *Adventures of Five Hours;* even when he remembers that the recollection of the latter play, recently witnessed on the stage, made Mr. Samuel Pepys reflect, after seeing *Othello*,—a play which he was wont to think well of—that, "having so lately seen *The Adventures of Five Hours*, it do seem but a mean thing." In *Elvira*, as in *The Moonstone*, the skill of construction is so exquisite, so complete, so masterly, that we follow the thread of the story with unflagging enjoyment and a perpetually changeful and delightful perplexity of conjecture as to what the upshot is to be; and when this upshot comes it is all that sympathy could have desired, and more than ingenuity could have conceived. Lord Digby lives—if he can be said to live—by grace of his *Elvira* alone, and for fewer readers, I fear, than he seems to me to deserve; there are many, I believe, who think that Wilkie Collins would have a likelier chance of longer life in the memories of more future readers if he had left nothing behind him but his masterpiece *The Moonstone* and the one or two other stories which may fairly be set beside or but a little beneath it. A man who has written much after writing a book of indisputably great merit in its way, and has never again written anything of merit so indisputable and so great, is apt to be thought all the less of on that account: but if these comparatively inferior works have any real and indisputable merit of their own, they surely ought rather to be set down to his credit than to his discredit. And if no good judge of fiction—in other words, of that creative art which alone can entitle a man to be called, not a discoverer or inventor, a commentator or a thinker, but a maker—will affirm that any later work of this able and loyal workman is so good as not to disappoint us when we compare it with. *The Moonstone*, none will deny the real and great merit of this later work at its best. And few will differ, I should think, from the suggestion that the inferiority or imperfection which we cannot ignore or deny

in it was due to the lamentable illusion of which most unquestionably there are no traces in his earlier work—work which was always modestly, straightforwardly, and thoroughly loyal to the intellectual dictates of his instinct and the intelligent rules of his art. This illusion was the benevolent and maleficent fancy—the "devout imagination"—that he might do good service, as Dickens had done and was doing, in the line of didactic fiction and reformatory romance. The shades of Mr. Bumble, Mr. Fang, Mr. Nupkins, Mr. Squeers, Mr. Alderman Cute, Mr. Pecksniff, Mr. Creakle, Mr. Kenge, Mr. Vholes, Mr. Bounderby, Mr. Gradgrind, Mr. Merdle, and I know not how many more immortals, may well have disturbed the literary rest of their great creator's friend and disciple; but that was an evil day for his genius on which he bethought himself to try his hand at the correction of abuses, the castigation of follies, and the advocacy of reforms. It is as noble a work as man can undertake, to improve the conditions of life for other men, by writing or by speaking or by example; but in the two former cases, if a man has not the requisite capacity, even the most generous volunteer in the army of progress or reform will be likelier to lose his own way than to lead other men back into theirs.

The first and best of Wilkie Collins's didactic or admonitory novels is so brilliant in exposition of character, so dexterous in construction of incident, so happy in evolution of event, that its place is nearer the better work which preceded than the poorer work which followed it. The subject of marriage law in Scotland is one which it is painfully difficult for any one who has read the most exhaustingly delightful and the most unmercifully side-splitting of all farcical comedies to consider as suggestive of serious or tragic interest. Belinda and her Belvawney, Cheviot and his Minnie, rise up again before the eyes of enraptured if incredulous fancy, in the light—or should we say the limelight?—of inextinguishable and irrepressible laughter: and the woes and wrongs of any couple accidentally or otherwise mismarried on the wrong side of the Border are inevitably invested with a lambent halo of ridicule—an ineffaceable aureole of farce. But if Mr. Gilbert had never written *Engaged* (Momus forbid the lamentable fancy!), it might still be possible to follow the fortunes of the singularly frail and singularly stout-hearted heroine of *Man and Wife* with no sense of incongruity or comicality in the mainspring of the action which directs them: and it is still possible to regret the unexplained if not inexplicable incongruity between the physical or moral weakness which could yield up honour and character to the seduction or attraction of a brainless and soulless brute, and the moral and physical courage which could inspire and sustain the devotion of his victim when aware that her self-sacrifice for the sake of others must expose her to the imminent peril of suffering

and terror worse than death. The satire on muscle-worship, though neither unprovoked nor unmerited, might have gained in point and force if the method of attack had been a trifle less heavy-handed. The great objection to the muscular Christians and ethical professors of athleticism, as was once remarked by an undergraduate of my acquaintance, is that they are so unhealthily conscious of their unconscious healthiness. But the satirical or controversial note in this book, if not too finely touched, is touched more finely than those which the author attempted to strike in some of his subsequent works. *The New Magdalen* is merely feeble, false, and silly in its sentimental cleverness; but in *The Fallen Leaves* there is something too ludicrously loathsome for comment or endurance. The extreme clumsiness and infelicity of Wilkie Collins as a dramatic teacher or preacher may be tested by comparison with the exquisite skill and tact displayed by M. Alexandre Dumas in his studies of the same or of similar subjects. To the revoltingly ridiculous book just mentioned I am loth to refer again: all readers who feel any gratitude or goodwill towards its author must desire to efface its miserable memory from the record of his works. But take even the comparatively successful *New Magdalen* and set it for instance beside *Les Idées de Mme Aubray:* it is as the scratching of a savage or a child to the drawing of an all but impeccable artist. Even *Une Visite de Noces*, though not exactly a lovely or a lofty study of noble manners and elevated life, is saved by the author's astonishing gift of dexterity in presentation, "that can make vile things precious:" whereas Mr. Collins, if only by overstating his case, destroys any pathos or plausibility that might otherwise be fancied or be found in it. To the mealy-mouthed modern philopornist the homely and hardy method of the old poet who first discovered or invented the penitent prostitute may seem rough and brutal in its lifelike straightforwardness: but to the wiser eye Bellafront is worth a shoal of her successors in that line of sentimental fiction which provokes from weary humanity the bitter cry of the long-suffering novel-reader: When will the last reformed harlot vanish into space in the arms of the last clerical sceptic—Mercy Merrick and Robert Elsmere destroy each other in a fiery embrace, or in such a duel as that between the princess and the Ifrit, which ended in mutual annihilation?

Less offensive if not less irrational, more amusing if not more convincing, was the childish and harmless onslaught on scientific research attempted if not achieved by the simple-minded and innocent author of *Heart and Science*. The story which bears that most remarkably silly title is the best—after *Man and Wife*, and a good way after—of all its writer's moral or didactic tales. There is a capital child in it, for one thing; her experiences of Scottish life and

character, as related on the occasion of her last appearance, are nothing less than delicious.

Carmina could have Zo all to herself. "Now, my dear," she said, in a kiss, "tell me about Scotland."

"Scotland," Zo answered with dignity, "belongs to uncle Northlake. He pays for everything: and I'm Missus."

"It's true," said Mr. Gallilee, bursting with pride. "My lord says it's no use having a will of your own where Zo is. When he introduces her to anybody on the estate, he says, 'Here's the Missus.'"

Mr. Gallilee's youngest daughter listened critically to the parental testimony. "You see he knows," she said to Ovid. "There's nothing to laugh at."

Carmina tried another question. "Did you think of me, dear, when you were far away?"

"Think of you?" Zo repeated. "You're to sleep in my bedroom when we go back to Scotland—and I'm to be out of bed, and one of 'em, when you eat your first Scotch dinner. Shall I tell you what you'll see on the table? You'll see a big brown steaming bag in a dish—and you'll see me slit it with a knife—and the bag's fat inside will tumble out, all smoking hot and stinking. That's a Scotch dinner. Oh!" she cried, losing her dignity in the sudden interest of a new idea, "oh, Carmina, do you remember the Italian boy, and his song?"

Here was one of those tests of her memory for trifles, applied with a child's happy abruptness, for which Ovid had been waiting. He listened eagerly. To his unutterable relief, Carmina laughed.

"Of course I remember it!" she said. "Who could forget the boy who sings and grins and says *Gimmee happenny?*"

"That's it!" cried Zo. "The boy's song was a good one in its way. I've learnt a better in Scotland. You've heard of Donald, haven't you?"

"No."

Zo turned indignantly to her father. "Why didn't you tell her of Donald?"

Mr. Gallilee humbly admitted that he was in fault. Carmina asked who Donald was, and what he was like. Zo unconsciously tested her memory for the second time.

"You know that day," she said, "when Joseph had an errand at the grocer's and I went along with him, and Miss Minerva said I was a vulgar child?"

Carmina's memory recalled this new trifle, without an effort. "I know," she answered; "you told me Joseph and the grocer weighed you in the great scales."

Zo delighted Ovid by trying her again.

"When they put me into the scales, Carmina, what did I weigh?"

"Nearly four stone, dear."

"Quite four stone. Donald weighs fourteen. What do you think of that?"

Mr. Gallilee once more offered his testimony. "The biggest Piper on my lord's estate," he began; "comes of a Highland family, and was removed to the Lowlands by my lord's father. A great player——"

"And *my* friend," Zo explained, stopping her father in full career. "He takes snuff out of a cow's horn. He shovels it up his fat nose with a spoon, like this. His nose wags. He says, 'Try my sneeshin.' Sneeshin's Scotch for snuff. He boos till he's nearly double when uncle Northlake speaks to him. Boos is Scotch for bows. He skirls on the pipes—skirls means screeches. When you first hear him, he'll make your stomach ache. You'll get used to that—and you'll find you like him. He wears a purse and a petticoat; he never had a pair of trousers on in his life; there's no pride about him. Say you're my friend, and he'll let you smack his legs——"

Hero Ovid was obliged to bring the biography of Donald to a close. Carmina's enjoyment of Zo was becoming too keen for her strength; her bursts of laughter grew louder and louder—the wholesome limit of excitement was being rapidly passed. "Tell us about your cousins," he said, by way of effecting a diversion.

"The big ones?" Zo asked.

"No, the little ones, like you."

"Nice girls—they play at everything I tell 'em. Jolly boys—when they knock a girl down, they pick her up again, and clean her."

Her father, too, is good; her mother is merely a "shocking example." Not quite so much can be said against the leading character of the story: the relentless lover of knowledge who lives for that love alone is at least *un succès manqué*. Now and then he becomes a really living, interesting, and rather memorable figure. The cynomaniacs with whom the death or the suffering of "that beast man" is of less account than the death or the suffering of a rabbit or a dog must naturally, one would think, have disapproved of a story in which the awkward champion of their preposterous cause has contrived somehow so to concentrate the serious interest of his book on the person of a vivisector, whom he meant to be an object of mere abhorrence, as to leave him an object of something like sympathy and admiration as well as compassion and respect; none the less deserved if he did once feel a desire to vivisect his vicious and thankless idiot of a brother. The cynical sentimentality—cynical in the metaphorical no less than in the literal sense of the word—which winces and whines at the thought of a benefit conferred on mankind at the price of experiments made on the vile or at any rate the viler body of a beast is worth exactly as much as the humanity and sympathy which inspire the advocates of free trade in the most unspeakable kind of pestilence. And it strikes me that Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite (of *The Moonstone*) would have been a fitter champion of free and independent hydrophobia than the creator of that distinguished philanthropist; who would certainly have been a quite ideal chairman at a meeting of the Ladies' Society for the Propagation of the—well, let us say for the Dissemination of Contagious Disease (Unlimited).

> What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
> Some demon whispered—"Visto! have a taste."

A slight change in that famous couplet will express and condense the truth about Wilkie Collins the teacher and preacher more happily and aptly than many pages of analysis.

> What brought good Wilkie's genius nigh perdition?
> Some demon whispered—"Wilkie! have a mission."

Nothing can be more fatuous than to brand all didactic or missionary fiction as an illegitimate or inferior form of art: the highest works in that line fall short only of the highest ever achieved by man. Many of the very truest and noblest triumphs achieved by

the matchless genius of Charles Dickens were achieved in this field: but Collins, I must really be allowed to repeat, was no more a Dickens than Dickens was a Shakespeare; and if the example of his illustrious friend misled him into emulation or imitation of such labours, we can only regret that he was thus misguided: remembering nevertheless that "the light which led astray was light from" Dickens.

In some but by no means in all of his later novels there is much of the peculiar and studious ability which distinguishes his best: but his originally remarkable faculty for writing short stories had undergone a total and unaccountable decay. *After Dark* is one of the most delightful books he has left us: each of the stories in it is a little model, a little masterpiece in its kind: but if we compare the admirable story of *The Yellow Mask* with the hideous fiction of *The Haunted Hotel*, we cannot but acknowledge and deplore in the later novelette such an absolute eclipse or collapse of all the qualities which we admired in the earlier that it reads rather like a bad parody than like a bad imitation of its author's better work.

It would seem something less than complimentary to say of an industrious and not unambitious writer that the crowning merit, the most distinctive quality, of his very best work was to be sought and would be found in the construction of an interesting and perplexing story, well conceived, well contrived, and well moulded into lifelike and attractive shape; yet this is what we enjoy—it is all, or almost all, that we find to enjoy, to admire, or to approve—in a work of tragic art so admirable to so many generations as was *The Orphan;* it is the supreme quality of a work so far superior to Otway's as *The Maid's Tragedy*. And both these famous poems are faultier in study of character—more false, incoherent, and incredible—than almost any work by Wilkie Collins. It is but right and reasonable that his abilities should find such favour as they find in France; that so fair an example of his conscientious and ingenious workmanship as the story called *I Say No* should have been honoured by the appearance of a masterly translation in the columns of the *Rappel*. His mannerisms and faults of style are much less obvious and obtrusive in a foreign version: his best qualities are commoner, I regret to think, in French than in English fiction. Such lucidity, such order, such care in the adjustment of parts and the arrangement of the whole, would hardly seem so exceptional to a French reader as to claim for the possessor of these merits a place in the Pantheon; nor can it be supposed that a memorial in Westminster Abbey would not be considered by most Englishmen something more than an adequate recognition of his claims. But a friendly and a kindly recollection of them is no more than may be hoped for and expected from a later generation than his own.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

SCIENCE AND THE REVOLUTION.

RELIGIOUS belief and political and social Conservatism are very commonly supposed to be related and to go together; still, there are many sections of the religious world, which would doubtless deny that the connection was in any way fundamental or necessary. Few people, however, would deny this—that whatever may be the relations of religion and Conservatism to one another, they have in common one position at all events—a position of antagonism to a certain common foe. The common foe is that body of discoveries, whether alleged or real, those methods of discovery, those tests of truth, and that general habit of mind, which are now popularly described by the words Science and Scientific. The quarrel between Science and Religion is direct and open; the quarrel between Science and Conservatism is less direct; but in both cases the antagonism is equally real and notorious. Science claims to destroy what has hitherto been called *religion*, by destroying the bases and evidences of our traditional religious beliefs. It claims to destroy the cause of political and social Conservatism, by supplying society, not only with the material appliances of improvement, but—more important still—with a new theory of itself.

Now how do Religion and Conservatism meet this common antagonist? How do Christians meet what they consider to be the science of Antichrist? How do Conservatives meet what considers itself the Science of the Revolution? They meet it—speaking generally—in two wholly different ways, and each way is the worst way possible. Each perversely pursues the conduct that would be appropriate to the other, and does so with results that are at once ludicrous and lamentable. The true character of this intellectual drama—the sharpness and the absurdity of the contrasts and the inversions it offers us, its farcical surface, and the disastrous tendency underlying it—are so little appreciated at present by the general public, that I shall not be engaging in any superfluous task, if I try to suggest it to the attention of the reader.

The fundamental difference between Religion and Science is really confined to one question, which, though profound, is strictly limited. It is this. Are the only truths of which we can be certain, by which we are bound to live and insist on others living, for which we should be ready to die, and perhaps inflict death on others, such truths as can be established by scientific evidence? Or are there other certainties arrived at by other means, for which science affords no evidence whatever, but which men are as fully justified in pro-

claiming, in teaching, and in acting on, in using as the bases of legislation and daily conduct, as they are in teaching and acting on the ordinary laws of health? Science says that there are no such certainties; Religion says there are. We have here not only the sole ground on which the two conflict, but the sole ground on which they even meet. Within its own limits every sensible theologian ought to see that science is absolutely right, in enforcing its test of truth, and in refusing credence to anything that will not stand it. He ought to see, no matter how ardent his faith, that the physical world as known to us by experience, and the spiritual world which alone gives the physical world meaning, are to be explained, and must be explained on totally different principles; and that it is as essential to forget God, in trying to understand the first, as it is to remember Him, if we would give any sense to the second. But the majority of those who affect to defend religion, especially of the clerical defenders of it, whatever else they may be, are not sensible theologians. I beg the reader to remark that I speak of the majority only; but it is the majority, unfortunately, that makes the most noise, and in the intellectual world, as in the political, is held to represent the stronger side of a question. Let us, then, turn to the apologetics and the polemics of the average Christian pulpit, and what sort of reasoning and what sort of temper do we encounter? We know only too well. Who is not familiar, either in church or out of it, with what we may call the curate *contra mundum?* He directs his attacks—if, indeed, they are worthy of the name—not at the vulnerable heel of science, but at the most solid parts of its armour. He ridicules doctrines and discoveries, which every rational man accepts as indubitable, and he taxes their discoverers with an arrogant vanity in proclaiming them. He denounces as feeble sophistries reasoning which is irresistible to any intelligence stronger and better informed than his own; and many of the profoundest religious difficulties which modern scientists point out he disposes of in a moment with a few nursery arguments, little deeming that apostles, fathers, and schoolmen have seen them and weighed them long before modern science was thought of, and have humbly and reverently acknowledged them as solemn and insoluble mysteries. Well does one of the most thoughtful of our living Catholic writers say, that "no small number" of our Christian apologists "rage furiously against a doctrine without really comprehending it," and urges on them "to reconsider some of their favourite positions." Well does he add, with even greater force, that "the understanding revolts at the ineptitudes of these defenders of the faith." It has been urged with considerable force, with regard to the Roman Church, that its divine character is proved rather than disproved by the vices of some of its popes and its epochs of gross corruption,

because nothing that was not divine could ever have survived the mass of shame and scandal which at times has seemed to cover it. In the same way it may be said that revealed religion generally is proved rather than disproved by the frantic feebleness of its apologists, because if it were not divinely and profoundly true, it would have been long since discredited by the arguments of its most voluble supporters. These unfortunate men, in their endeavour to avert the destructive impact of modern science on Christianity, act exactly like a man who, wishing to arrest a train, should jump at the engine, instead of throwing it off the rails.

So much for the treatment which science meets with from those to whom it opposes itself as the destroyer of Christianity and religion. Let us now consider how it fares with regard to that other class to whom it opposes itself as the supporter of progressive democracy, of what is sometimes called "The Revolution," and of "advanced" ideas generally. The spectacle which thus presents itself to us, is curiously different. The demeanour of Conservatism towards its scientific enemy is the precise opposite to that so unfortunately adopted by Religion. Instead of using the language of hatred and ridicule, Conservatism treats the scientific claims of democracy with deference, almost with timidity; and it attacks democracy through everything rather than through these. When our modern Revolutionists talk of the laws of progress, of sociology, of social evolution, of the true basis of government, and of the rights and powers of the people, of education, of heredity, of equality, and equality of opportunity, and declare that their views represent what the world recognizes as science, our Conservatives, instead of replying with any railing accusations, accept the statement as being in the main true. We hear nothing, in this connection, of the arrogance and effrontery of science, of conclusions said to be demonstrated, which really are no conclusions, of the ignorance, of the absurdity, of the confusion of scientific men. On the contrary, our Conservatives seem to vie with the Revolutionists in treating Science with an ostentatious reverence; and they actually accept it as a matter of course that the favourite generalisations and formulas employed by the Revolutionists are scientific.

Here we have that odd inversion, that perverse exchange of parts, to which I have just alluded. This respect which Conservatism pays to what its adversaries call their science, is every whit as absurd as the contempt and the shrill abuse of the curate. What the occasion requires is that each of these two characters should completely abandon his present temper and position and adopt that of the other. Let the controversialist of the pulpit meet science as applied to religion, not with indiscriminating contempt, but with discriminating respect, and he will see its weak points better, from

fully mastering the points where it is impregnable. On the other hand, let the Conservative, in dealing with the science of the Revolutionists, pick up all the contempt we suppose to have been abandoned by the curate, let him boldly adopt every sneer, every affronting phrase; let him make his tongue ache with talking of ignorance, of arrogance and confusion, of shallowness and self-contradiction: let him do all this, and do something more besides; let him not only adopt the terms which the curate applies to the man of science, but let him adopt those also which the man of science applies to the curate; let him taunt his opponent with fanaticism, with prejudice, with unmanly and fatuous sentimentality, with hysteria, and superstition, and he will hardly have said a word too much in speaking of that farrago of unscientific nonsense, which our democrats, our "advanced thinkers," our apostles of revolutionary progress, have contrived to impose on the world, and on themselves also, as science.

The class of thinkers and leaders of thought I allude to no doubt comprise men who, though highly influential perhaps as practical politicians and agitators, are not supposed even by their followers to be very profound philosophers. But I have not such men in my mind only: I allude even more particularly to others, whose philosophic reputation is high, and who, if not philosophers, are nothing. A good example of such men is Mr. Frederic Harrison, and the mention of his name is particularly appropriate here, as not long since, in this very Review, he put forth for the Revolution all those scientific claims, of which I have just spoken in so disrespectful a way. Discussing the Revolution of 1789, "the cardinal features of the movement," he says, "are in no sense locally French, or of special national value. They are equally applicable to Europe, and indeed to advanced human societies everywhere. They concern the transformation of a feudal, hereditary, privileged, authoritative society, based on antique right, into a republican, industrial, equalised, humanised society, based on a *scientific* view of the common weal." The particular essay, indeed, in which these words occur, is mainly occupied with historical details, which it is not now to the purpose to criticise or even consider, especially as they are stated in a very temperate tone; but there are one or two sentences which, for this very reason, form good illustrations of what I have just been saying. The main point he is insisting on is this, that the French Revolution, many of whose details he enumerates, is really important, not as the revolution of a nation, but as a marked stage in the social evolution of man—as "a movement of the race towards a completer humanity"—a movement which, to quote his own words again, "forms the subject of a crowning human science," which has "emerged out of the physical sciences." Now of modern science

professing as it does to found itself solely on evidence, the chief characteristic should be, and indeed in most cases is, an extreme carefulness, an absolute accuracy, an utter rejection of rhetoric, in stating the observed facts on which it bases its generalisations and conclusions. Even the rashest of our physicists, when dealing with physical questions, always in this respect are anxiously and severely conscientious. It will be instructive to turn to a few sentences of Mr. Harrison's in order to see how the crowning human science, when applied by its exponents to explaining the evolution of the "common weal," differs from "the physical sciences out of which it has emerged." We will take Mr. Harrison's treatment of certain classes of facts, certainly of grave importance in estimating the general character of the "movement of '89." We will take the change in the condition of the peasantry, and the development in the state of organised philanthropic socialism. Mr. Harrison's statements on both these points, though they cannot be said to have no truth in them, are yet vitiated by a carelessness and a wild inaccuracy which not only makes it impossible to draw from them any scientific conclusions, but which would utterly discredit him as a witness in an ordinary court of law. Let us begin with what he says of "hospitals, asylums, poor-houses," and "social institutions of a philanthropic sort" generally. "Almost everything," he says, "which we know as modern civilisation [in connection with these] has taken shape and systematic form within these hundred years. The care of the sick, of the weak, of the destitute, of children, of the people—all this is essentially an idea of '89." Now, Mr. Harrison tells us that one of the stages by which men rose to a scientific conception of history was the "extension of their interests" beyond the history of Europe to the history and the fortune of "all who dwell on the planet:" and that this it was that "gave a new colour to the whole range of thought." Such being the case it is sufficient here to point out that everyone of the above functions of the state, which he so confidently speaks of as unknown before '89, had been organised and discharged by the state five hundred years previously in a country as large as the whole of Western Europe, with a completeness that has not yet been excelled, and with a benevolence that has not yet been equalled. No one who is acquainted with the condition of Mediæval China, and its elaborate provisions for old age and for sickness, amongst the common people, can fail to see the absurdity of Mr. Harrison's statement, especially when put forth as a generalisation of the "crowning human science."

Inaccurate in a similar and a far more obvious way, are his statements as to the comparative position achieved and enjoyed by the French peasantry of to-day. He declares, for instance, that what he calls "landlord law and landlord justice," by which, as he tells

us, he means "territorial oppression," "may be found in Ireland, may be found in Scotland, may be found in England, but have totally disappeared from France." It is enough to say, by way of comment on this, that if French law had prevailed in Ireland during the last eight years, every tenant of the class so dear to Mr. Harrison and his friends would have been long since evicted with a vigour, a promptitude, and a ruthlessness, which have never, as a matter of fact, been known in that country, even on the estates of the hardest and the most detested landlords.

These statements, however, are merely misstatements of facts. If we pass to Mr. Harrison's next sentences we come to a fault that goes deeper—we come to confusion of thought. We have two curious instances of it, one after the other. "The eight million peasants," he says, "who now own the [French] soil are masters of their own destiny, for France has now eight million kings, eight million lords of the soil." This might be accepted as a passable though inferior piece of rhetoric in the essay of a boy at a grammar-school, but as coming from a writer who insists on being taken seriously, who claims our attention mainly on the ground that he is writing scientifically, and who means his statements to be taken as statements of hard and unadorned facts, it bears as little resemblance to what he means it to be—that is to say a scientific statement—as a child's fairy tale bears to a chapter of constitutional history. How, in any serious sense, can eight million men be said to be, each of them, masters of their own destiny? How can they be said to be each kings in any sense that is not self-contradictory? What king was ever master of his own destiny even in the days when kings governed as well as reigned? Was each king not largely dependent on the action of his fellow kings? And if this was the case with a dozen men, each ruling over millions, much more is it the case with millions of kings, where power, such as it is, is exactly similar, and where the destinies of each are dependent on the destinies of all the rest. Mr. Harrison would have spoken with equal truth if, instead of calling these peasants eight million kings, he had called them eight million slaves; or if he wants to see an exact duplicate of his statement, he may be referred to the saying of a well-known American humourist, that there was no jealousy in the ranks of a certain volunteer corps, because all the men were generals. Of course it may be said that in dealing with historical subjects, more licence must be allowed to expression than is required or admissible in physics; and that it is absurd in the former case to take mere expressions literally. But what we have here is no mere question of expression; it is a question of expression which conveys a radically erroneous thought, and is valuable to the argument of the writer on account of this error, mainly.

Let us take from Mr. Harrison one case more. It occurs in the sentence following that on which we have just been dwelling. "The twenty thousand, or thirty thousand it may be," he proceeds, "who in these islands own the rural lands, should ponder when the turn of their labourers will come to share in the 'ideas of '89.'" Now this statement, if it means anything, evidently means this—that the landlord class in Great Britain and Ireland occupy the same position that the corresponding class in France occupied under the old régime, and that the labourers, so soon as their eyes are sufficiently opened, will view their own position in the same light as that in which the French peasantry in '89 view theirs. This, however, as might be shown from Mr. Harrison's own writings, is impossible. The labourer in these islands can never share the ideas of '89, for the simple reason that the ideas of '89 were a protest against things which existed then in France, but which neither had, have, or can have any existence here. It is as absurd to conceive of the English labourer of the future sharing the ideas of '89 as it is to conceive of a Cook's tourist at Jerusalem sharing the ideas of Godfrey de Bouillon. The English labourers may imbibe ideas some day in some way analogous to those of the French peasants, but the difference between the two will be at least as important as the likeness; and to treat them as identical is as childish a scientific blunder as it would be to treat gunpowder as identical with brimstone and treacle.

But these particular blunders of Mr. Harrison's are, no doubt, after all, microscopic; and if they stood by themselves, it would not be worth our while to dwell on them, or even to notice them. But they do not stand by themselves—they are representative. They represent follies, errors, and confusions on a small scale, which throughout the theories of our modern democratic philosophers, are repeated on a colossal scale, and which supply the warp if not the woof of their philosophy.

It is this fact which the apologists of Conservatism seem not so much as to suspect. They imagine their opponents, in one way at least, to be far stronger than they are; and they mistake for the solid mountains of science what are in reality nothing but wind-bags inflated with superstition. The task of pricking the wind-bags with the spear-head of real scientific reasoning, and reducing to their true proportions the prospects of democracy and social change, is a task waiting to be undertaken by some school of clear and vigorous thinkers. The effects which physical science has produced on the popular creed of Christianity are as nothing when compared to the effects which such thinkers would be sure to produce on what at present pass muster as the scientific creeds of democracy.

One contemporary writer is to be congratulated on being already

in the field; he is the Catholic writer from whom I just now quoted a trenchant condemnation of certain clerical controversialists; and I have specially in view his most recent work from which that quotation was taken. Mr. Lilly's *Century of Revolution*, a volume published this summer, is a succinct discussion of the great social movement which has characterised the past hundred years, and which is called by those who have thus far constituted themselves its interpreters and its prophets, the revolution or popular progress. Mr. Lilly takes the account which these exponents give of it, and the claims they make for it, and he criticizes them one by one. One of his chapters is devoted to "The Revolution and Science," and though in the short space at his disposal he cannot exhaust his subject, he deals at the supposed scientific basis of democracy several blows with such force and precision as completely to shatter the parts that are seemingly most solid, and to show that in the face of a more prolonged attack, the whole would yield to a similar ignominious fate.

He begins his chapter with pointing out afresh to his readers the arrogant and imperious confidence with which the leaders of the Revolution claim science as their own, and declare that on it their principles and their prospects rest. "The new ideal of the public order," he says, "is a society where science will be all-sufficient; 'une société ou la science suffise à tout, à la théologie, à la morale, à l'éducation, aussi bien qu'à l'industrie.'"

"There is," he proceeds, "in the present day, a great, I might almost say a unanimous, *consensus* of testimony to the same effect from Revolutionary publicists. On every side we hear that the Revolution must be, that it is, scientific. The word is almost invariably employed in that mutilated sense to which it is now so generally narrowed. it is used as a synonym for physics. The very use is a tacit, in most cases no doubt an unconscious, recognition of what Mr. Morley calls 'the great positive principle that we can know only phenomena, and know them only experientially'. . . . The Jacobins of to-day seek in the laboratory a 'solid formula' for their politics. It is upon 'natural truths' they urge, that the foundation of the public order must rest."

Mr. Lilly then goes on to point out that the primary "natural truth," which they claim as the basis of their theoretical edifice, and without which the whole would collapse like a house of cards, is the theory of evolution, which is associated with the name of Darwin. Of Darwinism Mr. Lilly speaks with equal candour and modesty, not adopting the tone of a scientific authority, but simply that which he has every right to adopt—the judicial tone of a well-informed and impartial man, who has mastered and digested the evidence connected with the case, and has himself cross-examined not a few of the witnesses. Speaking from this philosophical standpoint, he declares that, so far as it goes, he accepts as true the body of the Darwinian theory, not shrinking from its full application to the physical evolution of man; and he declares that, Catholic as he is, he

feels no difficulty in the position. Mr. Lilly, therefore, is on the side of science; and it is plain not only that he has been trained in scientific methods, but is in full sympathy with the scientific spirit. He thus meets the revolutionary school on its own chosen ground, and proceeds in the name of science to examine its scientific claims. It may interest the readers of this Review to see how he performs this task.

In order to clear the ground of as much debatable matter as possible, he begins by setting aside a number of theories with regard to evolution, for which Darwin was not responsible, and which many of Darwin's followers repudiate; and he isolates and briefly sums up that code of doctrines which the whole scientific world is now unanimous in accepting. It is quite enough for his purpose to deal solely with these. What they are shall be indicated in his own words:—

"'The great principle of evolution stands up clear and firm,' he says, quoting a phrase of Darwin's, "that in the development of the individual from the simple unsegmented all, in which the human organism originates, we have the abstract and brief chronicle of the race. . . . [and] the ferocious utterance of Professor Haeckel is not perhaps wholly groundless. . . . 'that the greatest indignation at the discovery of man's physical development from the ape is displayed by those who differ the least, in intellectual or cerebral characteristics, from our common tertiary ancestors.' . . . As little can I doubt the evolution of moral sentiment and dogma through prehistoric conditions. . . . These facts are amongst the assured conquests of the modern mind. We may safely assume that, in another quarter of a century, they will be as generally accepted as the law of the earth's motion first demonstrated by Galileo, or the law of gravitation formulated by Newton."

And now he turns from what are truly doctrines of science, and on which the revolutionary school profess to build all their social theories, and asks how those theories are really supported by their alleged foundation. Mr. Lilly goes to the heart of the matter at once.

"How," he says, "does the Revolutionary dogma look in the light of these facts, so luminously exhibited by Mr. Darwin as the 'scientific' account of the human mammal? First, consider the doctrine of the natural, inalienable, and imprescriptible rights of the individual, which is the chief corner-stone of the whole Revolutionary edifice. How is it possible to predicate such rights of an animal, whose attributes are constantly varying—whose original is not Jean-Jacques' perfect man in a state of nature, but not to go further back, a troglodyte with half a brain, with the appetites and habits of a wild beast, with no conception of justice, and with only half articulate cries for language? Take the thrice-sacred formula, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. What place," he asks, "is there for these conceptions" [in any creed professing to be "scientific"?] "Liberty!" he proceeds: "The sovereignty of the individual! It disappears with the fiction of a perfectly homogeneous humanity. The message of scientific evolution to the masses is to know their masters. . . . to recognise the provision of nature which has made the few, strong, wise, and able; the many, weak, foolish and incompetent.

Equality! So far from being 'the holy law of nature' as Marat was wont to affirm, it is flat blasphemy against that law. Inequality is everywhere her rule, and is the primary condition of progress. Why man is nothing but the product of vast inequalities—of successive variations of previous animal types. Fraternity! Yes, the fraternity of Cain and Abel. Cain survived because he was the fittest, and proved his fitness by surviving."

Mr. Lilly then turns to another side of the question, and having dealt with this pseudo-scientific theory of man's natural rights, he examines with even greater force and severity that other theory which is essential to it, and is always linked with it, the theory of man's natural goodness. Mr. Lilly reminds us that the intellectual leader of the democratic party in England has pointed emphatically to the words of Diderot, "Human nature is good; and the evil in the world is the result of bad education and bad institutions;" and has declared that here we have "the central moral doctrine of the Revolution." This doctrine, Mr. Lilly would have us observe, is actually palmed off on a scientific age as science. But is it so? he asks. To his ears such a claim sounds like the impudence of a cynical quack or the mad raving of an unlettered religious fanatic. "The natural goodness of the *bête humaine!*" he exclaims. "It is aboriginally unethical; ferocious passions are its very groundwork." The party which calls itself scientific, he observes, declares that crime is the result of bad education; whilst the very science from which they profess to derive all its doctrines, informs us plainly, to quote from Mr. Herbert Spencer, "that crime is really connected with an inferior mode of life, *itself usually consequent on an original inferiority of nature.*"

That is what science says; but the moment the party of progress, turning from physical questions, seek to apply science to questions of politics and society, every intellectual acquisition which science has brought to them, and of which they profess to be the proudest exponents and the fiercest guardians, is disturbed, inverted, thrown to the winds, or trampled contemptuously in the mud.

"The Revolutionary democracy of the present day," to return again to Mr. Lilly's own words, "starts from the proposition that man, *qua* man, possesses all the higher attributes of citizenship. It is based upon an *à priori* theory of the supposed rights, inalienable and imprescriptible, of humanity in a hypothetical state of nature. It everywhere depends, whether consciously or unconsciously, upon the doctrine of man and society which Rousseau formulated, and which Robespierre sought to realise; an abstract, an unrelated, an universal man; identical in all ages, in all latitudes, in all races, in all states of civilization. It everywhere aspires, with varying degrees of vehemence, to sweep away historic institutions, with the immeasurable diversities attaching to them, in order to make room for a reconstruction of the public order, on the basis of arithmetic and what it calls pure reason Thus the Benthamite aspiration, 'Everybody to count for one, nobody for more than one,' or the more succinct formula, 'One man, one vote,' is merely a translation into the vulgar tongue of Rousseau's sophism of the equivalence of all members of

the community, and of their natural right to participate equally in the expression of the general will. The proposition with which the air still resounds, that 'The true political creed is faith in the people,' is but a variation on the theme that 'human nature is good,' justly reckoned by Mr. Morley 'the central moral doctrine of the Revolution.'"

Thus, as Mr. Lilly points out with reiterated emphasis, the entire political and social creed of that party which arrogates to itself the name of the party of progress, of free thought, and of science, is a creed which, taken as a whole, is a mass of superstition, as dangerous as that of any Thug, and as far removed from science as that of any follower of Johanna Southcote. Mr. Lilly's criticisms deal with the fundamental propositions of this pseudo-scientific school, but they deal with them only. I propose to point out how through all its distinctive arguments, through all its distinctive assumptions, through all the distinctive trains of reasoning, together with their accompanying phraseology, by which it seeks to appeal to and lead the present generation, there runs the same ignorance of science, the same abject superstition, the same confusion of thought.

Let us take, for instance, those doctrines concerning land, to which such considerable prominence has been given by Mr. Henry George. The great claim which Mr. George made for his doctrines was that they were scientific—that they could one and all be demonstrated, and that they follow one another with an absolute logical necessity. Now whether Mr. George's economic arguments were sound or unsound, they all, as put forth by him, derived their practical, their moral force, from a major premiss with regard not to economics, but theology. That premiss was this—that God made the land with a distinct, even if not with an exclusive view, to man's use of it, and that he had certain definite intentions as to what that use should be. Now Mr. George, whatever his religion may be, does not come before us as the apostle of any Christian Church, or of any special revelation; and certainly the public which has given him the most hearty reception, has not been a public which believes in the verbal inspiration of the Bible, or in biblical texts, as foundations for scientific theories of society. How, then, does Mr. George know of the existence of God, and still more of the exact intentions of God? It is again yet more pertinent to ask, Does Mr. George's public believe in the existence of God, or that it is possible, even if He does exist, for anybody to demonstrate that He has any intentions at all? Let Mr. George set plainly before his public the various theological propositions, which really underlie and are essential to the whole of his economic gospel, and let that public examine on what authority he makes them. The examination will lead to only one verdict—that they are either entirely unsupported deductions from certain texts in a Bible whose authority the public in question

has long contemptuously repudiated, or else that they are arbitrary assumptions of Mr. George's own!

Mr. George for his own sake is hardly worth referring to; but he *is* worth referring to for the sake of the confusions, the error, the ignorance, and the superstition which, in this way, he represents. The statements which he makes with such frequency, such noise, and such unction, with regard to God and God's intentions, and which form the practical fulcrum of his reforming lever, are part of the stock-in-trade of the whole democratic school, and it is hardly too much to say that no revolutionary appeal to the people ever is made, or can be made without them. The only difference between him and other reformers is, that whereas he makes these statements explicitly, and fully aware that he is making them, the others make them implicitly, and in stupid ignorance of the content of their favourite propositions. For instance, whereas Mr. George says God made the land, and intended all men to enjoy it equally, the ordinary democratic reformers say, The land *is not made* for the few, or, The land *is not intended* for the few; or, The land *does not exist* for the few.

This class of phrase is familiar to everyone. It is frequent no doubt in the mouths of religious people; but it is most frequent, at the present day, and it is employed with the greatest and the most exaggerated emphasis, by those to whom religion is nothing but a lie, a dream, or a conjecture. It is not from priests and ministers, but from the scientific leaders of the social revolution, that we hear often what the land exists for, and is made for. Now what are these assertions, when we come seriously and severely to inquire into their meaning? They are simply so many assertions that the world was created by an intelligent being, with special social and political intentions, and that these intentions, in all their minutest details, are known by a certain school of human politicians. They are in fact simply a series of theological dogmas, which differ from all other theological dogmas in this only—that they endeavour, as though they were ashamed of themselves, to hide their sacred character; that they do not profess to rest on any vestige of evidence; and that they are put forward by the very men who declare that all theology is a delusion, that no evidence for any one of its doctrines is possible, and that to believe anything without evidence is the most contemptible form of imbecility, and the vilest form of immorality. We have here indeed a curious spectacle; and yet strangely enough the public have not yet discovered its absurdity. We have the very same philosophers, in the austere name of science, scourging theology out of the Temple with one hand, and smuggling it back, in a sack of verbiage, with the other. Which are they—these scientific radicals, these apostles of democratic evolution—which are they?—intellectual sharpers, or

intellectual gulls? Christian charity, and a sober regard for truth, alike force us to declare that, with few exceptions, they are both—that they have completely duped and blinded themselves, before they have attempted to dupe others.

It would require far more space than can here be given, to point out fully the extent to which theology—and theology of the crudest and most anthropomorphic kind—the theology of Salem Chapels and Little Bethels—forms the groundwork of our advanced scientific theories of social progress and scientific demands for social reform. It would require a long chapter or an essay instead of a few brief paragraphs, to track it and to expose it, through the phrases and moods of thought and feeling, in which it ignominiously hides itself—to fully expose the nature of this truly astonishing transaction, this clandestine re-introduction of condemned intellectual goods, by the very men who have made their reputations by condemning them; and the curious irony of the fate which has made them base all their practical doctrines on those very beliefs which their chief intellectual mission has been to exhibit as dreams and fancies beneath the contempt of old women and children.

Some of Mr. Lilly's remarks, though not made exactly in this connection, indicate a partial explanation of what I have just said. "We are living," he writes, "in an age of common-places. The popular mind is fed chiefly on phrases provided by the newspapers, which constitute for the great majority their only literature. . . . One result is that words lose precise connotations, and too often serve merely to darken counsel." Journalism no doubt has done much in certain ways to degrade language, though in others it may have improved it; and precisely the same thing may be said of literature generally. As the production of literature, the number of competing producers, and the number of readers, increases, the quality of literature inevitably declines. There is a higher average level; that is undoubtedly the case; but it is precisely here that the great evil lies. There is now an enormous public which takes an interest, more or less intelligent, in subjects which formerly were approached only by the few; and to meet the demands of this public an army of writers has arisen who supply it with information and guides what it calls its thoughts. The consequence has been that whilst literature, *as a profession*, has risen, literature as a pursuit and as a fine art, has declined. Mediocrity in style has become a real power, which whilst it raises much up to its level, drags also much down to it, and prevents more from ever rising above it. If, however, nothing but mere literary style were in question, this would not, for our present purpose, be worth remarking upon. But literary style is bound up with, it causes, it denotes, and it explains,

other things of far deeper importance—that is to say, the state of knowledge, the habits of thought, and the modes of reasoning prevalent; and in our own age, not only knowledge, not only thought, but also the sympathies and the hopes of men, have been affected—or it might be better to say infected—by this disease of literature, to a degree that is not generally suspected.

What has happened has been this. In the first place accuracy of thought has been lost. That is one thing; but it is not all. Accuracy of thought has not only been lost; but it has been lost under cover of a pseudo-accuracy which makes men pride themselves on the very quality in which they are most profoundly wanting. There is one exception to this rule which not only proves it, but is also the cause and the explanation of it. This exception is supplied by physical science. Here thought and language alike have arrived during the present century at an accuracy never before known. Accurate methods, accurate ways of thinking, and accurate phraseology, have all gone together. The first has necessitated the two last, and the triumphs of modern science are due to the three taken together.

But now comes the unfortunate part of the matter. In attempting to apply the principles and discoveries of physical science to what Mr. Harrison calls "the crowning science" of man—to moral, to political, and to social problems, our modern philosophers, one and all of them, have set to work with a simplicity truly childish. Instead of applying the methods of physical thought, they have applied its phrases; and with regard to these phrases, they have entirely failed to see that, though as applied to physics they may be absolutely, and even pedantically accurate, classifying facts, and giving clearness to every generalisation, as applied to questions of human conduct and character, they are for the most part nothing but so much jargon, which only goes near enough to the real truth to obscure it.

Let us take, for instance, the most prominent word in the vocabulary of socio-political science—The People. In the first place, no scientific definition of The People has ever been formulated, or at all events there is none generally known and accepted; and not only this, but it is abundantly evident that no scientific conception of what *The People* is exists in the minds of any of the theorists who reason about it. There is not a single democratic philosopher who does not use the word in a variety of senses inconsistent with each other and with the arguments supposed to be supported by them. Mr. John Morley, for example, tells us in one place that *The People* are the poorest and most helpless classes in the community, and consequently the classes most likely to suffer from oppression and injustice.

For this reason, he says, they ought to have power in the State, because they have naturally most need of protection. Now if any one chooses to use the word *People* in this sense, Mr. Morley's argument has a certain intelligible meaning; but even so it is a meaning very far short of scientific. For instance, supposing the bulk of any population is in the habit of making itself constantly helpless by drink, Mr. Morley would, of course, not argue that sots should have the principal power in the State, in order to protect themselves against the kicks of the sober? In every community, however, a great deal of poverty and helplessness is produced by causes analogous to drink. Evidently, therefore, Mr. Morley's claim for the People is based not simply on his assertion of their helplessness, but on another implied assertion, that this helplessness is, as a general rule, not caused or accompanied by any moral or intellectual inferiority. The moment, however, we state this explicitly, a number of difficulties and questions at once present themselves. It may be obviously right The People, in this sense of the word, should be protected against oppression, but is it equally obvious that the People, who are differentiated from the rest of the community only by the fact of their being poorer and more helpless, should be able to devise the means for securing the end in question? Is it not quite possible that the means which to them seem the worst and the least satisfactory, should be in reality the more efficacious than any that might be suggested by themselves; and that it would be, in the long run, for their own interest that those means should be forced on them against their wills by others? Both *Power* and *People* are evidently used in arguments such as these with an indefiniteness and an incompleteness of meaning which cloaks corresponding incompleteness of thought. Still we have here a proposition which, so far as it goes, is really true and sensible—viz., that it is right that those of the community who are least able in daily life to protect themselves should be provided, by some means or other, with protection by the State.

But what a very little way this takes us, even if we accept Mr. Morley's own way of putting it! The whole business of the State is not to protect the poor against oppression. Even supposing the poor to be the only class worth consideration, the State would do very little for them, if it were nothing more than their defender. As society becomes more complex, the barest necessaries of life, for the poorest citizen, and the condition under which he can earn even the poorest livelihood, become more complex also, and require exceptional study, and exceptional power and concentration of mind to grasp them. They are also constantly changing, obviating some evils, and surprising us by producing others, rendering

old restrictions superfluous or disadvantageous, and demanding new ones; and the legislative and executive changes thus necessitated, require for their accomplishment some of the rarest qualities that can be produced by exceptional training, and by exceptional natural aptitudes. Thus they who say that all power should be in the hands of the People must plainly differentiate the People by something besides their comparative poverty and their comparative absence of leisure. The People, as the source of power, must include those who are essentially *the few*, as well as those who are essentially *the many*. The great thesis of scientific democracy being this, That all power should be in the hands of the People, it is evident that all those must be members of the People whose talents and education are essential to the right exercise of power. If this be so, who then are not the people? The excluded portion of the community cannot be the rich as a whole, because many of the rich will have talents, training and knowledge, specially fitting them for the performance of certain necessary functions; nor again can such of the rich be excluded as are without exceptional ability; because, if one thing is more certain than another it is this—that the absence of exceptional ability is the prevailing characteristic of the People. Reflections like these are so obvious, that it may seem hardly worth one's while to make them; but they suffice to show something which is very far from obvious to many excellent persons—namely, the ridiculous vagueness with which our revolutionary science conceives of the principal subject of all its speculations and its researches.

And now let us pass from the word *People* to the word *Power*. Precisely the same vagueness both of language and of thought confronts us here. Political power is spoken of and argued about by our modern theorists as though it were some simple and single thing; whereas in reality, as may be easily seen, it is in the highest degree complex, comprising in itself many clearly distinct parts. One very simple division lies almost on the surface. Political power, whenever exercised, implies three things, at all events—the conception of some given end as desirable; the will to accomplish this end; and the devising of the means for its accomplishment. Let us take a very simple example. An entire community, living on the banks of an estuary, are unanimous in thinking that it would be convenient if a suspension bridge were built over it. In addition to thinking it would be convenient if a suspension bridge were built over it, they come to be unanimous in thinking that it would be possible to build it—possible as a piece of engineering, and possible also as regards their own power of paying for it. Now, thus far we can conceive of the entire community acting together like a single individual, and being rightly described in this special connection as one body, or as The People.

But the resolve to build the bridge, though an essential part of the power requisite to build it, is not for practical purposes any power at all until it is united with and subjected to the special knowledge and skill of a small part of the community—the engineers, who have to plan every detail of the structure, and, indeed, to decide whether it is a possible structure at all. This power, as applied to any practical purpose in politics, consists firstly in the desire for certain ends, secondly in the criticism of these ends and the discernment of how far they are practicable, and thirdly the devising the best means for accomplishing them. Again comes this further division. The purposes to which power is applied are of two kinds—destructive and constructive—the blowing up of bridges and the building of bridges.

And now, bearing this in mind, let us ask ourselves how far Power—that is to say the sum of all these powers—ought to reside, or is capable of residing, in the poorest and most numerous class of the community, taken as a whole, and excluding all exceptional minorities; or even in the whole community, including these minorities, but merging them in the mass, and denying them any exceptional power. It is perfectly obvious the moment we examine the matter closely, and resolve to bring our thought and language into any kind of severe and accurate order, that some of the most important elements of power never have resided in any class that can be called "the people," and never can reside in it. The devising of the means for fulfilling the requirements of the community must always be in the hands of a minority who possess, or are supposed to possess talents above the average—a minority which is not merged in the people, but is differentiated from it. And thus we arrive at what is perhaps the best definition of the *People* that is possible—*all those persons who are without exceptional talents*, and whose qualities, when exceptional at all, are exceptional by being below, not by being above, the average. It is conceivable, in certain cases, that The People thus defined may be capable of wielding all the power requisite for some *destructive* purpose, but it is utterly inconceivable that they can ever be capable of *construction*. A drunken mob some day may blow up the Forth Bridge, but a drunken mob will never rebuild it. Between the people sweeping away what demagogues call abuses and the only classes that could put anything better in their place, there is all the difference that there was between Newton and his dog Diamond.

It may be said, however, that even though the People may not be able to carry out any given purpose, they are yet capable of feeling and expressing a common desire and will that such and such purposes should be carried out. And within certain limits this is true,

but within certain limits only. I shall not here even endeavour to specify what these limits are; I wish merely to point out that these limits exist, and that until they have been inquired into, and some general perception of their nature arrived at, it is idle to talk about the will of the People, except for the purpose of the coarsest and most unscientific oratory. Let any Radical define the People as he pleases, and then ask himself how far, and under what conditions, he can seriously attribute to the vast multitudes in question any complete singleness of will, of wish, or of opinion. If by the People he means the whole community, it is one of his commonplaces to declare that the People have two opposing wills—the will of the classes, and the will of the masses. As a matter of fact, however, he always excludes the classes: still, whatever the details of this exclusion may be, the *People* means for him the great bulk of the population; and the People, thus defined, does not differ more from the classes than various sections of the people differ from one another. These sections are divided by various interests, various temperaments, and various social grades; it is only in the rarest cases that they think or feel the same about any given question, or that they think or feel deeply about the same question at all. The number of persons—I do not say who led, but who took an active part in, the French Revolution was incredibly small. The bulk of the population remained passive; acquiescent, no doubt, in the *destruction* of certain abuses, but without any will whatever as to any scheme of re-construction; and it would, indeed, be hardly too much to say that, except for purposes of destruction—the destruction of something existing which is obnoxious to the vast majority, and felt as a hardship by each individual citizen—no spontaneous act of will on the part of the People is possible.

It would be easy to show that what is called the popular will, and what actually seems to be such, is certainly a delusion in many cases, and is probably a delusion in most. In one class of cases, it is obviously not spontaneous: it is at best but a choice made by the majority between a few alternatives offered them by a very small minority; and the course of public affairs is obviously dependant less on the will of the people than on the ability and the character of a certain handful of politicians. There is, however, no doubt, another class of cases, in which the initiative, to all appearance, does come from the multitude—cases in which we hear of "great waves of popular feeling," of "indignation meetings," and of feelings agitating "the great heart of the masses." Now such expressions as these of the will of a certain number I quite admit may be genuine so far as they go; but as to how far they go there is room for endless misapprehension. Newspapers, the medium through which public

events are viewed, necessarily form, even the best of them, a medium which is in many cases distorting. Enthusiasms, interests, aspirations, indignations, and so forth, make, through the newspapers, a noise in the public ear that is out of all proportion to their real power and extent. They, for the most part, originate in small cliques, and end with small cliques; but these are precisely the cliques that delight in public meetings, in writing to the newspapers, and in doing things of which the newspapers can take note. They are thus in the position of a man who makes his voice heard everywhere, as if it were the voice of a multitude; not because his voice is powerful, but because he has his mouth at a speaking-trumpet. About a great number of subjects apathy is as golden as silence, and the body of the people are really apathetic about them; but this wise apathy, though it makes a sensible people, would naturally make an intolerably dull newspaper; indeed, a newspaper can hardly give expression to it. And thus, from the very nature of the case, in nine instances out of ten, newspapers, as representing the state of popular opinion, represent not the common sense of the majority, but the deviations from common sense on the part of a numerically small minority.

I am not denying that the *People*, in some sense or other, is a real body, differing from any special class; that on some occasions it may be accurately said to have a will, and within certain limits to have power; and that its power, such as it is, may be developing. But I do say that neither the People, nor the People's power, have ever been accurately defined, or even accurately conceived of; that as for the People's will, it has seldom been truly ascertained, and never accurately studied: and that when true scientific methods are applied to social questions, the prospects of modern democracy, and the whole meaning of that change which has been hastily named Progress, will be seen to be profoundly different from anything that our advanced thinkers at this moment suspect.

The Science in fact of our revolutionary thinkers, with their theories of revolution and evolution, has no resemblance to true science deeper than what comes from an echo of its phraseology. The social philosophy of such thinkers as Mr. Morley and Mr. Harrison have precisely the same relation to science that alchemy had to chemistry. The Popular Will, the People, Progress, and Social Evolution, are phrases which, as used by them, are fitted only to take rank with the Four Elements, with Phlogiston, and with the Vital Principle.

In such cursory remarks as these it is not possible even to state the case against this pseudo-science fully, still less to sustain it. Fully to expose the mass of superstition which during the present

century has been rising like an exhalation from the bones of a murdered creed, is not the work of one article, of one book, of one writer, or even of one life-time; but the results will be well worth waiting for. We ought, perhaps, to shrink from appealing to low motives, even for the purpose of stimulating a desirable work; but I may, perhaps, be permitted to point out to all those controversialists who feel any grudge against science, that the time will certainly come when the advanced, the free, the severely accurate thought of to-day will be exhibited in its relation to social problems, as a phase of mind more confused, crude, and childish than any phase of mind with regard to religious problems, which ever was known to Europe during the darkest of the dark ages. If such controversialists are pleased with the thought of such a consummation, let them borrow from the physical sciences their hard and ruthless accuracy, and each in his degree may do something to accelerate it. Mr. Lilly has set them an example: and it is to be hoped—at least by all who think and feel like myself—that he may not only continue his criticisms, but that his example may be emulated by others.

W. H. Mallock.

OUR DRAMATISTS AND THEIR LITERATURE.

No first-rate man of letters now writes for the stage. None among those who supply the theatres with plays can, if looked at from a literary side, compare with any leading novelist or essayist. May I ask which of our dramatists has written a page that could be cited as a specimen of English prose? Which of our dramatists has written a book that could be fairly described as second-rate in matter or in form? Let us examine the literary attempts of some half-dozen of our leading dramatists. Mr. Gilbert has assumed a sort of headship of dramatic authors, and in deference to that headship we will begin with him. He has, as every one knows, published a volume of comic poems. They really deserved all the popularity they obtained, so prettily are they versified, and many he has since elaborated into successful plays. Mr. Gilbert's success has always been determined by the measure of his faithfulness to those ballads; and if we examine them we find they contain in essence the whole of his literary perceptions and artistic instincts. Surely the veriest tyro in criticism could detect the hand that wrote the Bab Ballads in *Gretchen* and *Pygmalion and Galatea*. Mr. Gilbert has contributed short papers to the Christmas annuals, but I am not aware of any piece above a very seasonable jocosity; his prose plays, with the exception of two acts entitled *Sweethearts*, have varied between sterile eccentricities and profitless commonplace; and after the production of the last he thought it necessary to redeem his imperilled reputation by promising to confine his efforts for the future to the fabrication of librettoes for Sir Arthur Sullivan, an art in which he pre-eminently excels.

Mr. Burnand, the genial editor of *Punch*, has written *Happy Thoughts*, which ranks as high in English prose as the Bab Ballads do in English poetry, and in equal degree both works have contributed to the amusement of suburban drawing-rooms. Mr. Burnand has published a number of parodies of Ouida's novels, the best known, I believe, is *Strapmore, by Weeder*. Also a parody by him of Hugh Conway's *Dark Ways* fell in with some readers during the period of the popularity of the original. Unlike Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Burnand has never attempted serious work, and he would, I am sure, repudiate any proposal to judge his writings by any other standard than a desire to conform to the passing mood of a middle-class public. Similar criticism is applicable to the works of Mr. George R. Sims. Indeed, his appeal to the intellectual habits of the middle classes is so frank and undis-

guised that no part of his work can be said to come within range of criticism. He provides certain fare, he calls it through the area railings, and the *Dagonet Ballads* are bought, sold, and consumed like necks of mutton and loaves of bread. If the "middles" like the *Dagonet Ballads*, they like them, and if they don't like them—well, they don't like them; but in neither case would the interference of a critic be justified. Lest this should seem like unrelieved bitterness, I will say that *Mary Jane's Memoirs* appear to me a good subject spoilt through inadequate treatment. The anecdotes, supposed to be related by a servant girl are realism in its naïvest form. Mr. Sims is not a realist because he writes about Mrs. Three-doors-up, anymore than Mr. Norris is an idealist because he observes life badly. There is nothing true in these memoirs. I mean there is no abiding truth, no generic truth, in them. The book is an insult to the intelligence of the reader, even though she be Mary Jane herself. Out of Idea there is no salvation, not even a descent into the kitchen will save the writer, and no more perfect and conclusive proof of a writer's incompetency to think can be imagined than these Memoirs.

Mr. W. G. Wills has written, I believe, many novels, but as no slightest trace of them remains, their mediocrity may be assumed. It was failure in this direction that set him writing for Mr. Irving—an easy task. He published an epic some four or five years ago, but it was written down by competent critics as commonplace, and it has gone the way of his novels.

Immediately the success of the *Silver King* was established, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones wrote some long letters to the *Era* on dramatic writing, and then he published in the *Nineteenth Century* an article on the union between the pulpit and the stage, or some similar theme. At that time Mr. Jones was declaring himself the sole author of the *Silver King*, and accusing his collaborator, Mr. Herman, of inability to write the simplest English sentence. It was possibly to make himself safe against such damaging accusations, that he wrote the letters and the article referred to; he has since written other articles, all of which prove that his genius is more fitted for play writing than for literature.

I am not aware that Mr. Grundy has written anything but plays. Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Augustus Harris have occasionally contributed to the Christmas annuals, without their work having attracted any special attention. I have seen some slight verses of Mr. Pinero's in similar publications, but they did not strike me as being anything but those of a very minor poet. Mr. Robert Buchanan is, past question, the most distinguished man of letters the stage can boast of. Mr. Robert Buchanan is a minor poet and a tenth-rate novelist. But the presence of Mr. Buchanan among our dramatists does not

seem to me to prejudice the statement advanced in the first sentence of this article. I repeat it in another form: the men who write English plays are those who are ungifted with first-rate, yea, even second-rate, literary abilities; they turn to the stage just as the horses that do not possess a distinguishing turn of speed are turned to steeplechasing. The parallel seems to me a true one; it expresses exactly my meaning; and in Mr. Buchanan an excellent example wherewith to support my argument. As a poet he was beyond all question outpaced by at least five men of his generation—Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Rossetti, Mr. Arnold, Mr. William Morris, Mr. Coventry Patmore, and possibly by Mr. George Meredith; and to be outpaced by half-a-dozen men of your own generation, not to speak of the two giants of the preceding generation, is complete extinguishment in poetry, which admits hardly at all of mediocrity. In prose fiction, Mr. Buchanan's talent drifted into disastrous shipwreck; and it is a matter of surprise how a man who can at times write such charming verse can at all times and so unfailingly write such execrable prose. His novels are clumsy and coarse imitations of Victor Hugo and Charles Reade. The best is *The Shadow of the Sword;* and is so invertebrate, so lacking in backbone, that, notwithstanding some fine suggestions, no critic could accord it a higher place than in the second class. *Foxglove Manor* and *The New Abelard* are, in thought and in style, below the level of the work that the average young lady novelist supplies to her publisher. It is, therefore, in accordance with my views of the relation of stage literature to literature proper that Mr. Buchanan should have turned from the latter to the former.

I cannot recall the name of any other dramatic author who has dabbled to any appreciable extent in literature. The writers of comic operas and farces are men whose names are unknown beyond the stage door and the play-bill—clerks from the Government offices, or the obscure contributors of obscure journals.

But it may be urged that although none of our dramatists have succeeded in producing a creditable piece of literature, whether in the shape of a novel, an essay, or a poem, they have written excellently well, and thought with admirable strength and concision in the form they elected as most suitable to exploitation of their talents.

We will therefore consider what these writers, whom I have shown to be inferior in all other branches of literature, can do in the dramatic form which we readily concede is the one in which the highest achievements have taken place. Our subject is clearly an interesting one, and if it is looked at from a philosophic side a fascinating one. It must be granted that the relegation of the entire dramatic literature of an epoch to writers of the third and fourth class is a unique literary phenomenon; for which we shall find no

parallel in history. And is it not by the examination and study of such phenomena that we may understand the dominant forces of our century, appreciate its principal aspects, and learn in some measure whither the civilisation we are so proud of is tending? And it is difficult indeed to find a test more just and more conclusive of the state of the popular mind than the open and spontaneous verdict expressed in a theatre. The poet and the novelist may sacrifice the present, but in the case of the dramatist such sacrifice is hardly possible, for his work hardly exists off the stage, and depends wholly upon the temper of the public mind. The most successful play of the year contains therefore in a state of essence the sentiments and feelings agitating the multitude during its period of stage life; and by having regard for the intellectual idiosyncrasies of some four or five representative plays we may arrive at a very fair comprehension of the normal comprehension of our epoch.

The most popular play produced in 1889 is without question *Sweet Lavender*. We are introduced to an impecunious, drunken barrister, and with him is living a young man, who instead of reading law makes love to the laundress's daughter (laundress is Temple slang for charwoman). The charwoman is represented as a person who, although she lives in the kitchen and washes dishes, is as a matter of fact a most refined person, and is endowed with such sentiments that would become the superior of a convent. Her daughter, although she helps her mother in her duties of cleaning and scrubbing, wears white muslin dresses and large straw hats trimmed with wild flowers, and talks as we expect young ladies educated in a high-class boarding-school to talk. Now it has always seemed to me, the extreme limit of illiterateness is to credit one class with the sentiments of another class. Let us have the kitchen, and let us have the convent, but do not let us confuse the kitchen with the convent. It may be unpleasant to remember, but it is nevertheless necessary to remember, that "fine sentiments bloom in the soul when fortune commences to gild the furniture."

The young man is loved by his cousin, who in turn is loved by an American, who follows her, asking her to marry him; and blind to all rebuffs, continues his courtship in a manner unparalleled in real life except perhaps by Mr. Rouden. In the second act the father of the young man comes to town and finds his son engaged not to his cousin as he thinks, but to the laundress's daughter, and the situation is still further complicated by the arrival of a telegram announcing a bank failure, which involves the father in complete ruin. Here it is necessary to remark that the complete ruin of the father is necessary for moral reasons, for it was he who seduced the laundress eighteen years ago. In the third act the ruined father and his relations come to live in the chambers of the impecunious barrister,

and we find everybody sweeping and cleaning and cooking. The American is still proposing to the girl, and he insists on following her in and out of the kitchen and helping her with her work. A number of absurd events have been laboriously narrated; we are in the third act, and every one must be made happy. Listen! The impecunious barrister inherits fifty thousand pounds, and pays the ruined father's liabilities; the young lady consents to leave off loving her cousin and to marry the crazy American, whom she really loved all the time, the ruined father marries the laundress, and the son marries her daughter. This is the story of a play which London has been going to see for nearly two years. I can but say that its logic is such as we might expect from a monthly nurse, and its romance is that beloved of kitchen-maids.

In *The Profligate* Mr. Pinero has a better subject, viz.—A young woman, truly loved by a virtuous young man, prefers a profligate, and only begins to learn his past when her honeymoon is waxing to fulness. At the end of the second act I said to myself, if Mr. Pinero has the strength to let his hero remain a profligate, this play will be the best since *The School for Scandal*. But Mr. Pinero did not have the necessary strength to write a *chef-d'œuvre*. His hero ceases to be a profligate at the end of the first act; and the relapse into vice anxiously awaited for by me did not befall him. There is one immutable rule in art which never can be violated; it comes to us from all time and it shall continue to all time; we should hold fast by this rule that we should do well to inscribe it on our walls:—"The leopard shall not change his spots, nor the Ethiopian his skin." Hamlet does not cease to brood, reality is ever in conflict with his dreams; Othello does not become cunning; Molière's *avare* never ceases to love gold; Balzac's *père grandet* dies gathering it in dreams; Becky Sharpe remains to the end unscrupulous. There is no single example of a great work that does not comply with this commandment.

The conversion of bad men into good men is the besetting sin of modern art. It is begotten of the unwholesomeness of the age, which desires sin without the consequences of sin. The true end, and therefore the moral end, of *The Profligate* is that, in the first stress of horror and disappointment caused by the discovery of her husband's past life, the young wife leaves him, but she leaves him only to learn that no life exists for her apart from him. She forgives him, or, I should say, is reconciled to him, and with her heart full of fear for the future, for she now knows that women must always attract him, as the magnet must always attract steel. But this would not be sufficient. To really paint the Profligate, it would be necessary to show him sinning after as well as before marriage; and it is, indeed, a pity that the taste of modern audiences, or the lack of necessary talent, whichever reason is the true one, prevented Mr. Pinero from develop-

ing his story on these the classic and inevitable lines, for Mr. Pinero speaks the language of the stage with rare fluency; he is well armed with pointed repartee and various verbal excellence, and these qualities show him off to the very best advantage in the opening acts. No one, not Dumas fils nor Meilhac, ever presented a story more skilfully than Mr. Pinero does in the first act of *The Profligate*. Indeed, the entire presentation of the hero—his scorn for his virtuous friend, his easy admittance that his marriage with the schoolgirl is inspired by ennui of facile loves, his careless assurances of reform—is work of the very highest kind. And the second act deserves but few words of reproach. All is admirably indicated—the real change of the girl into woman—a blossom broken to flower in the warmth of the Tuscan night, and then the seeming change in the profligate, whose heart is at least temporarily won by the beauty and the charming youth and gladness of his wife. But with the third act the play becomes inconsequent and untrue. In the first place it is unfortunate that the maidservant whom the profligate seduced is not a mother. A girl never denounces her seducer unless he has made her a mother. We denounce those who have done us material injury; mental injuries are not spoken of, for we know instinctively they would not be understood. Then instead of a simple pathetic explanation between the women interrupted by the profligate, his entrance into the tumult of his wife's grief, his explanation that the past concerns his wife not at all, that no matter whom she had married she would have encountered the same sin, that men are so, that her own father probably had some such similar sin on his conscience before he married. *Quelle scène à faire!* But instead we have a game at cross purposes, and the servant-girl goes downstairs crying, "Kill me, kill me, kill me!" If she had a baby in her arms, it would be conceivable and no more; without a baby it is unadulterated nonsense. She has not a baby, because Mr. Pinero wishes to obtain the sympathy of the audience for the amours of a schoolboy and the little maidservant. Forget that we are in a theatre, and try and think how such events would pass in real life. A boy comes home from Eton and wants to marry a maidservant whom his brother-in-law seduced, and whose confession separated his sister from her husband. Is it possible to imagine anything more horrible? As a subject for satire it might pass; as the subject of an idyll it is as revolting as it is ridiculous.

The closing scenes of the third act are vague, and wholly wanting in breadth and decision. Perhaps Mr. Pinero means that the girl cries for some one to kill her because, thinking the elder and not the younger man is the husband of her benefactor, she sees no harm in denouncing him as her seducer. If this is so, Mr. Pinero's ideas of dramatic climax do not stray beyond an ordinary stage misunder-

standing. It is by strict adherence to the theme that *chefs-d'œuvre* are written; by allowing the fatality involved in the characters themselves to create and solve the problem.

Mr. Jones, although he possesses little of the delicate artistic sensibility which, in the first acts of *The Profligate*, distinguishes Mr. Pinero, has looked higher and attempted more. But Mr. Jones is a sort of modern Icarus. He fastens on his wings with wax; he finds an idea, he is aware that he has found an idea, but there is a vein of commonness in him which degrades and ruins it. Between the idea and the execution there is no agreement, and perforce we must think of a county bumpkin astride on a racehorse: hobnailed boots and thick calves take the place of the long, slim, clinging legs of the jockey and the elegant boots armed with the cruel spurs. Reference to his play of *Wealth* will explain my meaning. Mr. Jones started with an excellent idea, one which Balzac might have welcomed. A man pursues without halting his passion for money-making, piling fortune upon fortune, until his brain weakens, and a thought begins to haunt his mind that he may die after all in the workhouse. To develop a latent force into an active force an event is necessary, and it is in the invention of this event that the common side of Mr. Jones's talent reveals itself. He can think of nothing better than to make the father turn his daughter out of doors because she refuses to marry the man he desires her to take. And this treatment of the subject Mr. Jones has defended in the course of a long essay. It would seem that he has not learnt that it is not time nor repetition that ages a story. Some stories are eternally young, other stories were always old—have never been young. A father sacrificing himself for his daughter is an example of the latter; a father turning his daughter out of doors because she denies his right to choose a husband for her is an example of the former. The youth and age of a story is determined, not by years, but by the amount of truth to human nature the story represents. True, the incident might have been humanised. A father turning his daughter out of doors because she would contract a marriage which he, with his superior knowledge of the world, foresaw could not fail to lead her into unhappiness, would have been better, suggesting as it does a conflict between instinct and experience; but that would be the basis for a new story, not the pivot on which a theme already chosen might be happily worked upon. Mr. Jones required a pivot, and the pivot he chose was as common as the story he wished to tell was refined. This coarseness of artistic perception is equally prominent in *The Middleman*. Passing over all such crudities of execution as placing in the middleman's mouth the very arguments which the enemies of our system of labour and capital would have used against him, which he is supposed to speak uncon-

sciously, I go straight to essentials. Mr. Jones does not see that if he is to effectually satirise the middleman, the middleman must triumph over the inventor; if the spider kills the fly, it is clear that the spider is a subject if not for pity at least not for satire. Yet in the play it is the inventor who ruins the middleman, and this stupid blunder obviously deprives the play of all *raison d'être*. But if in stage-land, heroes and heroines change their spots and their skins the author remains always Mr. Jones. He dramatises the theme of this play just as he dramatised the theme of his other play. It is true that he does not make the middleman turn his son out of doors because he wants to marry the inventor's daughter. He stops on the brink of this precipice, but only to fling himself over another. The middleman's son seduces the inventor's daughter! It seems strange that Mr. Jones could not think of something better, and how he could bring himself (for Mr. Jones clearly wants to have talent) to write the wholly stupid and irredeemably vulgar comic love scenes which disfigure a really beautiful third act, is also a matter which tantalises the curiosity of the critic. Perhaps last acts are of necessity absurd, and many of the childishnesses of Mr. Jones's last act are no doubt deliberate, and have been perpetrated with the view to secure a popular success, but the incident of the loan, when the successful inventor offers to lend the ruined middleman "a fiver," and in the middleman's house, out of which the inventor is about to expel him, is an example of that vein of grossness which pollutes Mr. Jones's best aspirations.

The success of the piece on the first night was unqualified; and some scenes deserved the applause which was given without stint, and must be confessed without judgment. Even comic love scenes in the third act and the childishness of the fourth act were approved by a too uncritical public.

The powerlessness of a modern audience to distinguish between what is common and what is rare, is the irreparable evil; so long as a story is impetuously pursued and diversified with thrilling situations, no objections are raised. I have heard dull and even stupid plays applauded at the Français, but a really low-class play would not be tolerated there, and I confess I was humiliated and filled with shame at the attitude of the public on the production of *A Man's Shadow* at the Haymarket Theatre. It is not necessary that I should wade through every part of the hideous story, it will suffice my purpose to say that *A Man's Shadow* is an adaptation of *Roger la Honte*, and when I say that *Roger la Honte* first appeared as a *roman feuilleton* in *Le Petit Journal*, and was afterwards dramatised and produced at the Ambigue Comique, the readers of the Fortnightly will have no difficulty in divining how intimately the story must reek of the good concierges of Montmartre. That the

Haymarket Theatre should have sunk to the level of the Ambigue Comique! Imagine a Surrey or Britannia drama, a dramatic arrangement of one of the serial publications in *Bow Bells* or the *London Journal*, being translated into French and produced at the Français or the Odéon. Imagine the audience of either of those theatres howling frantic applause and cheering the adapters at the end of the piece! Imagine a leading French actor—Coquelin, Delaunay, Mounet-Sully—playing the principal part! The mind refuses to entertain such impossible imaginings; but what is impossible to imagine as happening in France has befallen us in London. Hume did well to call us the barbarians of the banks of the Thames. An amount of literary ordure is the common lot of all nations. *London Day by Day* is assuredly no intellectual banquet, but the portrait of the cabman is English; but a nation has become poisoned with something more than jackal blood when it falls a-worshipping the contents of its neighbour's dust-hole. Mr. Tree is a man of genius, and to see him wasting really great abilities on the part of Laraque was to me at least a painful sight. No better than the actor were the critics, and no better than the critics was the public. All sense of literary decency seemed lost, and every one was minded to take his fill of the horrible French garbage, and the final spectacle, that of an English poet taking his call for his share in the preparation of the feast, is, I think, without parallel in our literary history.

Almost equally reprehensible is the entertainment provided by Mr. Irving at the Lyceum, and if it is not so unpleasant it is only because fewer words are spoken on the stage. For some time past the tendency of Mr. Irving's management has been in the direction of pantomime. The production of *Faust* (of the Irving *Faust*) as the first decisive step, and the success of this experiment in witches and blue devils showed him that the utmost license would be allowed in the substitution of scenery and his own personality for the text of the author. Having ascertained the debased state of the public mind, he proceeded to speculate upon it, and in the *Dead Heart* has approached marvellously near to pure pantomime, one step nearer and even his well-fed critics would have had to cry, halt. It would be interesting to learn how many words are spoken on the stage during the performance of the play as given at the Lyceum. I should say not more than six or seven thousand; of this I am certain, that the Lyceum text is not a quarter the length of another play that occupies the same time in representation. Let us examine the first act. The first scene is laid in a garden. There is of course a lavish display of foliage and lanterns, and there is a fountain with real water. Mr. Bancroft comes on and mumbles some incoherent, and, as far as I could judge, entirely irrelevant remarks; then there is an elaborate dance, and for ten minutes the audience is entertained

by an exhibition of dancing so elaborate that the thought of a succession to Mr. Turveytop's academy is irresistibly suggested. Then there is a front scene, and Mr. Bancroft mumbles a few more irrelevant remarks until the scene is set behind. The third scene is Miss Terry's bedroom. She makes a few remarks concerning a scarf she is about to wear; a man enters by the window and declares his love. Mr. Irving enters and declares his anger; he is arrested and sent to the Bastille. Surely not a thousand words are spoken in this act! The second act opens with the taking of the Bastille. There is a brass cannon and a heterogeneous crowd that howls and climbs upon barrels, &c.; great doors fall down, and then everybody dances, and the dance lasts several minutes. When the dance is done various prisoners are exhibited to the audience, very much as strange animals are exhibited in a show; eventually Mr. Irving is brought out, and, in such crazed and dilapidated condition as seventeen years in a dungeon would produce, he lies down in front of the audience, moaning from time to time. Inconceivable as it may seem, he elects to lie there for several minutes, holding the attention of the audience by the help of occasional moans or grunts and furtive grimacing. I have long known that the actor secretly chafes against the author, whom he believes robs him of a part of his triumph, but I did not think the press would have allowed such a childish manifestation of vanity to pass in silence. If Mr. Irving likes to write his own plays let him do so; we shall tell him what we think of them; in the meantime critics should forbid him such pantomimic licence as no actor at the Français would dare to venture. The next scene is an apartment in a palace in which the Abbé Latour (Mr. Bancroft) makes an incomprehensible declaration of love to the Comtesse de St. Valery (Miss Terry), and this is followed —stay, it is preceded—by some mysterious allusions to a debt which the Comtesse's son has contracted in a café of which the Abbé Latour is a part proprietor. But it is as like as not that I am wrong, so incoherently is the scene played, and I think written. A number of scenes follow, all very useful to prolong the piece, but absolutely unnecessary. There is no story to develop, but there is an incident; it is this. The Comtesse de St. Valery's son is condemned to death, and his mother beseeches Landry (Mr. Irving) to save his life. To prolong the fourth act Landry sends for his old enemy, the Abbé Latour, who goes to the guillotine next morning and challenges him to a duel. The duel serves the same purpose as the dance in the first act, the taking of the Bastille in the second, it appeals to the vulgar appetite for stage realism, and it fills up the time. When the Abbé Latour has been killed, Mr. Irving takes the place of the son of his old sweetheart, and mounts the scaffold with all the lights of apotheosis playing upon his face and hair.

Mr. Irving is credited and he takes credit for having contributed

to what we must call the development of artistic tastes. I confess I do not perceive very clearly how the production of such pieces as the *Dead Heart* can advance artistic taste. I do not deny that the taking of the Bastille is exciting, but so is a rat hunt and a prize-fight, and concerning myself entirely with the artistic, and waving the moral question, I should say that a rat hunt was a less depraving sight than a performance of *The Dead Heart*. A rat hunt is an appeal to our animal instincts pure and simple, we enjoy it, and have done with it, but stage realism corrupts our intelligence by easy satisfactions instead of stimulating the imagination, which should create all from the words of the poet. To be sure, *The Dead Heart* is no more than a very shocking instance of the mischief done at the Lyceum; the same censure is applicable to the mounting of all the Shakespearean plays given under the management of Mr. Irving. Mr. Irving understood better than anyone the baseness of modern taste, and he has appealed to it more flagrantly than any other manager. He was, of course, well within his right in appraising and selling his goods in the largest market, but I am acting well within my right when I attempt some criticism of the value of his supposed contributions to the development of artistic taste. He dresses out his theatre as Octave in *Au Bonheur des Dames* dressed out his shop; he has invariably appealed, though never before so outrageously, to the sensual instincts rather than to the imagination. As a shopman I admire him, as an artist I despise him; for I at least look back with yearning love to those times when theatrical audiences did not require *real* fountains and *real* trees, and I believe that our ancestors, who did not require those realities, were gifted with a sense that is wanting in us.

These half-dozen plays are those which seem the most characteristic of the serious, or, to speak more accurately, the would-be serious dramatic work done in the present day. My criticism has, I hope, exposed their deficiencies in that quality more essential in art than elsewhere—common sense. Yes, it is a fact that there is no play now being performed in London that the very slightest analysis would not prove to be as irrational as a nursery tale. The statement may occasion some irritation, and possibly some bluster, but no one will venture to prove the contrary by the examination of the story of any of the plays under notice. So absurd are they, so wanting in logic and elemental philosophy, that it is to be doubted if any second-class novelist could be induced even to consider for a moment the least ridiculous as a possible basis for a novel.

I must remind my readers that it has been submitted that a theatrical audience is an epitome of the artistic intelligence which obtains at a certain moment, and that it is a genuine and spontaneous expression of it. If this is so, what terrible condemnation, what

sinister mockery arises from this criticism of our dramatic authors and the literature they furnish our theatres with! In the olden days no such abominations as *The Dead Heart* and *A Man's Shadow* desecrated the theatres that in any way, however slight, pretended to preserve an aspect of intellectual decency, and yet in the olden days not one in twenty could read and write, and now every one can read and write. We have established school boards and striven to educate the masses, and, so far as literature is concerned, with this result, applause of a *roman feuilleton* in the historic Haymarket. We shall go on striving to raise humanity and laying out the path of the future. Poor Humanity, how well represented by Bouvard and Pécuchet! those two poor fellows always in good faith, always ardent; and invariably experience contradicts the best-established theory, the most subtle reasoning is demolished by the most simple fact.

Many will detect in this literature a likeness to the age; and will recognise it as being the literature of an age of smug respectability—an age interested especially in the preservation of villas and silk hats; an age most anxious for peace so long as peace does not disturb the money market—war would be preferable to any serious decrease in the price of money; a lie-a-bed age, disgustingly absorbed in comfort; an age loathsomely anxious to live in a fool's paradise, and close its ears to the sound of danger; an age selfish beyond all preceding ages, and whose one maxim is "Patch it up so that it will last my time." It was truly amusing to hear the *Times*, the great organ of civilization, as represented by the villa and the silk hat, side with the dockers, and gravely reprove Mr. Norwood for not conceding their demands. Mr. Norwood was the one man of sense: his class instinct told him that not to vanquish that struggle was to imperil the existence of the villa and the hat; he felt, and he felt rightly, that they were fighting for their hearths; the tanner was important enough to the dockers, but there was something far beyond the tanner; the *Times* saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing, but one thing, and that was—"Patch it up; make it last our time." In this world everything is paid for, and we are paying the price of thirty years of peace, sluggishness, moral cowardice, and last, though not least, purity-mongering. Purity-mongering is the last fungus. There has grown up amongst us a new breed of Englishmen, men who are apparently lunatics on what they term "the great moral question." I have elsewhere pointed out the excesses of these gentlemen, and to the best of my ability showed that this craze could only result in the destruction of art and the violation of private rights. The impropriety-hunter exercises the same terror over the ordinary citizen as the stoat does over the rabbit. These pure-minded gentry have already dipped their fingers

in literature; now they are meddling with music-hall songs, which, as stated in their organ, the *Pall Mall*, is but a prelude to a crusade against plays as soon as the Lord Chamberlain's office can be abolished. How cheerful all this sounds, and, above all, how very sane! A Member of Parliament loses his seat because it has been proved, or, indeed, because it has been stated, that he had a mistress. And they prove very peremptorily that we are more hypocritical than chaste. These women are on the streets because there is no where else for them to go. But there are eighty thousand prostitutes on the streets of London, and there is no place for them to go because the purity people think it is their mission to close any music-hall or any public place in which light women congregate. "We must not," they say, "countenance vice; we cannot help it if these women fill the streets, and pollute the pure-minded who, by force of circumstances, have to walk through the streets. Such accidents are regrettable; but our duty is to close every place against light women." Such morality as this will seem madness to many. Hitherto the sane have ruled the unsane; but of late years the Government of England seems to have been reversed. Dozens of other instances might be adduced, showing how very seriously the balance of the general sanity of the nation has been disturbed. To restore it perhaps some great national disaster is needed. I pray that this disaster may not come too late.

My intention in introducing this matter is, I hope, obvious. "Tel père, tel fils." The dramatic literature of to-day is the legitimate result of the unhealthy state of the public mind, and reflects admirably the intellectual sloth and horrible mediocrity into which we have drifted and are drifting. The unsuccessful men of letters, and men who think more of comfort than of art, go to dramatic writing, the prizes it offers are larger and easier to win. Among the crowd hustling for gold at the stage door, we find one or two like Mr. Jones and Mr. Pinero, who redeem their trade with some slight aspiration, jarred though it be by inevitable circumstances. If Mr. Pinero had not had the great literary misfortune to write at the close of the nineteenth century, he might have been a considerable dramatist; that he possesses genius sufficient to triumph over the obstacles which pruriency and sloth have raised against art, I can be permitted to doubt.

GEORGE MOORE.

A REPUBLIC *IN EXTREMIS*.

I DARE say most Englishmen have forgotten that in the month of September, 1870, what was called a "great Republican meeting" was held at London, in Trafalgar Square, to acclaim the dethronement, by a mob in Paris, of a sovereign who had been England's "faithful ally" in one of the greatest, if not one of the wisest, wars of the nineteenth century. "Trafalgar Square," said an English Republican acquaintance of mine to me at the time, "is our London Place de la Concorde. It is true the guillotine has never been set up there yet, and I hope it never may be, but there is the statue of an English king who was beheaded for resisting the will of his people; and it was the fate of Charles I. which determined the fate of Louis XVI."

When the "great Republican meeting" of September, 1870, broke up a deputation from it went to the French Embassy to carry thither a fraternal greeting to "the French Republic of yesterday from the English Republic of to-morrow." But upon reaching Albert Gate the sympathising English representatives of the new order of things found France represented only by a hall-porter! Official France, like the French people in general, had been simply stunned by a catastrophe which, for the time, paralyzed the national machinery of government and of defence in the face of a tremendous and triumphant foreign invasion.

What followed is matter of history. The war which the Empire had begun "with a light heart," confident that the army lacked absolutely nothing, "not even a single button on the gaiters of a single soldier," the Republic, by the voice of the eloquent M. Jules Favre, theatrically undertook to end without surrendering "one stone of a French fortress or one inch of French territory;" but was eventually thankful to bring to a close with the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, Strasburg and Metz, and the payment of a ransom equal in round numbers to about three times the imperial revenue of Great Britain. When, to the humiliations and burdens of this crushing failure, we add the horrors of the Commune at Paris, it will be seen that patriotic and sensible Frenchmen may well be forgiven if they look forward with more of consternation than of confidence to the upshot of a political experiment so dismally begun. "If these things were done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

It is one thing for foreign enthusiasts to acclaim a French Republic in Trafalgar Square; it is quite another thing for French breadwinners and taxpayers to defray the expenses of a French

Republic at home. The French breadwinners and taxpayers proved this, after the Treaty of Frankfort had been signed and the Commune had been stamped out in blood, by putting the control of their affairs into the hands of men who regarded the Third Republic with no more admiration than they had felt for the Second Republic or for the First, who had had nothing to do with proclaiming or acclaiming it, who simply accepted it, as an existing order of things, and who were ready to do their duty as public servants in the spirit of the famous dictum of M. Thiers, that "the Republic must be Conservative or must cease to be." These men knew that they had the masses of the people behind them. They remembered that when the question of maintaining the Second Republic or founding a virtual Dictatorship to be called a ten years' Presidency, was put to the French people on the 10th of December, 1851, by the Prince-President Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the French people gave a vote of 7,439,219 for the Dictatorship against a vote of 640,737 for the Republic—and they remembered also, that of this relatively insignificant minority no small proportion consisted of voters who disliked the Prince-President, and objected to the latent Empire much more than they liked or longed for the maintenance of the Second Republic. Had they not taken part, too, in the evolution of the personal into the Constitutional Empire on the very eve of the great German War? Did they not know that, despite the crash of his Mexican adventure, and the blunders of his diplomacy in the question of Luxemburg, and the persistent attacks of the Parliamentary Opposition which began in 1863, with the re-appearance of M. Thiers as one of nine troublesome representatives of Paris in the Legislative Body, France on the 8th of May, 1870, had given the Emperor a new mandate by a vote of 7,336,434 ayes against 1,560,709 noes, the issue before the country being defined by the Senatus-Consultum of April 20, 1870, in these words: "The people approve the Liberal reforms effected in the Government since 1860 by the Emperor with the co-operation of the great bodies of the State, and ratify this Senatus-Consultum?"

It was impossible for Frenchmen of experience and ability to believe in 1871 that the French people as a people cared one farthing about the Republic as a Republic. It was certain that great numbers of the French people, vividly recalling the follies and the crimes which had marked the brief career of each of the two previous Republican experiments, the experiment of 1793 and the experiment of 1848, profoundly distrusted the theoretical devotees of Republicanism and utterly disbelieved in the possibility of founding a stable and honest Republic in France. It was only probable that a Republic sensibly and economically administered might secure the acquiescence of that large majority of the French people who desire

above all things else to be left undisturbed to look after their own affairs, and of whom the London *Times* had said with perfect truth at the time of the plebiscitary vote of May 8, 1870, "If the result of the plebiscite, no matter how obtained, is to save France from a Revolution, the Government will be declared by an immense majority to have deserved well of the country."

Nothing appears to me to be so clear in the troubled and cloudy history of the Third French Republic as this, that it must have gone to pieces long ago like its predecessors but for the respite secured to it after 1871 by the administrations of M. Thiers and of the Marshal Duke of Magenta. Under these administrations the expenses of the war were met and paid off, the indemnity was carried, the enormous outlay required to reconstruct and reconstitute the military system of France was covered, and the national accounts were substantially balanced. The work of the Government was done chiefly by men, as I have said, who neither were nor professed to be theoretical Republicans, but it was done under the Republic, and the way in which it was done naturally and necessarily served to reconcile public opinion in France to Republicanism as a form of Government. Men who preferred Republicanism as a form of government, like M. Jules Simon, took part in the management of public affairs, and earned their share of credit and of authority thereby. For six years it may be said, from 1871 to 1877, the course of events in France tended to strengthen, not to weaken, the chances of permanency and stability for the Third Republic. Historical comparisons are always apt to mislead, but speaking within the conditions necessary to an accurate judgment of each case, I think I may say that the un-Republican ministers of the Marshal Duke of Magenta did as much to make the Third Republic possible in France as was done in the United States under the administration of Washington by Alexander Hamilton to secure the success of that American Constitution, which he undoubtedly thought very far from satisfactory, and as to the stability of which he not only felt but expressed very grave and serious doubts.

In 1869, the last year of peace under the Second Empire, the ordinary budget of the receipts and expenses of the French Government reached a total of 1,621,390,248 francs. Seven years afterwards, in 1876, it was necessary for France to raise an annual revenue of 2,570,505,513 francs. This enormously increased amount, the result of the disasters of 1870-71, was raised by the administration of the Marshal Duke of Magenta, and the national accounts were settled with an excess of the revenue over the expenditure of no less than 98,000,000 francs.

The next year the Republicans by theory, with Gambetta as their leader, came into power. They carried a majority of the seats in

the Legislature by frightening the people into the belief that the friends and associates of the Marshal-President, if not the Marshal-President himself, were meditating a restoration of the monarchy, to be followed by a new war with Germany and a new invasion. The people who, in 1870, had overwhelmingly rallied to the support of an Imperial monarchy because they shrank from the spectre of a revolution, in 1877 as naturally rallied to the support of a republic because they shrank from the double spectre of a revolution and of a war.

Once in power the theoretical Republicans set themselves to carry out the conviction of Gambetta, expressed by him, before the fall of the Empire, in a debate with Ollivier in 1869, that France might be "engineered" into a republic without striking a blow. To this it was only necessary that the Republicans, being a majority in the Chamber, should exclude the minority from all share in carrying on the Government. Then began a systematic attack, persistently carried out down to the present time, upon every branch of the public service throughout France, with the express and avowed object of concentrating the whole machinery of the government under the exclusive control of the Republicans as a party. Never, not even in England under Walpole, not even in my own country during the famous war against the United States Bank, has the maxim "to the victors belong the spoils," been carried into effect more steadily, more unshrinkingly, more thoroughly, than in France since 1877. No post in the public service has been high enough or humble enough to escape the political winnowing-fan. We have been reproached, I do not say unjustly, in America with making a "clean sweep" of postmen and tidewaiters, of porters in the public stores and messengers in the public offices, with every change in the Federal Presidency. But in the United States we change our Presidents at most only once in four years, while in France since 1877 Premiers and Ministers have followed each other on and off the political stage with the bewildering rapidity of clowns chasing each other in a pantomime. All have been Republicans, indeed, though of the most varied hues, but each in his turn has found it necessary to provide for his own particular friends and followers. When all the heterodox office-holders, great and small, found in office by the new masters of France had been replaced by orthodox members of one or another branch of the orthodox political faith, it became obviously necessary, and therefore obviously right, to create new berths as fast as new applicants knocked at the door. To make this easy the simple and admirable plan was adopted by the Republicans in 1877, of first annulling the elections of a considerable number of the Conservative members whom the voters had been inconsiderate enough to return, and of then systematically excluding all Conservative members from

the more important committees of the Chamber of Deputies, and especially from the Committee on the Budget. Under our own Congressional practice at Washington the party which holds the majority of the seats exercises a very satisfactory control over legislation through the Standing Committees of the House, the rule being that a majority of the members and the chairman of each important committee shall be nominated by the Speaker (himself a party nominee) from among the majority of the House. But it did not occur, I believe, even to Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, so long the Republican despot of the House of Representatives, to exclude every member of the opposition from any place on any committee of importance. Thanks to the thoroughness of the French Republican methods, the development in France since 1877 of the cost of carrying on this particular "Government of the people by the people for the people" has kept pace admirably with the increase of the Treasury deficits.

In 1853, under the Empire, then newly established and needing, of course, a good deal of miscellaneous "official" help, the pay and appointments of the Civil Service amounted to 179,700,000 francs.

In 1870, the amount was 248,500,000 francs, showing an increase in seventeen years at the rate of 4,000,000 francs a year.

In 1877, the amount was 283,000,000 francs, being a further increase in seven years of 35,500,000 francs, at the rate of about 5,000,000 francs a year.

In 1888, the amount was 405,000,000 francs, showing an increase in eleven years of 122,000,000 francs, or at the rate of more than 10,000,000 francs a year!

Now let us recur to the budget. As I have shown, in 1876, the year before the advent to power of the Republicans led by Gambetta, the French Government closed its annual accounts on a revenue of 2,570,505,513 francs, with an excess of revenue over expenditure amounting to 98,000,000 francs, 204,000,000 francs going to meet an outlay on public works.

In 1885, on the eve of the Legislative elections of that year, of which I shall presently have something to say, the expenditure of the Government had risen to 3,356,000,000 francs, being an increase in eight years of about seven hundred million francs, notwithstanding the lifting previously to 1877 of the major part of the burden of the German War.

The members of the Right in the Chamber had endeavoured, in 1884, to check this steady increase of the public outlay. They laid before the Committee of the Budget a proposition for a reduction of 317,000,000 francs a year in the cost of administration. The Committee took no notice whatever of this proposition, and the gulf went on widening between the public revenue and the public expenditure.

In 1888, on the eve of the Legislative Elections which have this year taken place, the members of the Right renewed their attempt to bring about a financial reform. They asked for the appointment of a committee of twenty-two members, to examine and report upon the condition of the public finances, it being a matter of general notoriety that the Cour des Comptes, the duty of which is to see the books of the Government balanced, has for several years been obliged to report that this duty could not be properly done, the Ministry of Finance having failed to lay before the Cour des Comptes papers necessary to the performance of it! No heed was paid to this proposition, and the budget for 1890, carried through the late Chamber just before it broke up under the law, shows for the impending year:—

Expenditure (ordinary) . . .	3,036,588,000	francs
,, (extraordinary) .	498,978,633	,,
		,,
Total	3,535,566,633	,,
Revenue	3,011,974,825	,,
Deficit	523,591,808	,,

From which, if the reader will turn back to my previous mention of the national revenue and expenditure, he will see that the annual deficit under the Republican administration of France now actually amounts to just about one-third of the total national expenditure of France under the Second Empire in 1869!

And we have the high authority of M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, the editor of the *Economiste* and a Republican, for the statement that France has now for some time past been annually expending an average of 500,000,000 francs a year beyond her national revenue.

For this treasonable revelation of the truth the Government of President Carnot at the recent elections declared open war against M. Leroy-Beaulieu, who presented himself as a candidate at Lodève, in the Department of the Hérault. He was opposed by a Radical of no particular prominence, M. Ménard-Dorian, whom the Prefect openly and hotly supported. On the 22nd of September a certain number of votes in one commune thrown for both candidates were annulled for some informality. When the returns reached the *Commission de Recensement*, all these "informal" ballots thrown for M. Leroy-Beaulieu were rejected; but those thrown for his opponent were counted, and M. Ménard-Dorian was proclaimed the elect of the people! The Prefect and the Council-General of the Hérault have a high reputation for electoral energy. On the Tuesday after the 6th of October one of the London papers announced, on the faith of its correspondent in Paris, that there was still some uncertainty as to the election in the Hérault of M. de St. Pons. This was a dark saying, no M. de St. Pons figuring in the list of candidates. But there

are sundry places in France so-called, and in the circumscription of St. Pons in the Hérault, the Baron André Reille was a Conservative candidate, his opponent being M. Razimbaud. The voting was so close, that the authorities sate upon it for a time, after which they finally proclaimed M. Razimbaud elected "by a majority of nine votes." The Councillors-General of this fiery department, a part of the ancient Languedoc, have shown so much spirit more than once, that the right of verifying the powers of their own members has been taken from them and given to the Council of State.

Of course, by annulling the election of M. Leroy-Beaulieu and proclaiming the election of M. Ménard-Dorian, the Government secures another vote in the Chamber for any possible president of that body with whom it may be convenient for M. Carnot to make a combination, and escapes the possible attacks within the Chamber of a Republican statesman who might easily make himself disagreeable on questions of finance.

But will that check the ominously rising tide of the public indebtedness, or tend eventually to make the Republic precious in the eyes of the breadwinners and taxpayers of France? Look again at the figures!

They are not, perhaps, amusing; but they will pretty certainly have the last word in politics, and they are really of more importance for people who wish to know whither France is drifting, and where she is likely to bring up, than any imaginable light upon the aims and true character of General Boulanger, or the affability and respectability of President Carnot.

Budget of 1876 under the Marshal Duke of Magenta:—

Expenses (ordinary and extraordinary) .	2,570,505,513 francs

Budget of 1890 under President Carnot:—

Expenses (ordinary)	3,036,588,633 ,,
Expenses (extraordinary estimated) . .	500,000,000 ,,
	3,536,588,633 ,,
Excess of Expenditure 1890 over 1876 .	966,083,120 ,,

Throw this sum into pounds sterling, and you will find that the Republican Government, which is obviously supposed by the correspondents in Paris of some English journals to have just received a cordial endorsement from the French people at the polls, is actually spending for the French people this year, *in excess* of the sum spent for them by the government of the Marshal Duke of Magenta, very nearly or quite one-half the total annual expenditure of the Imperial Government of Great Britain! And this, observe, represents only the regular outlay of the national government.

It does not include the floating debt, which amounted on the

1st January, 1889, to 906,238,000 francs, to be increased December 31st, 1889, by 523,000,000 francs, making a total to be covered by a new loan of 1,429,238,000 francs.

Nor does it include the sums spent for the breadwinner and the taxpayer of France by the commune, in which it is his happiness to dwell, and the department which numbers him among its denizens.

In 1878, the departmental loans of the 83 departments of France, amounted to 128,417,499 francs; in 1886, they amounted to 249,188,900 francs; being an increase in eight years of 120,770,950 francs.

These are the latest figures procurable by M. Welche, formerly a Cabinet Minister and prefect of the great Department of the Nord, to whom I am indebted for the specific information which has enabled me to follow the rise of this astounding billow of approaching national bankruptcy; for it is not such an easy thing to get at the current expenses, even of the public offices at Paris; and it is a labour of Hercules to do this in the provinces.

Still an increase of 95 per cent. in eight years in the loans of the departments is sufficiently edifying.

The taxes levied as *centimes additionels* for the departments increased from 1878 to 1886 by 24,692,266 francs; the taxes levied as *centimes additionels* for the communes (not including Paris) by 34,246,647 francs; and the total of the debts of the communes (not including Paris) rose from 757,477,783 francs in 1878, to 1,242,535,940 francs in 1886, being an increase of 485,058,159 francs in eight years, or at the rate of 55,000,000 francs a-year!

Finally, then, by putting together the particulars upon which I have here touched, we reach the inevitable conclusion that the breadwinners and taxpayers of France are now annually called upon to carry at least the following financial burdens:—

National Expenditure	3,585,566,033 francs
Floating Annual Debt	523,000,000 ,,
Centimes Additionels (Departments) . .	173,521,515 ,,
,, (Communes) . .	172,501,734 ,,
	4,404,589,282 ,,

"This, in round numbers, represents £170,000,000, or very nearly twice the amount of the annual public expenditure of Great Britain! M. Méline himself, the testy Republican official, of whom we heard so much during the trial of General Boulanger, in a speech delivered before the Chamber in 1885, admitted that the people of France were taxed far more heavily than those of any other country in the world. They are taxed more heavily now than they were in 1885, and the composition of the newly elected Chamber of Deputies

makes it, as I shall presently show, virtually a political impossibility that this tremendous pressure should be relieved under their present form of government.[1] If it cannot be relieved it must increase; and if it is to increase, a point must be reached at which it can no longer be borne.

I do not pretend to be able to fix that point. In the good old times when New England Puritans and French Catholic Royalists agreed in trying to get the truth out of obstinate people by piling weights on their pinioned bodies, or driving iron wedges into wooden boots about their legs, it was usual to employ a learned leech who stood beside the patient and called a halt when he judged that life itself would give way under another fifty pounds or a further turn of the screw. The pains taken by the Carnot government to keep men like M. Leroy-Beaulieu out of the Chamber does not seem to show any intention of dealing thus with the bread-winners and tax-payers of France. The French are probably more thrifty and industrious, and they are certainly kinder in harness, than any other people in Europe, but there must be limits to their purse as well as to their patience.

Looked at from this, which I take to be the only practical and really instructive point of view, the results of the legislative elections of 1889 are ominous enough to justify the title which I have given to this paper. No well-informed Frenchman, who really wishes to see a Republic solidly established in France, labours under any illusions as to this. Such Frenchmen, I fear, are in the mood of mind of the very ungrateful Irishwoman who, upon being dragged out from under the hoofs of a charging squadron, flatly refused to thank God for "letting a troop of horse ride over her." One of the very few thoughtful and able political writers now to be found in the ranks of Parisian journalism, M. Jules Dietz, of the *Journal des Débats*, put the truth as to the situation as plainly as could be expected in that paper, on the 11th of October.

"The Republic has just won a victory—that is, speaking accurately—it has just escaped a disaster. It has resisted the attack of a most formidable coalition. All the partisans of the Republic" (note the phrase!) "have rejoiced over this result, and we were not the last to manifest our joy. But—but

(1) I give for reference M. Méline's tables. His speech was delivered February 10, 1885:—

	Taxation per capita.
England	57 francs
Belgium	46 ,,
United States	59 ,,
Germany	44 ,,
Austria	44 ,,
Russia	36 ,,
Spain	33 ,,
France	104 ,,

one cannot pass his life on the steps of the Capitol. We must come down, resume our ordinary existence, concern ourselves about the future, look into the cause of the peril we have escaped, and so act that it shall not recur. . . . The peril has been very great. No one doubts this; and the vivacity of the congratulations exchanged between the victors proves how very uncertain as to the issue they were before the battle. Remember the morrow of the 27th January, the consternation and the terror excited by the election at Paris, the confidence of the Boulangists, the panic among the Republicans! Since January some ground has been regained. The defenders of the fortress have shown energy, and they have also had good luck. The besiegers have been repelled. But nothing shows that they will not renew the attack. It would be wilful blindness and the height of folly to exaggerate the proportions of the repulse or to imagine that all is safe for ever or even for any long time. . . . All that is now certain is that the Palais Bourbon will see the advent in November of about 210 Deputies, Boulangists, and Members of the Right, whose success is a violent protest of universal suffrage against the actual state of things and the policy pursued down to this time. If we reckon up the electors and not the elected this protest will be still more significant. Between the total of the votes thrown for the 365 Republican members and the total of the votes thrown for the 210 Opposition members the difference is hardly a few hundred thousands. Change a quarter or a third of a million votes and the coalition would have won. This is what we must have the courage to see and to say if we wish to see, and to make others see, the truth as to the results of the elections of 1889, and to the situation which they reveal. Well, for our part, we do not hesitate to say that this situation must not and cannot last. It is intolerable. No *régime* in the world could survive it."

These are the words of soberness and common sense. The Third Republic is in much more imminent danger of a crash to-day than was the Second Empire after the plébiscite of May, 1870, and the evil influences which have brought it into this danger seem to me, after many months passed in visiting France and collecting information as to the condition of interests and opinions in that country, to be much more uncontrollable than the evil influences which in 1870 surrounded the Emperor Napoleon, and drove him fatally onward into the crowning blunder of his blundering foreign policy.

Let us look into the points upon which M. Jules Dietz puts his finger with such precision. What do they show, not as to the results of this particular political engagement, but as to the drift of things in France?

In 1885 the extravagances, financial, social, and political, of the Republicans, who had then been in undisputed possession and power for eight years, drove the Conservatives into attacking the Government, under a manifesto prepared under the auspices of M. Lambert de St. Croix, which was virtually a declaration of war against the Republic as a form of government. The Republicans so interpreted it, and they charged their antagonists with not openly and explicitly showing their monarchical colours.

The result of these elections of 1885 was the return to the Cham-

ber of a powerful monarchical minority, and in the popular vote the strength of the two parties stood as follows:—

Republicans of all shades	4,377,063
Conservatives	3,608,578
Showing a Republican majority of . .	768,485

In 1889 the Conservatives attacked the Government anew, but this time in two columns. One of those columns marched under the unfurled flag of the monarchy, the Royalists and Imperialists having agreed together to make the restoration of a stable monarchy their first and common object, and reserving the question, "Under which king, Bezonian?" to be dealt with afterwards. The other of those columns marched under the flag of General Boulanger, representing the monarchical idea in the form in which that idea emerged in the person of Napoleon Bonaparte from the chaos of the crumbling republic of 1793, and in the person of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte from the chaos of the crumbling republic of 1848. That this was the true significance of Boulangism is sufficiently proved by the persistent and even infuriated anxiety shown by the Republican Government, first to drive General Boulanger into exile and then to discredit him personally. The Minister of the Interior, M. Constans, to whom in their alarm and distress the Government of President Carnot abandoned the helm of State after the Boulangist victory in January at Paris, deserves great credit for seeing their true objective clearly from the first, and striking at it so unscrupulously to the last. The flight of General Boulanger, and his condemnation without any real trial by the "High Court of Justice," saved the elections; and I have little doubt that M. de Cassagnac was absolutely right when he said in his journal *L'Autorité*—

"After the 6th of October, if the friends of General Boulanger had allowed him to return to Paris just before the elections, we should have carried twenty more seats in Paris and sixty more in the provinces. His return—unexpected, theatrical, audacious—would have given the vote by arrondissements the impulse which it always lacks, by generalising the contest and lifting it out of local influences."

General Boulanger himself might have been arrested and imprisoned. But of what consequence could that have been even to him had the voters been electrified into carrying eighty more Boulangist deputies into power the next day? Those eighty members would have converted the actual and formidable opposition minority of two hundred and ten deputies into an absolute majority of the new Chamber and driven the Executive to the wall. But General Boulanger is not General Bonaparte, and as M. Jules Dietz so correctly put it, "the Republic escaped a disaster."

Under what conditions as respects the popular vote and the drift

of things was this escape made? In 1889 the strength of parties stood as follows:

Republicans of all shades	4,012,353
Conservatives	2,340,686
Boulangists	1,037,666
Republican majority in 1889	634,001
Republican majority in 1885	768,485

Here we have a Republican majority in 1889 actually smaller by 134,484 votes than in 1885, notwithstanding the immensely greater importance to the Republic of the election of this year. But this is not all. There is an absolute decline in the total of the votes cast at this election of 1889 as compared with those cast in 1885, of no fewer than 585,838 votes. Out of the ten millions in round numbers of French voters only 7,399,705 came to the polls in 1889 against 7,985,543 in 1885. If we carry this comparison a step further back it will be found that the question of the life or death of the Third Republic excites less interest in the France of to-day than did the question of the conversion of the personal into the Constitutional Empire in the France of twenty years ago. When the plébiscite of May 8, 1870, was called for by the Emperor, the total of votes thrown reached 8,897,143, giving us then 1,497,438 more votes than could be brought to the poll in 1889.

One word more. It must not be forgotten that in the small Republican majority of voters in 1889, a majority so small, that as M. Jules Dietz frankly admits, a change of a third of a million would have converted it into a minority, we have the whole body of the public servants of France represented—a body now to be counted not by thousands but myriads, and including not only the noble army of the customs officers, the "gabelous," and the gendarmerie, as well as subalterns, civilians of all grades in all branches of the administration, but the workmen in the public works, the day-labourers in the docks and on the highways, the employés of Government contractors—the whole army, in short, of men whose daily subsistence depends upon the Government of the day, and who vote for the Republic in 1889 as their predecessors voted for the Empire in 1869, and as they themselves would naturally and inevitably vote for the Dictatorship, or the Empire, or the Monarchy to-morrow, were either of these installed in power at Paris.

The pressure put upon these voters in the recent elections has been simply irresistible. The measure of it may be taken from the fact, unprecedented I believe even in France, that the control of the postal servants was taken from the Director-General of the Post-Office and given to the Prefects, to be wielded under orders from M. Constans, Minister of the Interior. Instances of flagrant tampering

with letters and documents came under my own observation during the "campaign" in more than one department: but one most instructive incident resulting from this interference with the postal service I give on the authority of a friend in the Seine-Inférieure. The seat for the first circumscription of Dieppe was contested for the Conservatives by M. de Laborde-Noguez, the nephew of a well-known public man, M. d'Estancelin, who is a large proprietor in Normandy, and for the Government by M. Breton. Everything indicated a majority for M. de Laborde-Noguez. But it was announced late at night on the 22nd of September, first, that there was no choice, and then that the matter would come before the *Commission de Recensement.* The meeting of that Commission was retarded, and when the Commission finally met the Prefect announced that there must be an adjournment, because the *procès-verbaux* of the Mayors had "gone astray in the post-office." Finally the lost documents turned up, and it then appeared that by "a small majority" M. Breton had been elected! M. de Laborde-Noguez and his friends being present, and watching the proceedings, quietly "totted up" the returns as they were read out; and, after being formally assured that they were exact and official, announced to the assembled company the interesting fact that the total of these returns actually exceeded the total of the votes registered in the circumscription!

Of course, this matter is likely enough to come up in the Chamber; but, however it may be settled there, it tells the story of the desperate determination with which the fortress of power at Paris was defended in these elections against what even M. Jules Dietz describes as "the attack" made upon it by the voters of France. In no less than 56 out of the 576 circumscriptions of France the Republican candidates carried the seats by majorities ranging from ten to a hundred votes! Is it surprising that the defeated candidates should be inclined to think these majorities were manufactured in the Prefectures, not established by the returns? A Protestant lady, the daughter of one of the most illustrious Frenchmen of the nineteenth century, and the wife of a leading deputy, writes to me that "in many circumscriptions candidates who knew themselves to have been elected heard their opponents proclaimed as chosen;" and M. Jules Delafosse, who was re-elected in the Department of the Calvados on the 22nd of September, published on the 24th, in the *Matin*, at Paris, a letter on the election, in which he uses this language:—

"It is saying little to say that my opponent was presented and recommended by the official authorities, that the prefect personally took part in the contest, that the Republican mayors used their influence to cajole or coerce voters into voting for the Government candidate, and that the Conservative mayors were restrained from showing their preferences by the fear of revocation. All the servants of the public were turned into electioneering agents. The school

teachers, the postmen, the supervisors and labourers on the highways were ordered to vote against me. They did as they were bid, for their bread was at stake. The teachers were particularly active. It was shameful and sad to see them at work. My candidacy suffered from all this more or less; how much does not matter, but the scandal does matter, and I denounce it. Is it not monstrous that, after a century of struggles for justice, for law, for liberty, we find ourselves forced to protest against practices which would not be tolerated by negroes?"

What M. Delafosse says of the school-teachers is echoed in my letters from all parts of France. In one circumscription, in which M. Dupeyre, formerly Keeper of the Seals, was a candidate, a school-teacher appeared in the public meeting with strings of bells which he shook violently to drown the voices of the Conservative speakers. In another, the streets were paraded, and the polls surrounded (a friend writes to me), by "school-teachers, regimented with shouting drunkards!" Meanwhile, M. Thévenot, Keeper of the Seals under President Carnot, was issuing circulars to the clergy, forbidding them to take any part whatever in the elections; and after the elections were over, the stipends of a number of curates in different parts of France were stopped, on the pretext that they had recommended their parishioners to vote against government candidates, one of the most conspicuous marks of political orthodoxy in a government candidate being his vociferous hostility to religion, as religion, and his vociferous adhesion to the gospel of materialism and vivisection preached by the late M. Paul Bert, and professed by the worthy M. Chautemps, who has been recently exchanging civilities in London with the municipal authorities of the British metropolis. It would be impossible for me within the limits of this paper to do anything like justice to the ethical and social aspects of the policy which has been pursued by the Republicans, now in power in France since 1877. I have recently had occasion to treat that subject somewhat at length in a letter which I addressed to the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, in the interval between the elections of the 22nd September and those of the 6th of October, and to this letter I may perhaps not improperly refer those of my readers who agree with me in thinking that it is of serious importance for Englishmen and Americans to get something more than a superficial notion of what is really going on in France.[1] Of all wars in the past, wars of religion have been the most desolating and the most mischievous; and under the inspiration of Paul Bert, Gambetta, and M. Jules Ferry, the Republicans of France have for the past decade been waging, and are waging now, a war of religion against the believers in Christianity, who constitute a great and unquestionable majority

1 *Religion and the French Republic: A Letter to the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.* By William Henry Hurlbert (Author of *Ireland Under Coercion*). London: David Stott, 379, Oxford Street, 1889.

of the French people. These men disbelieve in God with a passionate fanaticism as intolerant as the faith of the early followers of Mahomet. They trample upon the tolerant and practical admission of Voltaire that if God did not exist it would be necessary to invent Him. They strike the name of the Deity out of the books prepared for the education of children as the old New England fanatics cut the cross out of the flag of England. They have made anything like political co-operation between themselves and the representatives of Christian and Catholic France impossible; and they have so far identified the institutions of the Republic with religious intolerance and a systematic religious persecution, that this fact alone would suffice to put the domestic peace and order of France in deadly peril, were the finances of France as flourishing as the sketch I have given of them shows them, I believe, to be hopelessly involved, embarrassed, and disordered.

What will be the position of the two great opposing parties in the new French Chamber, when it meets in this current month of November?

The majority, calling itself Republican and consisting of 365 members, will be thus made up, according to the estimates furnished to me by several experienced political observers in Paris:—

Opportunists	201
Radicals	119
Moderate Republicans (a new group)	37
Socialists	8
	365

The minority, constituting the Opposition and consisting of 211 members, will be thus made up:—

Royalists	118
Imperialists	32
Monarchists simply	17
Boulangists	43
Independent Republican (M. Amagat)	1
	211

So long as the Republicans can be made to act together we have here an apparent working majority of 154 for the Government. But how long can they be made to act together? On the question of Revision how many of the Radicals and of the Moderate Republicans can be depended upon? On the question of the choice of a President of the Chamber how many? And what possible President, being once elected, can be expected to hold together the whole Republican line from Ribot to Clemenceau? Is M. Brisson to be President, who has openly declared that if the Republic can only be preserved by arms, by arms it shall be maintained? or M. Léon Say?

or M. Floquet? And are the claims of M. Constans, the St. George who slew the dragon of Boulangism, to be lightly put aside?

As an economist and financier M. Léon Say might seem to be the man of the moment. "If any Republican may be supposed ready to propitiate the Royalists and the Moderates it is he. But how can M. Léon Say, who allied himself ten years ago with M. de Freycinet to put into execution Gambetta's grand scheme for literally "engineering" France into a republic by a profuse expenditure of the public money on harbours and railways, now undertake to rescue the treasury from ruin? The scheme, politically speaking, has been a success. It was borrowed by Gambetta from Napoleon III., whose interests were so brilliantly served by his development of the *chemins vicinaux*, and by the Hausmannisation of Paris; and during the recent elections M. Yves Guyot, the Minister of Public Works, has saved more than one seat by the promise of a new tunnel to be cut or of a new dock to be built. In this way he has served his government perhaps almost as well as his colleague M. Fallières, who, to carry his own seat in the Lot-et-Garonne against the grandson of M. Guizot, M. Cornelis Henry de Witt, made speeches in which he deliberately told the rural electors that if they voted for M. de Witt they were voting for a "Cossack or Prussian invasion," and to bring back the times in which a gentleman coming in chilled from the chase, might freely order a peasant to be disembowelled and warm his feet in the still palpitating body.

But suppose M. Léon Say is chosen to lead the majority? How is he to undo his own work, and with the help of his old ally, M. de Freycinet, put a stop to the frightful expenditures which began under their joint auspices ten years ago?

The temper of the Government on this point we have seen illustrated in the defeat of M. Leroy-Beaulieu. It was shown as plainly in the efforts made to defeat in the Department of the Cantal M. Amagat, the one "Independent Republican," whom I have included in my analysis of the Opposition minority. M. Amagat made a merciless speech on the Budget in the last Chamber. He was undoubtedly elected in the circumscription of Saint Fleur on the 22nd of September. But the Government, determined to be rid of him, declared a *ballottage* requiring another poll on the 6th of October. In this case the manœuvre failed, the voters returning M. Amagat on the 6th by the decisive majority of a thousand votes; but this reckless attempt to keep out of the Chamber every man who is known to be a master of finance and a partisan of retrenchment, is not of good augury for the course of the Government in the future.

How can that course, indeed, be other than it has been? More than two-fifths of the members of the new Chamber are men entirely new to Parliamentary life. Of these the majority are Republicans eager to commend themselves to the extreme men of the party, and

to "make their mark." Nearly fifty more are men who did not sit in the late Chamber. The group to be known as that of the Moderate Republicans hold opinions which differ from the opinions of the Moderate Royalists mainly on the question of the tenure of the Executive Office, and under any violent impulse given to the Government by the Radical wing of the party, these members are more likely to act with the Extreme Right than with the Extreme Left, while in no circumstances are the Royalists or Imperialists likely to act with the Government Republicans. The latter, therefore, must look for the ninety votes necessary to their majority to the Radicals, first, last, and always. It is possible that these ninety votes may be given to the Government out of a Platonic love of the Republic in the abstract; but it does not appear to me to be very probable that they will be.

Failing this the new Chamber must take up the parable of its predecessor. It must legislate against religion and against the liberty of parents to educate their children as they prefer, it must lengthen the office-roll of the Republic, increase the public expenditure, and swell the public debt. France must be more and more sharply divided into two great camps, the camp of the Ins, who are to run up the public bills, and the camp of the Outs, who shall foot them. Public offices ceasing even to be regarded as public trusts will be openly given and taken as party prizes. Ministries will be formed not to govern the Republic, but to keep this or that group of Republicans in good humour. Under the Republican administration of French affairs for the past decade the deputies of the majority have gradually taken over to themselves the right to appoint magistrates, and to nominate all sorts of executive officers. Is it likely that the deputies who have already enjoyed these advantages will forego them, or that the deputies who have not yet tasted these particular sweets of patronage will sign a self-denying ordinance? Did not President Carnot begin his executive career by publicly declaring that he regarded himself as bound to govern France in conformity with the ideas and the wishes of the Parliamentary coalition by which he was elected? Has he not kept to his word? And is he likely now to depart from it?

To depart from it is to break up the combination by virtue of which alone the Republicans now rule. To keep to it is to drive the Republic headlong on to the ruin predicted for it on the 19th December, 1888, by one of the ablest Republicans in the Senate, M. Challemel-Lecour, in a speech on the Budget of 1890. "The Republic," said a Republican friend of mine to me in Paris just before the late Chamber came to an end, "is in the condition of the noble and unfortunate Emperor Frederick III. If it is rid of the cancer it will die of the cure. If it shrinks from the cure it will die of the cancer."

WM. HENRY HURLBERT.

THE ARMED STRENGTH OF GERMANY IN 1889.

THE object of this paper is to complete the discussion of the military situation in Western Europe, by comparing the present armed strength of Germany with that of France. Following the same lines as were adopted when the military power of France was under consideration, a dual division of the subject suggests itself as being most convenient for the purposes of this inquiry. It was seen last month how the treaty of Frankfort altered the strategical conditions of the French eastern frontier. How did this treaty affect the western frontier of Germany? Is her present boundary, when compared with the boundary before 1870, so superior from a military point of view as to compensate for the manner in which she is politically weighted, by having in her front line of defence two conquered provinces, the population of which are in a state of smothered hostility to her rule? Again, it was seen last month that the French staff are now able to place in the field organised armies five times as strong as were concentrated on the frontier in 1870. Has Germany kept pace with her French rival in this respect, and can she hope to maintain that superiority of force at decisive points which was the cause of her signal successes in 1870?

Running nearly due north and south, and directly facing the French frontier, are the two great natural military obstacles of the Rhine and Vosges mountains. The river is separated from the mountain range by a plain nowhere exceeding twenty miles in breadth. The Germans on this side of their territory previous to 1870, occupied a position similar to that occupied by the English in India before the advance across the Indus. They held the river, but not the opposite mountain passes by which an enemy might enter its valley. The treaty of Frankfort gave Germany a "scientific frontier" analogous to that which Lord Beaconsfield secured for India when he ordered the occupation of Quettah and the other passes into Central Asia.

There are three highways by which armies can reach Germany from France. The southernmost one of these, which passes through the *trouée* of Belfort, has been noticed in a previous paper, and has always been the direct line of communication between Burgundy and Bavaria. The central one through the "gap of Saverne" leads direct to Strasburg, but is blocked on the east of that fortress by the Black Forest. The northernmost one traverses the Palatinate—a tract of country about twenty miles broad lying between the Hardt

mountains and the Hunsruck. The Palatinate has always been the land of passage between Lorraine and North Germany.

A French army attempting to enter South German territory by the *trouée* of Belfort would cross the Rhine only to come on the Black Forest in front, the Swiss bend of the Rhine on the right, and the fortress of Strasburg on the left. It is safe to believe that no French commander will attempt the direct invasion of Germany by this route. From the gap of Belfort to the gap of Saverne stretches the range of the Southern Vosges—a very strong natural barrier, the passage of which by a large French army under existing conditions, it is again safe to say, is impracticable. Even supposing such an army to have crossed the mountains, it would be compelled to fight a battle under strategical disadvantages, which are so great as to make the chance of success a desperate risk.

Up to 1870 the Palatinate was the most vulnerable part of the German frontier. There were great facilities for approaching it from the side of France. The roads through Lorraine are good, the country open and easy. The Palatinate once gained by a French army, there is nothing to impede its passage of the Rhine at Mannheim and Speyer. Here in the Palatinate the German Staff, anticipating a French attack in August, 1870, concentrated the bulk of the 1st and 2nd armies, doing so at first as a measure of defence, but afterwards in view to their offensive use in the invasion of French territory. It was the knowledge of the strategical importance of this locality—so often exemplified in military history—which determined the Germans, after the war, to advance their frontier from the Saar to the Moselle, and demand Metz as the price of peace.

The approach to the Palatinate is now guarded both by the Moselle and Saar. Between Metz and the Luxemburg frontier the Moselle is a prohibitory obstacle to invasion. The right bank commands the left; there is only one passage across the river, and this is blocked by the old Vauban fortress of Thionville. South of Metz the Moselle crosses over into French territory, and the German frontier lies open to attack. If Metz were masked, a French army debouching from the entrenched camp of Toul would meet with no geographical hindrance till it reaches the Saar. The line of the Saar is an exceedingly strong defensive position. Its right flank rests on the Moselle at Conz, and its left on the Vosges Mountains. The tactical positions on the right bank are everywhere favourable for the defence. Along the river is a strategical railway, which is connected with all the main railways from the interior. Midway on the line is the small town but great railway centre of Saarbruck.[1] To such a state of perfection have the Germans brought their telegraphic and

(1) Close to Saarbruck, and within sight of the battlefield of Spicheren, is the historical hill on which the ill-fated Prince Imperial of France received his "baptism

railway communications with this part of their frontier, that they affirm their ability to concentrate in battle array on the Saar the bulk of their nineteen corps in fifteen days from the date when mobilisation begins.

The above facts seem to show that, viewed as a mere measure of military precaution, and apart from any consideration of political expediency, the cession of Alsace and Lorraine was a justifiable demand. In the face of a frontier of such topographical strength, and so favourable for a concentrated defence, the direct and unsupported invasion of German territory anywhere between Longwy and Pfetterhausen would only be excusable as a forlorn hope. The circumstances of the case become altered if a direct attack were decided on contemporaneously with an advance through Switzerland made with the object of gaining the valley of the Maine by turning the German Rhine. How such a flank attack could be carried out, and with what expectation of success, has already been discussed in an article on "Swiss Neutrality," which was contributed to the July number of this Review.

It will now be apparent to the reader of this paper that the principles of German defence absolutely differ from the principles of French defence. Facing the wall of entrenched camps and *forts d'arrêt*, which the French have built along their frontier, the Germans have in their front line only one first-class fortress—viz. Metz, and only two minor works, viz. Thionville and Saarlouis. The fortress of Bitsch is still kept up for use as a military prison, but since the war the Germans have dismantled the fortifications of Schlettstadt, Marsal, Phalsburg, La Petite Pierre, Lichtenberg, and Landau. In their second line of defence throughout the whole stretch of the Rhine from Bâle to Holland are only four first-class fortresses, viz., Strasburg, Maintz, Coblentz, and Cologne; and only four minor works, viz., Neu Brisach, Rastatt, Germersheim, and Wessel. It should be observed, moreover, that Metz has an offensive rather than a defensive value. It is an outpost of the German base on the Rhine, a *point d'appui*, a rallying point for offensive action, and in no respect a mere sentry for passive defence. The

of fire" on the 2nd of August, 1870. On this spot a stone has been set up with the following inscription: "Lulu's Erstes Début, 2 August, 1870." It is surely time this stone was removed. The memories of 1870 are too mournful to be made the subject of jeers, and Germany should not allow such an erection to exist within sight of those noble monuments, which mark the graves of her sons, who fell for "God and Fatherland," while storming the heights of Spicheren. A great nation should respect, not trample on, its fallen foes; and it ill becomes the German people to hold up to the ridicule of every American tourist a gallant young soldier, who was not responsible for the ridiculous episode with which his name is associated, and who met his soldier's death in the wilds of Africa. The existence of this monument can hardly be known to the present Emperor, who, if it was brought to his notice, is too good a soldier not to order its immediate removal.

German staff do not found their scheme of national defence upon fortresses, but upon their admirable railway system, which enables them to concentrate enormous masses of fighting men at threatened points with the shortest possible notice.

Every German subject is liable to military service from the end of his seventeenth year till the end of his forty-fifth year. Military service is of two kinds (1) active military service; (2) Landsturm service. The period of active military service is from the year the recruit completes the age of twenty to the year in which he completes the age of thirty-nine. Landsturm service is from the end of the seventeenth year to the end of the forty-fifth year, and includes all men (fit to bear arms) who are not borne on the rolls of the regular army or any of its reserves. During his period of active military service, the recruit remains three years in the standing army, and four years in its reserve. He then passes into the first ban of the Landwehr, with which he serves five years, and finally into the second ban [1] of the Landwehr for a further period of six years' service. He is then free from liability to service unless the Landsturm is called out, which only happens in case of invasion of German territory by an enemy's force.

About 400,000 young men reach the age of twenty each year. After deducting those who are physically and morally unfit, volunteers, and emigrants, there remain about 300,000. As the strength of the standing army during peace is only fixed at 468,409 non-commissioned officers and men, it would be obviously impossible to keep the whole of these 300,000 recruits for three years with the colours. Only a portion of the annual contingent is kept, and the remainder of the men, chosen by lot, are drafted into what is known as the Ersatz Reserve. The exact recruiting figures for 1885, which was an average year, are as follows:—

Morally unfit	1,225
Physically unfit	66,893
Transferred to the Ersatz Reserve	162,229
Emigrants	18,017
Volunteers	20,561
Taken for service	142,776
Total	411,711

Service in the Ersatz Reserve is for twelve years, after which the men pass at once into the second ban of the Landwehr. Since 1881 men in the Ersatz Reserve have been liable to three trainings during their period of service, the first of ten, the second of six, and the third of four weeks. It is not possible for financial reasons to train

(1) The second ban of the Landwehr (originally organised in 1814) was abolished in 1867, but revived by the law of the 11th February, 1888.

the whole of these men, but a certain number (fixed by law) receive the specified amount of instruction.

The recruiting statistics of the German army for 1889 are not yet published, but the returns for last year are now before the writer. These returns show that, on the 1st April, 1888, there were (excluding the Landsturm) 1,986,277 "fully trained" men at the disposal of the German military authorities. It was seen last month in the October number of this Review (page 466) that at the same date the number of "fully trained" men at the disposal of the French military authorities was 2,025,253. The balance of numerical advantage is thus in favour of France by 38,976 men. In comparing these figures it is necessary to remember that all the 2,025,253 men of the French army have served for more than three, and many for as long as five years with the active army, while none of the 1,986,277 German soldiers have served for more than three, and many for only two years with the colours. When the new German budget establishment, fixed by the law of 1887, has had full effect, it is calculated that in 1905 the number of fully trained men will be 2,251,286; but by that time the new French law of 1889 will, with her present budget establishment, give France nearly 3,000,000 fully trained soldiers.

Of partially trained men France could muster in 1888 a force amounting to 1,383,172—nearly 700,000 of whom had received a full period of from ten to twelve months' instruction with the active army, while the remainder had been more or less instructed with the reserves. The German staff at the same period could only count on 212,476 men partially trained with the Ersatz Reserve—94,450 of whom had served as "one year" volunteers with the active army.

The above facts[1] seem to show that the French army of to-day is already numerically superior to the German army, and that, as the new French recruiting law becomes more felt, this superiority will be more marked. Under these circumstances the next move may be expected from the Germans, and, as the period of service cannot be reduced, the only alternative will be to augment the standing army during peace, so as to pass more trained men annually through its ranks. There are rumours that fresh proposals to this effect will shortly be submitted to the Reichstag.

Numerical superiority, however, is only one factor of the problem

(1) The German Landsturm, which contains 700,000 fully trained men, has been omitted from these calculations, while the French territorial army has been included in them. The consistency of this is indisputable when it is remembered that no organised cadres exist for the German Landsturm as for the French territorial army, and that the Emperor can only call it out as a last resource in case of imminent national danger when the country has been invaded. The French law of 1872 imposes no such restrictions on the use of the territorial army, which would certainly be mobilised in the event of war.

under consideration. It counts for very little, nay, it may be a source of danger rather than of strength, unless the other conditions of military power are equally found to exist. It is necessary, therefore, to inquire, as briefly as the complexity of the question permits, into the system adopted in Germany for organising, training, and mobilising the vast masses of soldiers whom the Reichstag empowers the military authorities to raise.

The Emperor is commander-in-chief and head of the German army. Like his father and grandfather before him he is a working soldier. Immediately under the Emperor are the War Minister and Chief of the General Staff. The War Minister is charged with the organisation, administration, and discipline of the army. The Chief of the General Staff arranges for its mobilisation, and for its direction in time of war. The Emperor has not the autocratical military powers which he is sometimes supposed to possess. He governs the army, as he governs the other departments of his empire, through a responsible minister; and the Reichstag has the same constitutional control over the military services as it has over the civil services. If this control appears to be less often exercised than might be expected by a popular assembly, it is because the German army has by the combined efforts of ministers and people reached a state of such extraordinary perfection as to be almost beyond criticism. The German army being a national institution, and in no sense whatever a mere Crown force, the Reichstag is as much concerned as the Emperor to maintain it in a state of efficiency, and the Emperor is as interested as the Reichstag in its economical administration.

In Germany the War Minister is always a soldier chosen for his professional capacity. As such he has the confidence both of the army and of the people. When the Reichstag asks for information he can give it first-hand, and is able to speak with the weight which knowledge and experience always carry with them. The advantages of this system may be understood when it is compared with that in England, where the War Minister is a politician chosen for his services to his party. When he first takes office he is in the humiliating position of knowing nothing about his work. Instead of leading he has to follow; instead of teaching he has to learn. It is supposed that the English system guarantees the control of the army by Parliament. Those, however, who have watched the working of both systems, know that the Reichstag is better informed about military matters, and therefore exercises a more useful control over the German army, than the House of Commons with its civilian minister is able to exercise over the army of England.

Germany is divided into seventeen army corps districts, and one division district—that of Hesse-Darmstadt. As the 15th Army Corps, which garrisons Alsace and Lorraine, contains an additional

infantry division, it is understood that in case of war an 18th Corps will be formed by joining this division to the Hesse-Darmstadt troops. The Guard Corps, which recruits from the whole of Germany, and has its headquarters at Berlin, will form a 19th Corps. Germany has thus the same number of army corps as France. As in France so in Germany, each army corps is a small army in itself —the commander being responsible to the War Minister for the recruiting, training, mobilisation, and efficiency of the whole of the troops within his district. His responsibility is financial as well as administrative. He not only prepares his own estimates for submission to the minister, but audits the expenditure of his subordinates. This decentralisation of financial responsibility is a marked feature of the German military system, which is based upon the principle that economy and efficiency go hand-in-hand together.

For purposes of recruiting and mobilisation each army corps district is, with certain minor exceptions, divided into four Landwehr brigade districts, and each of these brigade districts into four, five, or six Landwehr battalion districts, varying in number according to the circumstances of population. These Landwehr districts are quite separate from the cadres of the army corps troops, and are merely the units for recruiting and collecting the reserves when ordered to be mobilised. A commander and staff are maintained at all times in each battalion district. In time of peace the commander raises the recruits in his district, and drafts them to the cadres of the army corps troops. In time of war he collects the reservists, clothes, arms, and distributes them—the place of each individual having been assigned beforehand. Formerly, regiments of the standing army always served during peace in the Landwehr district from which their ranks were recruited. Since the war, however, it has been necessary to send the recruits raised in Alsace and Lorraine into other districts, and to garrison the annexed provinces with troops drawn from Bavarian and Prussian army corps. The necessity for doing this interferes with the original system, as established in 1814, and which was based on the principle of the complete localisation of all troops in their own districts. As, however, the reservists when called out will join the cadres of the troops of the standing army which are actually serving in the district for the time being, it is hoped that there will be no delay in mobilisation.

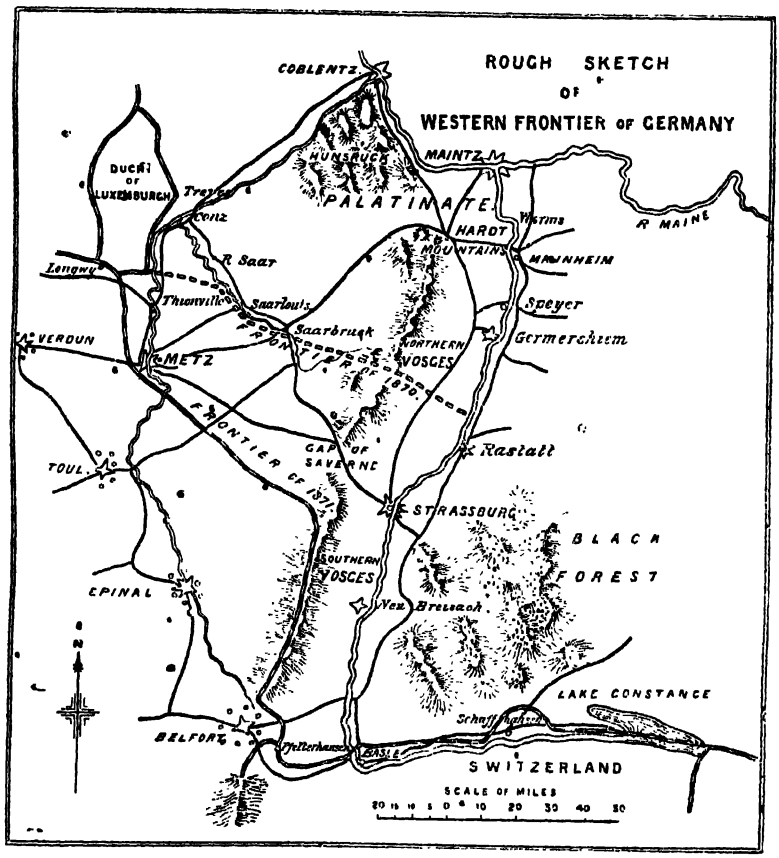
The German army on a war footing is divided into (1) field troops, and (2) garrison troops. The field troops are drawn from men serving with the standing army and its reserve, and from men of the first ban of the Landwehr. The garrison troops are chiefly composed of men of the second ban of the Landwehr. The field troops are mobilised first. They consist of the nineteen Army Corps, weeded of raw recruits, and completed to war strength from reservists; nine

independent cavalry divisions, railway troops, and etappen troops to serve on the lines of communication. The nine cavalry divisions (41,976 sabres and 108 guns) are sent to the front as soon as possible to act as a screen, and cover the concentration of the army. The nineteen army corps follow as soon as they have been mobilised; then the railway and etappen troops. A "field" reserve division," composed of men not absorbed in the cadres of the army corps, is then formed in each army corps district. Each of these "field reserve divisions," composed of troops of all arms, will be a small army corps in itself, and will be equipped with the necessary trains for taking the field. It is thought that these reserve divisions will be ready to go to the front six days after the army corps troops have been dispatched. This does not, however, exhaust the mobile troops which the German staff hope to place in the field, as they have arranged for the organisation of a portion of the garrison troops in reserve divisions of corresponding strength to the reserve divisions of the field troops. By this arrangement eighteen additional divisions, equivalent to about nine army corps, will be ready to support the field troops twenty days after the declaration of war.

The following statement gives the approximate strength of the field and garrison armies when organised for active service according to the "plan of mobilisation."

Field Troops.	Officers and Men.	Field Guns Horsed.	Horses.
19 Army Corps, completely equipped with trains	714,115	1,938	210,539
9 Cavalry Divisions	41,976	108	45,577
18 Reserve Divisions of all arms, completely equipped with trains	311,796	630	69,679
Miscellaneous formations, including railway and etappen troops, siege trains (with 720 siege guns), reserves for replacing casualties, foot artillery for fortresses, &c.	276,757		27,640
Total Field troops	1,344,644	2,676	353,435
Garrison Troops.			
18 Reserve Divisions, equipped with trains for taking the field	332,170	432	52,893
Depot troops, which would remain at the Landwehr battalion districts available for replacing casualties at the front	551,939	450	33,431
Total Garrison troops	884,109	882	86,324
Grand total of mobilised army (excluding the Landsturm)	2,228.753	3,558	439,759

The effective mobilised strength of the German Army in 1870 was 1,183,389 men, 250,373 horses, and 2,046 field guns: so that the effective mobilised strength in 1889 has been increased since 1870 by 1,045,364 men, 161,745 horses, and 1,512 guns. Making the comparison in another way it will be found that, in 1870, twenty-five days after the declaration of war, Germany had in the field four mobile armies, the aggregate numbers of which amounted to 484,000 men. If war were declared to-morrow, according to the calculations



made in this paper, the German Staff could place in the field, twenty days after the declaration, seven mobile armies, the aggregate strength of which would be 1,400,057 men, and which would be supported by ample troops for the lines of communication, and for replacing casualties. On turning to page 470 of the Fortnightly Review for October last, it will be seen that the aggregate strength of the mobile armies which the French Staff hope (under similar conditions of time) to place in the field, amounts to 1,300,000 men. It would appear, therefore, that, with a smaller numerical strength

of men to work upon, the mobile strength which the German Staff hope to mass in order of battle, exceeds the mobile strength of the French armies by 100,000 men.

When the last calculation has been made the final word must always depend upon the successful working of the arrangements made by the general staff of each country for mobilising and concentrating at the proper time and place the masses of men at their disposal. Some details of French railway organisation were given last month, and the following facts about the German railway system may, therefore, be interesting by way of comparison. One section of the German General Staff is constantly occupied in working out all railway details necessary both for mobilisation and concentration. The German lines during peace are divided into 14 inspections—each in charge of a commissioner, who is responsible for all the rolling stock in his inspection, and sees that it is maintained in a state of efficiency. Time tables are prepared, and lists kept up showing how the locomotives and carriages are to be distributed when mobilisation is ordered. Within the limits of German territory the railway would be worked by the ordinary civil staff; but directly the frontier is crossed the railway regiment is brought up for duty on the enemy's lines. When mobilised the German railway regiment consists of 199 officers and 6,938 men. These are organised in 32 companies. There are 9 construction, 18 traffic, and 5 workmen companies. The duty of the construction companies is to repair all lines destroyed by the enemy, the traffic companies work the lines, and the workmen companies find the men for loading and unloading. In 1886 there were 12,532 locomotives in use on the German railways, and 276,806 vehicles of different kinds. Since the war the German Government have spent a large sum of money annually on railway construction, and on additions to the rolling stock. In 1870 there were nine main lines available for concentrating troops on the frontier. Now there are twelve lines; and it is calculated that owing to this increase the concentration will be expedited by two days. In addition to these strategic lines the lateral railway communication has been extended, and the interior regional railways increased with a view to reducing the period necessary for mobilisation. A large share of the war indemnity has been made available for this purpose. An infantry regiment, which was ready to move in 1870 on the night of the seventh day after mobilisation had been ordered, will now be ready to move on the night of the fifth day. In respect of rapidity of mobilisation the Germans would appear to be about twenty-four hours ahead of the French. As regards concentration the railway problem has now assumed such tremendous proportions it is very difficult to forecast the result on either side; but it is certain that the German

Staff will enter on the next campaign with facilities for rapid concentration far in advance of those which their limited railway communications gave them in 1870.

The quality of German troops has in no way fallen off since 1870. During the course of a week lately passed at Strasburg and Metz, the writer had opportunities offered him of observing the practical working of the German system of recruit instruction. That system is admirable; its excellence is in no way exaggerated. From the day the recruit joins he is taken in hand, and no pains are spared to make him an efficient soldier. The great object kept in view is to develop the individual capacity of each man. The drills are short, varied, and practical. The recruits are broken up into small squads, not exceeding ten each, and these squads are kept continually under the same instructors. The common notion that the German officer is nothing more than a drill-sergeant is a mistake. The officers confine their attention to direction and supervision; they do not attempt to concentrate in their own hands the duties of executive instructors. This is the work of the non-commissioned officers, who are a very superior body of men. The officers are specially careful to avoid too much and too constant interference with the work of the squad instructors. As in organisation, so in training, decentralisation is the key-note of the German system. The course of recruit instruction includes gymnastics, leaping, getting over obstacles, and other out-door exercises. What is called precise drill is not neglected by the German officers, but the recruit is made to feel that this in itself is of no value except as a means to an end—the end being to make him a practical fighting soldier. The artillery drill is particularly well taught, and the recruits from the first are made to load the guns with the actual ammunition, and fix the fuzes in the shells exactly as on service. Pictures of trees, farms, and bridges are drawn on the walls for practice in laying the guns. In watching the German regimental officers at their daily work with the recruits, no one can fail to be struck with the thorough practical nature of the instruction imparted, and with the earnest way in which all ranks are seeking to do their duty.

No better material for a soldier exists than the average German recruit. Strong, broad-chested, healthy, intelligent—he presents a striking contrast to the average French recruit, whose physical inferiority, when he is compared with his German brother, is most marked. The superior discipline of the German troops is also notable. To the outside observer this shows itself in various ways, especially in the saluting, which in the French army is done in a slipshod, careless manner, in the behaviour of officers to their men, and, *vice versâ*, in the conduct of the men before their officers. In the German army the relations between officers and men are such as exist between

father and son. The recruit looks up to his officer with a childlike, trustful respect, which is based upon a feeling of mutual confidence between the two. There is nothing of this kind to mark the rigidly formal relations which exist between French officers and French soldiers. The French officer, gallant and zealous though he be, has yet to acquire the superior tone and refinement of character which alone can invest him with moral authority over the men under his command. It is right, however, to say that French officers are fully aware of the still defective discipline of their army, and are striving to improve both themselves and those under them. That their efforts have not yet been attended with the same success as in the German army is a proof of how long it takes to develop a healthy morale and sound disciplinary system, when evil habits and bad example, such as crept into the French army during the Second Empire, have been allowed to continue unchecked.

Such is a brief account of the German army, which Mr. Gladstone once described as "the most tremendous weapon the skill of man ever forged." The more it is studied the more profoundly impressed does the student become with the magnitude of its machinery and the perfection of its power. It is impossible not to admire the energy, the self-denial, the courage of the German people, whose sense of patriotism gives them strength to bear a burden which would otherwise be intolerably heavy. In bringing to a close this series of papers, it only remains to express the hope that they may prove to be mere academical studies, and that Europe may be spared the scourge of a war, which, when it does come, will be rendered terrible beyond former records, not only by the intensity of the passions which will be aroused, but by all that science, learning, and previous preparation can do to aggravate the horror of its results.

A. M. Murray.

THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY.

THE expansion of England goes on apace, and notwithstanding the growing pains with which we are sometimes uncomfortably afflicted, our island bids fair to develop into a fine and sturdy Greater Britain. The charter lately granted to The British South Africa Company is the most recent extension of our national limits, and takes our eyes again to Africa. There while Continental nations settle on the fringes of the shore, it seems to be our destiny to spread through the heart of the country. It was eighty-three years ago that the Cape was permanently occupied by British troops. Since then our dominion has spread, and the whole growth of our power in South Africa has taken place in a space of time not greater than the long life of one man. It has been scarcely more conscious or deliberate than the growth of such a man himself. Natural causes have brought it about, and the parallel only fails in the fact that, while any human contemporary must be drawing towards his end, the state is in its vigorous boyhood. It is growing still, and it must grow until the days of its prime are reached.

It is not perhaps strictly accurate to speak of the granting of the new charter as an extension of our national limits, for the territory over which the new company is to work is described as the country immediately to the north of British Bechuanaland, and this may be taken to mean only the already declared sphere of British influence which stretches to the Zambesi. In order to understand the work which is likely to fall to the new company it is necessary to look at the map of Africa, and consider what has been going on in the district lying between the equator and the northern limits of Cape Colony proper.

Every question of the settlement of Africa will be for us three-sided. There will be the foreign, the native, and the British point of view. First, then, with regard to foreign states. Germany and the Congo Free State, spreading one from the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, which she claims as her back boundary, to the Indian Ocean, and the other, from the western shore of the same lake to the Atlantic, draw a line from sea to sea which, except for the waterway of Tanganyika, close the continent altogether to the north. The French Congo and the Royal Niger Company on the west, and the British East Africa Company on the east lie all above this line, and we are not at present concerned with them. It is Africa to the south of it which is under consideration. Here we find in the centre an immense uncivilised tract with Portugal feebly

edging either coast; a strip of German settlements again on the western shore, between the Portuguese settlements and the Cape; on the east the inland Dutch republics trying, with what is a very natural ambition, to touch water on the coast through Swaziland and Tongaland, and so establish themselves with a seaboard between Delagoa Bay and Natal; while south of it all the Cape Colony and Natal spread a good solid basis of British self-governing colonialism. Where civilised states fringe an uncivilised, almost empty, and yet eminently habitable tract, it is obvious that sooner or later they will absorb it, extending the borders of their civilisation till they meet. The question, then, for this central portion of Southern Africa was, and to some extent still is, from which direction the civilising influence should spread.

A few years ago the chances seemed fairly balanced, and the question might have been asked much more doubtfully than now, Are the sources of the Zambesi to be German or Portuguese, English, Dutch, or Belgian? Portugal might have endeavoured to substantiate the feeble claim she put forward to count as hers the whole extent of the continent lying between her eastern and western settlements. Germany might, in defiance of the opinion of her veteran statesman, have entered upon a more determined policy of colonial advance. The Congo Free State might have urged a desire to spread down from the north conterminously with its neighbour the Western Portuguese. Above all the British Government might have opposed the notion of that advance through Bechuanaland from the south by virtue of which the district to the Zambesi falls now within the sphere of British influence. A few years ago these things were possible, but since then the conditions of the problem have been changing. The Congo Free State has quite enough to do within the boundaries marked out for it. The claim of Portugal to spread across the continent has been disallowed. Though there is still an active German colonial party it may be said that German leading politicians have on the whole decided that the true sphere of German activity is in Europe. And while these causes have been in operation to check the advance of other powers the natural laws of growth which are causing England to pour her surplus population into all the vacant places of the world have, on the other hand, been at work to bring about a gradual but steady advance from the south. Zululand, Basutoland, Griqualand, Bechuanaland have been added to the northern borders of the Cape Colony and Natal. Whether they come under colonial or Imperial government is not for the moment of any importance. They all form a part of expanding Britain. Bechuanaland gave us the road into the interior and now along that road the Government has sent the British South Africa Chartered Company to see as it were what is to be done in the great

space that lies before it. Germany agrees to look upon a line running east of Lakes Tanganyika and Nyassa as the boundary line of her influence in the east, the Kalahari desert lies at the back of her settlements in the west, and the 22nd degree of longitude is her accepted boundary there. The limits of Portuguese influence are not absolutely defined, but they are practically swept towards the coast on either side and the question of real interest to settle with Portugal will be the question of the navigation of the Zambesi. This is a matter of very considerable importance, for the Zambesi is the only great waterway by which the central district can be approached. The mouth of it from above the junction with the Shiré river to the sea was declared by the general act of the Berlin Conference of 1885 to fall within the free trade area, but Portugal still claims it as far as Zumbo, where she has a fort, and the negotiation is in the hands of Mr. Johnston, the distinguished traveller and writer, our able consul at Mozambique. With the negotiation in such hands, if our Government do their duty, it is practically certain that the free navigation of the Zambesi will be asserted and maintained. One other foreign neighbour the Transvaal has to be considered. The same ambition which impels the [illegible] republic towards the sea causes it to desire a further access [illegible]ansion across the Limpopo, which is now its northern boundary, into the gold-fields of Matabeleland. It has some experience of the advantages to be derived from the possession of land in which gold abounds, the Tati reef lies temptingly across the river, and it is not long since Lobengula, the king of Matabeleland, was persuaded, according to his own account by the Dutch, to believe that the English Queen had been "eaten up" at Majuba Hill and that the Transvaal was the power to which he ought to look for protection and support. He has been undeceived and the Government of the Transvaal has accepted without remonstrance the notification of the treaty by which he puts his country under British protection. Still it is not to be expected that the Transvaal will look altogether without envy at British expansion in a direction which limits inevitably her own development, and while it might possibly be considered desirable to help the Republic towards the fulfilment of its ambition to reach the sea in return for a frank and hearty renunciation of attempts to undermine British influence in the north, the true and statesmanlike solution of the difficulty seems really to lie in that ultimate fusion of Dutch and British interests which Sir Hercules Robinson foreshadowed as possible, not only in his farewell speech at Capetown, but in his policy of conciliation during the years of his Governorship.

In their territory south of the Zambesi the Company will look for the ordinary commercial returns of a commercial enter-

prise, and here they will take with them the interest of that portion of the public which is seeking fresh fields of enterprise for the generations that crowd upon its heels. Matabeleland, the territory lying between the Zambesi and the borders of British Bechuanaland, is believed to be one of the richest gold countries of the world. The latest description that we have of it was given the other day in a lecture at Johannesberg by a Mr. Frank Mandy, who has spent some years in travelling through it, and speaks from personal experience. He describes the country as being agriculturally rich and capable of bearing an immense population. Pasturage is good, cattle thrive, the climate is excellent, and the children of European parents born in the country do well. The central part is high, and the country grows richer as it descends northwards towards the Zambesi, but the distinguishing feature is of course the gold, in which it abounds. An immense reef showing visible gold runs through the royal town of Buluwayo. Close to Gravoicha there is another great reef, and about two miles to the north-east of Buluwayo there is a reef in which the gold is visible. All these reefs have, according to Mr Mandy, been traced for miles. To the north of Ganyane, that is in the opposite direction of the previous, lie alluvial gold-bearing areas of several hundred square miles. Gold is found in every stream and in veins throughout the soil of the country. Even women wash out gold to some amount, but no general collection of it has ever been attempted or effected. The gold is practically waiting to be worked.

The high and healthy plateau of Mashonaland offers an admirable field for emigration. The ruler and owner of the whole of Matabeleland and Mashonaland is Lobengula, with whom the British Government has made the treaty already spoken of, and under whose concessions the British South Africa Company has made arrangements to work the vast mineral wealth of the country. This chieftain is by no means the ignorant nonentity which the savage chiefs of Africa are commonly supposed to be. He is about fifty years of age, and is described as very black and very fat and very tall. He is also said to look every inch a king, which no doubt means much in a case where inches are not obscured by clothing. These personal attributes are a little confusing to ordinary European conventions of taste. But we learn that he is extremely hard-working and very intelligent, possessing a prodigious memory and spending his days in transacting the business of government and in hearing lawsuits, in which he acts the part of judge and jury, and occasionally it may be of executioner too. Circumstances have forced upon him the murder of all his nearest blood relations, which is unfortunately a frequent necessity of savage politics; but though he holds absolute power of life and death in his

hands, he is reputed to be not bloodthirsty nor unmerciful by nature. He is in fact of a rather genial temperament, delighting in social intercourse and in long informal talks, in which it is not surprising to learn, *par parenthèse*, that the custom of his subjects is not to contradict him. He has great tact and natural abilities, is of course a mighty warrior, commanding an army of ten thousand men, and is in his way an astute politician. His conception of foreign diplomacy is to play off the Dutch against the English, and he knows very well what he does when he grants a concession. He is jealous of power and not inclined to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage. None of the mining concessions which he has made convey administrative rights other than those which may be absolutely necessary for the maintenance of order among the European population which will naturally flow into the country. He has hitherto resisted in every way that he could the establishment of mining industries, showing himself averse to any prospecting of the country, and absolutely forbidding a systematic search for gold. The pressure of outside circumstance has been too strong for him; but that he has some conception of what may be the probable consequence of the present concession, is to be gathered from the fact stated by Mr. Mandy, that for years past impis have been sent to explore the country to the north of the Zambesi, and the riverain tribes have been employed by the orders of Lobengula in constructing a sufficient number of canoes to transport the entire nation beyond the river. To migrate from time to time is among the traditions of the Matabele nation. Moselikatse, the father of Lobengula, led his people, only about fifty years ago, into the territory they at present occupy. Whether it is a part of Lobengula's policy to fight first and to flee afterwards, or whether he contemplates an abandonment of the country by peaceful migration as the European element advances into it, is, of course, impossible for us to know. In either case, if he leaves the country, it will be evidently necessary that the administration of it shall be taken up by the power left in possession, and it is in this event that the administrative clauses of the charter will be carried into force. At present it is only contemplated to open the country by means of telegraphs and roads, which are to be more gradually followed by the railway. The telegraph will be promptly carried to Polatschwe, near Khama's new town, Cwapong. The railway will run *viâ* Vryburg, Mafeking, and Shoshong to the Victoria Falls, and in due course another line will cross Matabeleland to Mashonaland. The interests of security and order among the miners who will be sent in to work the gold reefs will be protected by a modest corps of police, which will at first very probably be raised in the form of a supplement of the Government force already existing in Bechuanaland. The Company will begin its operations by simply carrying

out the concessions which have been made to it for mining purposes. What the future may have in store for it is for the future to disclose.

All rights of administration are very carefully provided for by the conditions of the charter. The liquor traffic is to be regulated and restrained, free trade is to be the rule in any territories falling under the dominion of the Company, the Company is to be British in character and domicile. It will have the command of its own lands, but the Home Government keeps the right of interfering not only in its relations with the foreign states upon its borders, but in its internal relations with the natives with whom it comes in contact. Besides the right of revocation in the event of failure on the part of the Company to fulfil any of the conditions upon which the charter has been granted, the Government reserves also the right of revision of the charter every five-and-twenty years. It is evidently impossible to predict at the beginning of an enterprise of this description what modifications may hereafter be judged necessary in the conditions under which it is to be prosecuted. The great precedent of the East India Company has shown how necessary it may be to alter and even to abolish privileges which, in practice, become unendurable. All that can be said at present with regard to the new Company is that its privileges appear to be carefully safe-guarded, in accordance with our present ideas of justice and civilisation. It may be found in working that they require further modification, in which case there can be little doubt that public opinion will support the Government in making any necessary change. Or it may be that as justice and civilisation themselves come to represent in the eyes of another generation ideas somewhat different from those which they present to us, our descendants may call upon the future representatives of the Company to modify their rights in accordance with those ideas. This the power of revision at recurring intervals provides for. It is, however, to be borne in mind that in fact no one is more interested than the Company in preserving order and good government in its territories. The responsibility which it takes upon itself will make it the first sufferer for its faults. Difficult and delicate questions will no doubt arise. The relations of a highly civilised and energetic people to native races, still at the very bottom of the human scale, are, as our experience in Australia, and South Africa itself has shown us, by no means easy to put on a satisfactory footing. The Company will, it may be safely said, make mistakes; but the work which lies before it is a great one. If it can carry out its high purpose and abolish the slave trade in the central part of Southern Africa, and open that vast region to the influences of civilisation, it will achieve enough to give its founders reason to be proud of what they have done.

The chief among the promoters of the company, Mr. Cecil Rhodes,

who takes the important position of chairman of the African board, and virtual director of the operations of the Company, is known in South Africa as a man of most remarkable energy and ability, shown, for instance, in his success in the amalgamation of the diamond mines at Kimberley. The other members of the Company, the Duke of Abercorn, the Duke of Fife, Lord Gifford, Mr. Alfred Beit, Mr. Albert Grey, and Mr. George Cawston, are not men accustomed to associate themselves with ill-considered enterprise, and behind the talent which has been enlisted in the cause of the Company there is the fact that it has a command of capital which is practically unlimited. From the public point of view it may be reckoned that in receiving a charter the Company has been endowed with what Professor Seeley aptly calls the immortality of a corporation, and that therefore, as he said of its great predecessor, it can neither be killed in battle nor die of fever. Individuals must go forward with their lives in their hands; but, whatever happens to them, the work begun this year will be continuous. For good or for evil, the British South Africa Company carries England into Central Africa, and extends the borders of the nation by as much of the hitherto uncivilised country as it covers.

FLORA L. SHAW.

THE EXTENSION OF TRADE IN POLITICAL PRINCIPLE.

Whatever the course or whatever the result of the next General Election, it will have nearly all the importance of the late elections in France. That, however, seems to be pretty generally felt. The contest is still remote, but a perception of its gravity, and anxiety as to the outcome of it, are discovered in all the numerous platform-speeches of the season; and it is safe prophecy that, from this time forward, not only what is said in the country, but what is done in Parliament, will bear the mark of the same pre-occupations. Before many weeks are past the Cabinet will take up the customary winter business of making out a legislative programme for the ensuing year; and the hearts of men and ministers must be altogether changed if on this occasion the choice of measures is not decided by electioneering considerations mainly. Any mistake, then, as to "the feeling of the country," any blindness in high places as to the way in which their own position is regarded by the rank and file of the several political parties, becomes a matter of extraordinary importance; and if we may judge from the general tenor of their speech in public places, it is a matter which the leaders of parties had better look into a little: especially the chiefs of the Government or Unionist party.

If that were done, it would be found that in listening to nearly all that their leaders have to say, in reading what is provided for them morning after morning in most of their newspapers, many Liberals and a much greater number of Conservatives feel as if they had got into the presence of some well-informed foreigner, who yet could not exactly share their knowledge or partake of their sentiments. They are bidden to an incessant flow of talk about Home Rule, the Irish Question, the Irish party; and while they listen to "Union-in-danger" alarms that have lost their force and even seem doubtfully sincere, hear not a word about some other matters connected with the Irish torment which concern them a great deal. Was the Union ever in danger?—real danger? Even at the moment when Mr. Gladstone joined the Parnellites, was the Union really brought to the brink of peril? Did any of us fear that it would actually go over? We all know in our hearts what the answer is. There was a start and a flurry of apprehension at one time, no doubt, but that subsided long ago; and if the general opinion could be cast into an aggregate and endowed with a voice it would say that it has no further response for the convulsive dread paraded upon platforms till the whole country is tired of it. It will be time to think again of danger to the Union if and when a Unionist administration proposes to extend the Local Government Act to Ireland, or is per-

suaded to adopt some provincial council scheme such as we hear of occasionally.

But if there is little danger to the Union except from Unionist weakness, that does not close the account of an agitation which rather looks, sometimes, as if it were being artificially prolonged The Irish enemies of England have been denied and are likely to be denied their heart's desire, if, bent upon obtaining an independent Parliament for Ireland, nothing else will please them. But was that all their heart's desire? Do we not know that it was in their plans from the beginning to distract and destroy in England if they were not allowed to do what they pleased with the sister country? And do we ever hear anything of their extraordinary triumphs on this line of effort? So far as I have been able to observe, our exponents of "the political situation" never touch upon it. But every professional politician (I do not use the word in its opprobrious sense)—every professional politician should know that there is more concern in "the country" for the degradation of Parliament, the lowering of political standards, the confusion of parties, the extreme plasticity of principle in public men, which date from the beginning of the Parnellite operations, than with any remaining peril to the Union. From right and left comes the everlasting cry, "Keep close! stand firm! drop every other care, apply yourselves to this alone, or these Irish will yet succeed in their efforts to disintegrate the empire!" Put into words the feeling with which this tiresome exclamation is listened to by four-fifths of those to whom it is addressed, and the reply would be something like this: "We have had enough of these exhortations to repel a mischief which no doubt is intended, though we believe that there is no present danger of its coming about. We are confident of ability to take care of that, and are often at a loss to understand the vehement persistency with which our leaders insist that we should think of nothing else. We look about us and find that in point of fact there is a great deal else to think of. We have perceptions of our own, principles of our own; and the time has come when we should like to hear a little less about the problematical successes of the Irish party and a little more about how it is proposed to repair the damages which these same gentlemen have already inflicted upon us —and on you. Incidental those injuries may be called, perhaps: but they were always included in the Parnellite plan of warfare in England, and they are by no means slight."

If language like this were formally addressed to them by any considerable organized body of rank-and-file Conservatives and Liberals, the Unionist leaders would have no difficulty in comprehending the whole extent of its meaning. As it is, scarcely a hint of discontent or solicitude ever reaches them through "the customary channels of information;" but if they suppose that the general mass of Conservative "outsiders" do not murmur to

themselves and amongst each other, they are under a grave mistake. We must suppose, however, that the party chiefs are not less conscious than the rank and file of the humiliations, confusions, and uncertainties which the Irish contest has brought into the whole round of public life in England. Years ago, it was the avowed intention of the Irish party to hamper and degrade our parliamentary institutions if they were denied a legislative machinery of their own; and they made no difficulty of proclaiming the means by which they proposed to accomplish their object. Their laughing boast was that they could always obstruct every business but their own, in the first place; and next, that by practising on the greed of power and the need of votes, by simply publishing their readiness to sell their threescore or their fourscore voices to either English party they were pretty sure to succeed in disgracing and confounding both. They might fail to attain their grand object, but they could safely promise themselves the satisfaction of a very pretty revenge. And who can say that their operations for that secondary purpose have been much of a failure? Here and there, indeed, we do meet with men who doubt whether the House of Commons has suffered much degradation of late years after all. But not only when such epithets as "beast" and "brute" are hurled from one bench to another, but also in the calmer times of reaction from such violent excitements, the Irish members can look round upon the House in confidence that a delightful part of their programme has been carried out. What is more, the august Mother of Parliaments is conscious of its own decline, and is able to see its draggle-tail figure reflected not only on the mocking faces of Ireland's representatives but in the half-contemptuous, half-indifferent regard of the nation at large.

This is not, of course, the unaided work of the Parnellite members, and they would tell us that they never expected it would be. Their plans and their hopes were entirely grounded on the rivalry of the two great English parties. From the beginning they relied upon it that, considering the frequent recurrence of a certain kind of political exigency, considering how often the "Ins" had reason to tremble with fear and the "Outs" with hope, the market would never be long void of a purchaser for what they had to sell. A mass vote of sixty or eighty voices in the House of Commons, the whole Irish vote in the English constituencies, this was the precious commodity that could be transferred from one set of "whips" to another, or withheld from both, at any crisis in the affairs of Tory or Radical. If, of course, the English parties all through had been above that kind of traffic, there could have been no such triumphs over British pride as the Irish Parnellites can boast of now. The aid of Englishmen was necessary to give them that success; and it only doubles our shame that the help they obtained was confidently expected. Listen to the Parnellite assertion, and both parties negotiated with them, at different times. That they have not shown; but if no proof is offered

in the one case we need not ask for any in the other. Besides, it is enough that the thing was done at all. It is enough that a transaction of no retail kind, but wholesale and in gross, was actually accomplished; and we must not flatter ourselves that it was contrived by a single individual. Mr. Gladstone is often spoken of as if he were the sole culprit, or as if, having obtained the custody of other men's consciences by lawful and blameless surrender, he paid them away along with his own. It was not so. Mr. Gladstone was voluntarily assisted by other men of mark in this country when he demonstrated the extreme capabilities of English politicians for coat-turning; and this under no other temptation but the pride of place and the joy of setting their feet on the necks of their enemies. So heavy a blow to trust in public men, to belief in our party system and parliamentary government, had never been delivered before; and though Mr. Gladstone and his accomplices may be said to have inflicted it, it was none the less a well-prepared and well-foreseen triumph for the mocking partisans of Mr. Parnell, who, if they wished to add to their arguments against government from England, could point to the prodigious corruption of principle amongst their own friends in that country.

This is not Home Rule for Ireland. The humiliation and distrust which have spread over England from this source is no danger to the Union, but it is a great misfortune nevertheless. To thousands of Englishmen outside the narrow circle of official politics it is far more oppressive than any surviving fears for the integrity of the Empire. When, many years ago, the Prince Consort spoke of our parliamentary institutions as being on their trial, it was as if some scientific person had announced the presence of increasingly active volcanic forces under the site of London. We have since learned, however, that His Royal Highness was not unjustified in that remark; and had he lived to this day, he might have said, with at least an equal degree of plausibility, that our parliamentary institutions are actually breaking down. They may again become as stable as ever, and after a little while they probably will; but decrepitude is their present condition. Their firmest supports were respect for the House of Commons and confidence in the working of the party system. This respect and this confidence, which are essential to the happy conduct of a scheme of government like our own, were boundless up to a very recent period; but both have dwindled at a great rate since the Irish torment mounted to the acute stage, and their dissolution became more and more rapid from the time of the Gladstonian defection from probity and principle. Indifference to parliamentary proceedings is only one sign of the change, but it has become common. It is shared by every party in the kingdom—certainly when we come down to the rank and file. The New Radical proceeds openly upon a belief that the platform has entirely superseded Parliament, that the House of Commons is now little better than a

sort of registry office for the convenience of delegates, that the real fighting is to be done in the streets, and that the choice of policy is a club affair. This is most unwillingly perceived by the opponents of the New Radicalism also; but as to these (I am not speaking now of party leaders and party managers, of course), if they are disturbed by a change so eminently favourable to Jacobinism, and if they contribute to it by admitting to their minds contempt for respect, distrust for confidence, and the indifference of disgust for a vigorous pride, it is because they are afflicted with doubts and misgivings from which the party of disorder is entirely free. The short truth is, they do not feel sure that the ravage of principle which has been carried into the Gladstonian ranks is confined to the ranks of the Gladstonians.

It may seem too much to assert that the Irish conspiracy may boast of carrying success as far as that, whether by direct or indirect processes. I propose, however, that we look into the matter a little; fearing that when we do we shall find ourselves forced to acknowledge that the party confusions, the distractions of principle, that broke out in 1886, and that clearly proceeded from the Irish agitation, are not all on one side.

What has happened to one of the two great parties which for years withstood the pressure of a rebellious faction is evident enough. Policies not long before declared foolish and perilous were suddenly adopted for the sake of party interests which generosity itself cannot dissociate from personal advantage and the gratification of political spite. Such a spectacle as that was alone enough to stifle all concern with politics in many a mind. On the Gladstonian side itself a good many honest-minded Liberals, distressed already by their leader's conduct of affairs all through the Administration of 1880, revolted not only from this particular move of his, but from the whole game of politics. That was a great misfortune in itself. It is no gain to the community when honest-minded men of any sort drop politics in disgust, but it may be a great advantage to some hustling, bustling faction in it, and that advantage fell to the rejoicing Irish party. But as another consequence of Gladstonian renegading, some of the Radical and Liberal leaders, as well as a large number of the rank and file, went over to the Conservatives. They went over to the Conservatives in order to form a strong body of opposition to—what? To the Liberal doctrine, the Radical beliefs, which they had hitherto held? None of them would say so, and of few would it be true. Some avowed conversions to Conservatism there may have been amongst unofficial Liberals, but examine the principles of even these, and it will be found in nearly every case that they are to-day precisely what they were ten years ago—Moderate Liberals; but Liberals who see more clearly than ever the necessity of resisting immoderation, and of putting a check on a party of progress which is dragging legislation on the road to anarchy. In

sentiment they differ very little from the Liberals who refuse to rank themselves under the Tory flag. These are the Liberals of the Liberal Unionist party. But there is a Radical section of that party too; men who for the most part—(again I must say that I am not speaking of the leaders)—are Radicals of the old school of Molesworth, Grote, and Mill. They, too, remain pretty much what they were ten years ago: a political section distinctly marked off from Conservatives by opinions which these others combat and by designs which they refuse to abet.

Then what puts these several parties together? What is it that brings the more "advanced" factions into companionship with the only opponents known to them a few years ago—the Conservatives? Not one thing, as might be inferred from the whole tenor of press and platform controversy, but three. Of these, the first is proclaimed from the housetops: anxiety to defeat the plans of Messrs. Gladstone and Parnell, in which the common sense of all three political sections discerns a folly like that of bringing fire into a straw-yard. That is the declared motive of the Unionist Liberals in joining with the Tories, and to this day we hear little of any other. But it was not the only one. Long before the year of the break-up, Jacobinism had been creeping into the Liberal ranks from the nest of it that had been formed at Birmingham. Long before that time, the sounder Liberals and Radicals, in Parliament and out, were not only aware of the invasion, but had become impatient of its advance and were eager to repel it. But party considerations, the entanglements of personal intercourse and obligation, kept their leaders in restraint; and still would have done so, no doubt, but for that move of Mr. Gladstone's which dissolved a tie that had become intolerably irksome on more accounts than one. In short, if the first purpose of the seceders in breaking away from Mr. Gladstone was to combat his amazing plans for Ireland, they rejoiced in their freedom as permitting them to fight against a Jacobinism which they detested almost as much as the Tories themselves. The third motive was profound dissatisfaction with Mr. Gladstone, not only as an inventor of panaceas for Ireland but in all his walks and ways. To conclude this brief analysis of a somewhat complicated movement, beneath these various motives lay a deep disgust at the barter of principle on the Gladstonian side, and at the wretched craving for popularity and "importance" on which the preaching of Jacobinism was founded. Rebellion against political fatuity was enforced by revolt at something worse: the disorganization of principle and the subversions of a gross political immorality.

This little historiette will be rejected by the Oppositionists as inaccurate, no doubt. But the Moderates, who know their own minds and motives, will say that there is not a word of misrepresentation or exaggeration in the foregoing account of them. Of that I am confident—still speaking of rank-and-file Unionists. But now let us

see what the recital brings us to. It seems that the Unionists are composed of various bodies of men who are not of the same way of thinking generally. Each section retains the stamp of difference impressed upon every member of it by original temperament. But a common impulse, common motives, brought them together at a certain time not long ago. We have seen that that impulse and those motives were alarm and repulsion at a particular policy which at one moment seemed to threaten success; a general belief that the formidable author of it (if, indeed, he is to be called its author) had become a danger to the State, and had better be excluded from all further opportunity of mischief as Prime Minister; a common dread of the new and extravagant political party which that influential personage seemed much more likely to embrace than to repel; and, last, but by no means least, what I have called the decomposition of principle and the encroachment of a gross political immorality. That was at the beginning. This is how we started. Some years have passed since then; much has been said and done meanwhile; and now, as a consequence of these sayings and doings, a question comes up which particularly invites the attention of the Unionist leaders in general and the Conservative leaders most of all.

What is the position of affairs to-day? Is there no change anywhere? The basis of union between Conservatives and Radicals: does it remain unenfeebled at all points, or (perhaps) is it strengthened here if weakened there? Are the relations of these parties with each other unaltered, and (above all) are the relations of leaders and rank and file still what they were and still what they ought to be? I hope it is not too presumptuous an opinion that if these questions are fairly considered and truly answered, it will appear that the Unionist leaders have much more to think about than they betray any consciousness of. Not but what the Radical captains of the combination do seem to be aware that one of the bonds of alliance between their own followers and the Conservatives is wearing out. It may be knit up again by-and-by perhaps, and will if the next general election, like the last, turns on the Home Rule question, which I for one do not believe. Meanwhile, however, there is no longer any fear in "the country" that the Gladstonian plans for Ireland will succeed. That alarm is done with at present. Inasmuch, therefore, as it brought the two English parties together, the tie is weakened; and the further consequence is that neither sees so much need for the suppression of party-judgment or the discontinuance of self-assertion. I say neither. I mean that the Conservative-Unionists see it no more than the Radical-Unionists; a necessary remark when we speak of the rank and file, because while it is a commonly accepted point of calculation that Radical opinion is not amenable to management when suppression is intended, it really seems to be thought that Conservative opinion may be turned on and off as convenience suggests. There will be more to say

about that as we proceed. At the moment we have to mark that one of the three or four motives for the union of the Unionists has lost much of its force; and it is the one that was heard of alone when the coalition was formed. Another is in much the same case: Mr. Gladstone himself destroys the dread of his return to power in continuing to disintegrate his own reputation. Then what is left? What remains of the motive and impulse that drove the Conservatives and Radicals together when a host of the Gladstonian party marched off into the Irish camp? Something remains, and it will be a grave misfortune for themselves and for the nation if the Conservative leaders do not give to it a more solicitous attention than they seem inclined to bestow at present. It is this: Dread, but not submissive dread, of the reckless Jacobinism that trades on the poverty and ignorance of masses of new voters, and revolt at the decomposition of political principle. It should be remembered that amongst honest men this disgust is of a general character, and is not merely excited by the offence of a particular person. If the malady breaks out amongst their political opponents they are less humiliated than when it appears amongst their political friends, but that is all the difference.

It appears, then, that some of the questions with which the preceding paragraph begins must be answered in this way. The original basis of union between Conservatives and Radicals *has been* weakened at certain points very considerably. At others, however, it may be or might be strengthened; for not only has the Anarchist Radicalism of the time become more menacing, not only is it preached more boldly and spreading more rapidly, but it is finding leadership amongst the men who headed the reckless, selfish, and most unpatriotic disruption-movement of 1886. Therefore it appears that if some of the motives for the union of the Unionists have been weakened, the others should be strengthened; for on the Gladstonian side a larger growth of dangerous doctrine is associated with an extension of traffic in political principle. We should expect, then, that on the whole, the position of affairs to-day would be pretty much what it was two years ago. We should expect that the relations of the two English parties to each other would be little altered. Is it so? It certainly is not, and when we come to the last question in our little list, and ask whether the relations of leaders and rank and file are still what they were and ought to be, no man who knows the true state of political feeling in the country will reply that they are.

We now enter upon delicate ground; but delicate ground is not always to be avoided in political discussion, any more than delicate operations are never to be hazarded in the practice of surgery. I do not pretend to an accurate knowledge of what is going on in the ranks of the Radical Unionists, but there are those who do know; and it is evident from the public speeches of their leaders, and espe-

cially from Mr. Chamberlain's later harangues, that a portion of them, large enough to compel attention to themselves, are in a rather fretful state. Why they fret we learn from the same mouths in the same way. Association with the Conservatives is annoying beyond their expectation to some of our Unionist allies; who fear, moreover, that the integrity of their principles may suffer by it. How much the subsidence of alarm for the safety of the Union may account for the advance of these sentiments no one can tell; but they obviously stand forward in prominence enough to engage a great deal of their leaders' attention. What follows? It follows that Mr. Chamberlain, for example, never mounts the platform without proclaiming that though Conservatism may still be the amusement of three-fourths of the Unionist party, it has nothing to do nowadays with the control of affairs. The Government—that is to say, the Cabinet—may be called Tory, but Tory it no longer is. The Conservative spirit has entirely gone out of it: possibly through pressure from without—of that Mr. Chamberlain's audience must judge for themselves; but it has certainly gone. Where Government abides and State legislation lays its plans, a new Adam has been created in a serpentless Eden, and no hand is raised to any bough from which the Liberal Unionist has suspended the prohibitory placard. Nor is it that the Conservatives in the Cabinet merely abstain from the practice of Conservatism in legislation and government. Every act and deed of theirs is frankly Radical, and Radical because their unofficial colleagues of the other party will have it so. That indeed—so the tale goes on—is the grand consequence of the Unionist compact, so far as the English parties are concerned; and Mr. Chamberlain is troubled by no fear that the future course of political action in a Ministry of changed minds will differ from that which has hitherto advanced the principles and plans of its unchanged Radical companions.[1]

That Mr. Chamberlain should believe it necessary to make such explanations and protestations as these for the satisfaction of his own

(1) Since it may be imagined by some who have read Mr. Chamberlain's speeches carelessly that I have travestied his language on this point, it may be as well to append the following *pièce justificative*. It is an extract from a speech recently delivered at Newcastle, where, however, Mr. Chamberlain (who is, without exception, the most candid politician of his day) only repeated what he had said quite as plainly several times before. In proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Lambton complimented him on a supposed modification of his opinions. Thereupon the right honourable gentleman said, "I do not think that my views upon policy have undergone "the slightest change in the course of the three years he [Mr. Lambton] has referred "to. I think the changes may be put in this way, as between the Conservatives and "the Whigs on the one hand and myself on the other. I have found out that they are "very good fellows, and they have found out that my measures are very safe measures. "The point is important; it has something more than a personal bearing. We are "continually being taunted with having become Tories. It all depends upon what you "mean by Toryism. What I say is the present Government have carried out—well "to begin with, the whole, in principle at all events, of the Unauthorized Programme. "That is to say, that the programme which in 1885 was too Radical, too extreme, not "only for the Tories, not only for the Whigs, but for a great number of those *soi-disant*

friends in the Unionist party is remarkable enough in itself. But he is not the only Liberal Unionist leader who is eager to impress upon his more immediate followers that whatever the Government may be called, it is a Liberal-Radical Government in point of fact, and has legislated and will continue to legislate as such. These *asseverations* are heard, of course, by men to whom they are not indeed addressed, but who are as deeply concerned with them as their Liberal and Radical companions. The platform speeches of Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain are read by Conservatives, and what can be made of them by these other members of the Unionist coalition? Of course they understand that for the time they are under joint leadership. They have always understood that while purposes of commanding importance render association necessary, neither party must assert its principles in a pressing way. But what if Mr. Chamberlain's statements to his own faction represent the truth? He has paraded them not once only, but three or four times; and his explicit account of the course of government under the Unionist compact is, not that legislation is merely coloured by an infusion of Radical plan and principle, but that the Government adopts both without reserve and even to extremes. "They may call themselves what they like; but what I say is that, to begin with, the present Government have carried out the whole—in principle, at all events—of the unauthorised programme. The programme which in 1885 was too Radical, too extreme, not only for the Tories, not only for the Whigs, but for a great number of those *soi-disant* Radicals, the Gladstonians—that policy has been carried out by what you call a Tory Government."

These are Mr. Chamberlain's own words; that is to say, the words of one who is understood, with little grudging, to be an unofficial or outside member of the present Administration. They were spoken a fortnight before the writing of these pages, and I have not yet seen them contradicted in so much as a line or a syllable by any ministerial print or Government orator. The question remains, however, whether they are nearly true (it seems impossible that they can be quite), and if so, how we are to account for the hardihood that launches such statements into the public press. For their publisher is greatly anxious for the union of the Unionists; he lately spoke up for an absolute fusion without loss of time; he knows that the

"Radicals themselves—that policy has been carried out by what you call the Tory "Government." To show that this last statement was unexaggerated, Mr. Chamberlain enlarged upon recent legislation in detail, adding the remark that he didn't care what the Government called themselves provided that they carried out what he believed to be in the best interests of the country. "We can only deal with a matter as we find "it; and we find that the whole of the policy which was put forward by what were "called the extreme Radicals, is receiving favourable consideration at the hands of the "Unionist Government." Mr. Chamberlain spoke to precisely the same effect in August last, and not then for the first time; not the least remarkable thing about these speeches being an apparent confidence that they could not be contradicted and would not be resented.

Conservatives are a majority in the coalition; and he is aware that even before he began to talk in this way Conservative suspicion, prevision, or "cussedness," kept many Tories from voting for Liberal Unionist candidates at by-elections. The main point, however, is not a question of Mr. Chamberlain's discretion, but whether he and his more immediate colleagues give a fairly true account of the suppression of Conservatism in the Cabinet. Well, that is by no means a new inquiry amongst rank-and-file Conservatives. It was forced upon them long ago by their own observation of Government measures, though of course they are none the less impressed with what they see when Liberal Unionists step forward to declare that there is no mistake about it—no illusion whatever; and remain uncorrected. Those measures are in intention or effect what Conservative outsiders either believe or fear. So the Radical partners of the Government declare openly and boastfully. "Just think for a moment," said Mr. Chamberlain the other day, "what were the dangerous proposals which I put before you in 1885. I proposed to you free schools. Mr. Gladstone played with the subject;" and, indeed, formulated certain grave objections. "The Tory Government treated it as a question of practical politics, and at this moment free education is the rule throughout the whole of the northern country. I am perfectly satisfied to proceed step by step forward. If free education succeeds in Scotland"—(that is to say, if the people do not rise against it and insist on paying for their children's education themselves)—"by this act of the Tory Government you will have carried a great Liberal and Radical measure." Mr. Chamberlain added that he could go on to name other questions with which the Government have already dealt, or announced their intention of dealing, in a similar spirit; but as to that, every Conservative in the country who reads his newspapers can do the same thing. Out of a semi-official knowledge of the matter, the Liberal Unionist leaders corroborate, illustrate, confirm; but original information they have none to give. In their eagerness to clear themselves of all participation with Toryism, they may exaggerate their conquests of the Cabinet and magnify the Radicalism of its measures; but, whether we speak or remain silent, none of us can be blind to the fact that the whole conduct of the Government in home affairs has been controlled by its Liberal allies, and that its legislation has proceeded on Radical lines to the promotion of Radical ends.

Of course we are equally aware of the reason assigned for these remarkable irregularities. The Union in danger! The Conservatives are not a majority in the House of Commons; alone, they are not a majority in the country; and therefore—the Union being in danger—it becomes necessary to bind the Radical Unionists to the Government by appeasing Radical jealousy and consenting—("a little" it is said)—to Radical direction. This argument might be answered by pointing to the extreme improbability that the Radical

and Liberal opponents of Mr. Gladstone would contrive the destruction of the Government under any circumstances, that being a matter in which their own political existence is involved. So obvious a reflection need not be dwelt upon, however. We pass on to remark that Ministers have consented to Radical direction much more than "a little." Mr. Chamberlain does not go far wrong when he says that their submission has been continuous and complete; and when complaint is raised on that perplexing state of things the only answer is "the Union in danger!" Is it, then, too much to say that when, as fulfilling the secondary purpose of their agitations, the Irish party boast of the lowering of political standards, the confusion of parties, the decomposition of principle in public men, they need not point to the Gladstonian ranks alone? Most certainly they need not. They can assert, and no honest observant man amongst us can deny, that one direct or indirect result of their various plottings has been the subversion of conscience and the ravage of principle far beyond the little band of Hawardenites who disgraced English politics in 1886.

But when we look beyond the Hawardenites, where do we find these lamentable consequences? To whom has the contagion extended, and where does it stop? In the Gladstonian case, we know, the personal influence of a pontifical leader carried it amongst great numbers of his following in the country. The charm that still hung about the one renegade created many thousands of renegadoes in a single week. Fortunately there is no such magic about any Conservative leader. True Liberalism is a Protestant faith, and does not submit its doctrine to the transformations of any conclave. The submergence of principle which Mr. Chamberlain boasts of, and we all perceive, is confined to a number of men very powerful but very few. It is an arrangement, for temporary purposes, which rank-and-file Conservatism was never consulted about, does not assent to, and regards with mortification and alarm. Therefore I say that as a consequence of the recent handling of political affairs by a complex Unionist Government, the relations between the leaders and the rank and file are not what they were and not what they ought to be; while the relations of the two sections of Unionists in the country are in much the same case. How should it be otherwise? The greater number of those who make up the Unionist party are Conservatives because of their Conservatism, or Moderate Liberals because of a bred-in-the-bone preference for moderate counsels in domestic reform. Yet, being what they are, they see that their leaders at the seat of Government are playing the game of absolute Radicalism, which of course they remain opposed to, Union or no Union. They see this done at a time when, according to universal acknowledgment, a more extravagant and revolutionary Radicalism than was ever before known in England is rapidly gaining strength, and may possibly succeed even though all

the conservative forces of the country are arrayed against it. And that does not complete the tale of their humiliation and distress. Radicals who are in close partnership with the Government tell them in so many words that they are under no mistake, that their leaders have thrown over, and will continue to throw over, Conservative principles—as the price of Radical aid in defence of the Union. Who can doubt what the result of all this must be? Who could ever have doubted it? Of course the boasting of Mr. Chamberlain weakens the Union of the Unionists—throwing the Conservatives farther apart from the Radicals in a natural jealousy. Of course the relations of the Tory rank and file with their leaders have become vitiated by sullen disappointment. They are chary of voting for Liberal Unionist candidates? Who can be surprised at that when they are told on the highest authority, and when moreover they see, that it is much the same thing as voting down their own principles?

But, yes—the danger to the Union! At that thought all patriotic Conservatives should submit to the sacrifice demanded of them, since the continued adherence of their Radical allies depends upon it. Is that the argument? If so, this is the answer: Everything is not to be sacrificed to avert a danger that was never extreme, and that no longer oppresses anybody. And if we were not mistaken as to the motives that brought the Unionists together, none of them still exist in full force, except "dread, but not submissive dread, of the reckless Jacobinism that trades on the poverty and ignorance of masses of new voters, and revolt at the decomposition of political principle." Well, but now it appears that the union of the Unionists is to flourish on a further decomposition of political principle! In order to combat Mr. Gladstone we are to adopt his vices; and if the sacrifice of conscience in so eminent a man, and the eminent men his companions, has degraded political life, the remedy is wholesale immolation on our part of a precisely similar kind. But perhaps in that way we shall at any rate further an object which every sensible and steady-minded man in the community must feel to be more important than any other. We shall perhaps rally all the Conservative forces of the country to confront a party of Anarchism so wild and excessive that it alarms Mr. Chamberlain himself. Is that likely? Apparently not. In matters of this kind probability is our only guide, but on the face of it there does not seem much likelihood of rallying the Conservative forces of the country by processes of sheer discouragement and offence. No doubt, if it is a sound theory that while Radical opinion is never to be managed into silence, Conservative opinion may be turned on and off from head-quarters as occasion requires, all may be well enough. But that is no longer a safe calculation. Besides, it is one thing to refrain from the assertion of principle, or even to qualify its application in affairs not abso-

lutely fundamental, and quite another to justify such sweeping statements as Mr. Chamberlain is able to make uncontradicted. Many Liberals were thrown out of politics altogether by disgust at their leader's *volte-face* on one particular line of policy. Is it supposed that a general surrender of principle on the other side will have no such effect upon Conservatives? If so, it is a supposition which nothing in nature warrants. If the rank-and-file Conservatives are to be consolidated in opposition to the reckless Jacobinism of the day (and what concerns them more?), it is their Conservatism that must be called upon. They must not be asked to unpack their principles, and, in the name of a more moderate kind of Radicalism, aid in removing obstacles from the path of more foolish and furious successor. Yet that is what is being done now.

In short, it is time to acknowledge the very considerable change that has come over the whole aspect of political affairs. "The Union in danger!" While their leaders are still thumping the tub to this tune, certain Radicals of the Unionist party are slipping over to the old camp, for the danger is one that they have lost dread of, and they are Radicals still. While as for Conservatives, and with them the moderate Liberals and many old Radicals, they are aware of other dangers greater yet—in which, however, the Irish menace is involved—and they see no preparation for repelling them. The notion that the next General Election will turn on Home Rule is already out of date. Of course it will be included in the Gladstonian programme—that is necessary, for the sake of the Irish vote. But there is a newer thing than Home Rule, and one that is far more captivating to the English masses. This is the Socialist Radical doctrine, which, beyond all doubt, has seized upon the imagination and the hopes of the people all the land over, and will certainly be "run" by a united Opposition at the time of the elections, with Mr. Gladstone as far in the van of progress as Mr. Labouchere or Mr. Jacoby. (There should be no doubt of that after reading Mr. Gladstone's little speech at Hawarden on the subject of the dock strike.) How formidable such a movement may become, how formidable it threatens already to become, and how much more likely than an exhausted Home Rule cry alone it is to sweep amalgamated Revolution into office, no man of common political intelligence need be told. The Government must mean, I suppose, to do their utmost to avoid overthrow. Prepare they must to gather all the various forces of a reasonable Conservatism against so alarming an attack. So far, however, they have done nothing but disorder and dishearten all the disciplined Conservatism there is in the country; and so long as Mr. Chamberlain is able to repeat the language he addressed to the Unionists at Newcastle, that enormous mischief will go on. To what end, and to whose profit?

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

FOLK-LORE OF NORTHERN PORTUGAL.

POPULAR myths, traditional legends and belief in supernatural agencies of every kind, are as rife and various in the Portugal of to-day as they were in Elizabethan England. They are accepted with a very undoubting faith, and it is a strange and startling experience to one who lives in rural Portugal, to find himself among men and women who surround the incidents of every-day life with a glamour that derives from quite outside the material senses, and that comes in no wise from logic and reasonableness. To one who is neither a professing savant nor a professing pessimist it is by no means an unpleasant experience.

The educated Portuguese, as may easily be supposed, reject these popular superstitions contemptuously, but they cannot wholly neglect the popular faith in the unseen that has come down to our day unmitigated by passage through any such period of scepticism as was interposed by the Voltairean teaching in France and England between the old beliefs and modern doubt. Portuguese folk-lore is for this reason racier here than elsewhere of the ancient days of faith, and makes a substantial part of the lives of us who are sojourners among this interesting and sympathetic people. Their folk-myths are indeed as much a portion of our environment in Portugal as sickness and health, crime, death, the sunshine and the rain.

From the merely literary point of view one cannot help wondering that such opportunities as Portugal possesses for the purposes of literature in its ancient, abiding folk-lore, should never be used by the many able men of letters whom the country possesses. They are opportunities such as Shakespere had at hand and did not throw away. With help from these universal beliefs, a man of genius, one would think, might compose a great drama, a great poem, or a great work of narrative fiction, and move the hearts of his countrymen as the heart of one man.

The folk-lore of Portugal is the more interesting in that it has its origin in so many and such various sources, for the popular tenets are inherited, as I shall presently show, in part from Roman times, in part they are a relic of the Moorish occupancy, and in part no doubt they come from the original dwellers in the land, whoever they may have been; while an important portion of them descends to the Portuguese of to-day from the conquering Gothic races, whence comes too, I believe, a main ingredient in the blood of the men of Northern Portugal, and that mettle in them, as I suspect, which, through the ages, has made them a famous nation.

No doubt many beliefs, legends, and myth-tales that seem at first sight derived from a particular race are drawn from the common mythological stock of our Aryan forefathers.

One may suppose that in all countries where a new order of things takes the place of an old one, the remembrance of the older time lives on softened as a myth-tradition, with a glamour cast upon it by the imagination of succeeding generations. This is strikingly the case with traditions coming down from the time of the Moors. More than twenty generations of men have been born and died since the Moor had sway in the northern half of the kingdom, yet legends of the departed nation linger almost in every parish. Its commonest form is that of the well haunted by an enchanted Moorish maiden: *A Fonte da Moura*, the Moor girl's well. There is one within a mile of Oporto, but the civilisation of the great city has invaded its sanctity and perhaps broken the spell, for I can hear of no other testimony to its enchantment than its name. Near Moncorvo, in Northern Portugal, is another *Fonte da Moura*, and here its spell-bound denizen, invisible all round the long calendar of days, takes her true human shape at dawn on the 24th of June, the feast-day of St. John, when, as is well known, mortals under enchantment enjoy a temporary relaxation from the numbing spell. She has been seen by the village girls when they come for water at early morning of St. John's day, spreading figs to dry in the first sun rays. Another spring hard by is similarly haunted, but the water-maiden has been seen by no mortal eyes, only when the waters of her spring are drawn off, her melancholy sighing can plainly be heard. Near Regoa, on the Douro, is another *Fonte da Moura*, of which it is related that a woman coming betimes on St. John's day to fill her pitcher was besought by the inhabitant of the well, who appeared before her in likeness of a slim and most beautiful maiden, to bake her a little cake in the shape of a horse, whereby the spell lying upon her would be removed. The woman consented, but in the baking one leg of the image was broken, and through this accident the power of the enchantment was doubled. At other wells the village girls have been asked, always on St. John's day, by the enchanted Moorish girl, for a drink of water from their pitchers, sweeter, no doubt, to these disconsolate immortals for having been drawn and given to them by their mortal sisters; and the girls have set their pitchers by the fountain's brim and retired a little, and, though they could perceive no human shape, they have watched, awe-struck, while the water in their vessels has sunk as the spirit-maiden has invisibly drunk from one after another of their pitchers.

These stories of haunted wells are common everywhere in Portugal. They take various forms. In the Castle of Torre-de-Dona-Chama, in the wild mountains of Traz os Montes, is an enchanted

well. Here the Moorish maiden has appeared more than once. She is seen in likeness of a woman to the waist; thence her form ends in a serpent's coils. So appearing once to a young peasant of the neighbourhood she offered him wealth untold if he would disenchant her. To do so he must consent to let her put off all likeness of a woman's shape and come to him as a serpent, and clasp him and coil herself round his body. He agreed, but when she began to wind her cold, scaly folds round him and a serpent's head came near his face, a horror came upon him and he struck the seeming reptile with a club in his hand. Then the creature fell down and glided away, a serpent still, but speaking with a woman's voice, and she cried out that the spell upon her was now made doubly strong. Thereupon she disappeared for ever.

Wells and springs and fountains are naturally special centres of popular interest in countries with a hot and droughty summer, and it is no wonder that the legends of the charmed Moorish women should be connected with fountains, lakes, and water springs. There may be another reason for the traditional belief in the fact that it was the Moors who in Portugal introduced all that complicated system of raising water from wells, and the conveyance of it through carriers upon the land; to this day many words connected with water are of Arabic origin, *nora*, for instance, the water-wheel with an endless chain of buckets, and *chafariz*, the common word here in the north for a fountain. Wells are, however, also in some few circumstances unmistakably connected with Roman times and Roman worship, and such traces of the ancient Pagan faith would no doubt still be very frequent but for the repression of the clergy, as we can read in numerous rescripts of the Roman church.

The old Pagan rite has been observed unchanged, however, at a well called Fonte do Leite, Milk Well, at Ponte da Barca, a score of miles to the north of Oporto, where the women yearly lay by its side offerings of bread and wine and flax and oil. Other fountains are crowned with flowers year after year. Offerings, too, are made to trees almost exactly as the old Pagan cult required; and the peasant who desires to work an enchantment still carries bread and salt to a desert place, ties them in a cloth, lays a potsherd full of wine by their side, and setting the whole round a wild laurel shrub, repeats three times a charm which is expected to cure him of the *maleitas* or ague. In some parts of the country a little image of an ox in dough is baked and hung up as a charm in gardens and orchards, just in the same way as images were hung to branches of trees in classic times in ancient Italy. In all these points the Roman traditions are extant, and no doubt in many more where my feeble archæology cannot trace the tradition. The fact is that the Portuguese inheritance from Roman times is to this day extraordinarily

great. The Portuguese indeed, throughout the vicissitudes of fortune, through all revolutions, and the crumbling of three foreign dynasties, have never lost touch with Latin influences and the great Roman civilisation that was once dominant in Lusitania. The language proves it best, more like to the tongue of ancient Rome than any still spoken among men; so like indeed that long sentences and even sonnets have been written in Portuguese that will pass for Latin. The Portuguese moreover have still the old classic delight in right literary form—it is apparent in the people's songs and even in the people's proverbs. Well-known Latin hexameters that had once won the popular ear have lost their old form indeed, but have never died out in the people's memories. The verses have naturally ceased to be Latin and they have ceased to be hexameters, yet they still live on. One such instance has always greatly struck me. No one with the Southern sense of word music and word wit can ever forget a line which conveys a common truth so shrewdly and so well as—

"Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed sæpe cadendo."

It is preserved in a vernacular proverb, losing its metrical for a rhythmic and rhyming form but hardly anything of its neatness and force, in

"Agua molle em pedra dura
Tanto dá até que fura."

("Water-drops on hard stone falling,
Fall so long they pierce in falling.")

The most sombre of the traditionary beliefs in rural Portugal certainly go back to far beyond the time of the Moors, beyond even the period of the entry into the Peninsula of the nations from Central Europe. The wehr-wolf legends come from Roman times. The term for the man-wolf in Portuguese is *lobis-homem*, hardly a change from the Latin *lupus-homo*, though it is more than likely that in substance if not in form the lycanthropic myth is far older than the Roman nation itself. The legend of a human being assuming a wolf's shape is certainly one of the most generally diffused through the world. It takes many forms in Portugal. A common belief is that when there are seven children of the same parents one, either son or daughter, is fated before the age of puberty arrives to turn into a *corredor*—a night-ranger—that is, to become that which is preliminary to being a true wehr-wolf, or *lobis-homem*.

The *corredor* need not necessarily assume a wolf's shape—indeed, he as often takes that of a hare, a wild cat, or a fox, but of nights he must put on the likeness of one of these animals and range through woods and desert places. The *corredor* by all I can learn harms no one but himself, and is unconscious of his nightly wanderings as

soon as he returns to his human shape and right senses, but he is always to be recognised by excessive leanness, wild eyes, and a pale and haggard face.

The *corredor* steals from his bed, and climbing the highest tree in the neighbourhood, strips to the skin and hides his clothes in the branches; then descending naked to the ground, he is instantly transformed into bestial shape, with all the habits belonging to the beast whose form he has put on. He is endowed with supernatural speed and can outstrip man and all other animals. The child with this fate to undergo passes a novitiate of seven years as a *corredor*, and then unless the spell be broken he turns to a true *lobis-homem*, a *versi-pellis*, a wolf-man or a wolf-woman. The female of this terrible human wild beast is known as *lobeira*. Male or female, it is a fierce creature, with appetites exaggerating those of the wolf it resembles, and whose strength and swiftness are greater than those of the wolf. The creature is now no longer harmless, but leaps upon and preys on other animals, and its special delight is in the slaughter and devouring of children.

When once the change into the true *lobis-homem* or *lobeira* has taken place I understand that the wolf-man or woman can never again be reclaimed into the ranks of our common humanity, but the spell upon a *corredor* can be broken. It needs but for its clothes to be found and burnt, or for blood to be drawn from its body while in the form of a beast: then the spell is broken, the animal returns into human shape—waking amazed as from a sleep-walking dream and recovering the reversion of the human soul of which the true *lobis-homem* must inevitably forfeit the tenure. Tales are many where a particularly savage wolf being sorely wounded by some peasant in a midnight fray has yet escaped by a seeming miracle. The next morning the unsuspected brother or sister of the peasant himself is seen with a wound of identically the same nature, and so has proved to be nothing less than a foul *lobis-homem* or *lobeira*.

Though I am not prepared to say that the popular Portuguese myths and legends, or at least near likenesses of them, are not to be found in other parts of the world, I yet think that many folk-lore tenets will be found in Portugal, not only in fuller and more authentic form than elsewhere, but also, as it seems to me, in a more perfectly artistic shape. If this be so, I would ascribe it less to any conservative instinct in the Portuguese, less even to the fact of the long isolation of this kingdom from disturbing influences, than to the very distinctly artistic craving peculiar to a highly endowed Southern race; the craving that is everywhere at the root of right literature, and that asks in all narrative for an intelligent beginning, a suitable procession and development, and a congruent and fitting consummation.

It is not to be supposed that a myth, a ballad, or a tale, is handed down through hundreds, or it may be thousands, of generations unaltered and uncorrupted by some passers-on of it, or unimproved by others, in the same way that a material possession might be, a bit of jade for instance, a bronze weapon, or some sacred gem fetish. The oral tradition of to-day breathes as it were with the life of each generation that has passed it on, and speaks to us now with the voices of all the uncountable men and women who have inherited, held, and bequeathed it. That is the interest these things bear for one who is not an archæologist—their human interest. He cares less to have repeated to him, when once he has been told, the general fact that almost every popular myth is common to almost every race of the old world. He is quite ready at present to take this really important fact, so often proved, on trust.

The modern Portuguese mythology is, as I have said, extremely full and derives from many sources, as the bare naming of its *dramatis personæ* will testify. There are, for instance, the *Olharapos*, ogres of the Cyclops kind, one-eyed cannibals, fierce and man-hating. There are giants and dwarfs—creations of the Middle Ages—and classical Amazons and Sirens of the sea. There are the *Fadas*, or fairies, and the *Hirã*, who is a being born of Christian parents, a female child as other children are born, but who at the age of twelve turns into a serpent, glides away and is seen no more. The *Fradinho de mão furada*, "the friar with the pierced hand," is apparently a shape assumed by Satan himself, for he has been seen and heard at the Witches' Sabbath receiving the unholy reports of his subordinate warlocks and witches, all naked and all foully anointed and disguised with a black unguent. His satellites kiss his pierced hand in token of allegiance. *Pesadello*, the nightmare, takes human shape, but is certainly a form of the foul fiend himself. Another form in which he appears to the Portuguese peasant is as the invisible being who wields the *Mão de Ferro*, the iron hand, which strikes the unwary wandering in desert places by night, with stunning blows upon the face. There is also *Trasgo*, the spirit of the mist, in spite of which title he mostly frequents houses in mountain regions and chiefly torments women. *Tardo* is the night wandering demon in *propriâ personâ*. There is a supernatural being familiarly known as *Pedro de Malasartes* (Peter of the evil devices), whom I believe to be rather a powerful and maleficent magician than one of hell's own confraternity. Among the members of the Portuguese demonology is one who differs from all the others in that he alone is wanting in anthropic entity. He is shapeless—a formless, soundless terror—*o Medo*, panic, that assails solitary men and overcomes them with unreasoning fear, driving them at times into insanity and prompting them to leap down precipices to their destruction

Of all the shapes of terror that people the rural parts of Portugal and are most potent to work evil upon the human race the chief are the *Bruxas*, the witches. It is to avert their evil influence that, in Northern Portugal, every ox-yoke on May Day bears a slip of broom; every cart, plough, the door of every stable, cattle-lair, and sheep-fold is adorned with a sprig of this mystic shrub; that horse-shoes, or rather mule-shoes (with an uneven number of nail-holes), are fixed against house doors; that young animals of every kind—pigs, goats, mules, and donkeys, especially, carry a red woollen thread round their necks; that men and women wear amulets, and that innumerable precautions are taken when a child is born, for the *Bruxas* are vampires, and love to suck the blood of young children and young animals. Their influence is crossed by the use of the cabalistic pentad, the so-called seal of Solomon, which is very commonly to be seen engraved on carts and ox-yokes and painted on boats, for there are sea *Bruxas* to be provided against as well as witches of the land. The *Bruxas* are omnipresent, and no one who has to do with the peasants can be a day without hearing mention of them. The fisherman at sea often believes he sees them dancing among the white crests of the waves, and fancies he can hear the sound of their singing amid the murmuring of the waters; so frequently indeed does he see them and hear them that he has come to lose all fear of the water witches. The sea *Bruxas* indeed seem to be harmless folk, and are not to be confounded with the *Sereias*, or Sirens, who are much more formidable. The *Bruxas* would seem to love all kinds of water, except that which is stagnant, and at midnight they may be seen in scanty white garments paddling in the running water of wooded streams. They assume the aspect of water fowl if watched, but their true form is that of tall and slender women. Their laughter (very characteristic of *Bruxas*) and the clapping of their hands may often be heard when they themselves are hidden by the darkness of night.

A story is told of a carter who, coming from Ponte da Barca to Oporto and passing along the Barca River at midnight, distinctly heard the splashing of water in the river shallows, and heard the well-known laughter of *Bruxas*. He was a man of courage and who loved a jest, and instead of crossing himself, or touching iron or bread, or repeating some charm against evil spirits, he most rashly called out, "Wash yourselves clean, *Bruxas!*" The effect was almost as great as in Tam o' Shanter's case. The sounds immediately ceased, and the next moment the carter was laid low by a blow upon the head delivered, he declared afterwards, as by an iron club. I understand that if the *Bruxas* are ever visible it is by their own desire alone. For the most part they are not to be seen by mortal eyes, even when there are plain signs and tokens of their presence,

but it is not to be supposed that beings shaped like "tall and slender women" should not at times feel a strong longing for the materialization of their fair proportions.

The *Bruxas* are often to be heard in the air, in the vast of night, flying high overhead; the beat of wings is then plainly audible, and sometimes a confused whistling. Sometimes the distant sound of weird laughter comes down from the upper air.

A pair of scissors laid open so as to form a cross is sovereign against the *Bruxas*, for they cannot abide where metal is, and the cross thus formed, too, is contrary to malign influences of every kind. Garlic, too, is strongly antipathetic to these beings, and the peasant to ensure his day's work against evil chances eats a clove in the morning before he goes out, and if he is taking a pig to market he is careful to rub its sides well with one, or three, or five cloves of the same herb. Some people carry about with them at all times, as a protection against the *Bruxas*, on a string round their necks, a little bag which holds a chip of stone from the altar, a bay-leaf, a leaf of rue, one from the olive-tree, and a sprig of *Herva da Inveja*, a plant whose English name I do not know.

Though I have translated *Bruxas* by witches, they are not witches in our English sense at all—not women under compact with the evil one—but maleficent spirits of the air, female of sex, who hold very unrighteous relations with the Prince of Darkness. The true witch is *feiticeira*—the worker of magical spells, *feitiços*.

Besides these spiritual beings that are so powerful to work mischief on mankind, there are many supernatural influences in nature that are purely beneficent. There are the *Mouras encantadas*, already spoken of, the sad Moorish maidens under enchantment who are always grateful for services rendered to them, as is proved in this legend that is told in the neighbourhood of Moncorvo. A farmer of that place was in the habit of weighting his harrow with a heavy square fragment of granite, little guessing that it was nothing less than a Moorish woman compelled by magic to assume the shape of a stone. One day, working in his field with his harrow, he heard a voice in the air bidding him break off a corner of the stone and carry the fragment to his house. He was then to return and cast the stone itself into a deep pool of the river Sabor that flowed through his fields. He obeyed, and as the waters rose from the plunge of the great stone there came up from the river with the splashing of the waters the sound of unearthly laughter. The farmer easily guessed that he had broken some enchantment, and, going home, was made sure of it, for the fragment of granite had turned into a lump of pure gold.

Another yeoman farmer of Morellos was accustomed in summer to let one of his milch cows feed on an unfrequented mountain-side.

Observing that in the evening she came back short of milk, he one day followed her. Presently he saw the animal enter an opening among the rocks, which he had never noticed before, and, still following her, he found himself in a dark cavern, through whose long winding the cow found her way quickly. At length she reached a place where the cavern opened out into a sort of chamber, and there stopping she yielded her milk to a huge snake. The man set about driving his cow back, whereupon the snake, speaking in a woman's voice, declared she was no snake but a Moorish woman suffering under enchantment, and she promised the farmer to convert his harrow into gold if he would allow the cow to visit her every day. He was to bind the harrow on the back of the cow, but on no account to utter the name of God till he reached his home. To all this he consented; but on his way he forgot his promise, and, as he drove the animal home before him, called out the phrase that is in the peasant's mouth twenty times a day, *Valha-te Deos!* (God help thee!) Immediately the harrow that he had bound on the cow's back fell in dust to the ground.

I think it is peculiar to Portuguese mythology that oxen act themselves as a charm, and are sovereign against all the evil influences of the air and the waters and the earth. A peasant who stands among his oxen is secure from all magic hurt whatever. The mule, on the other hand, has no good repute. He is an uncanny animal, and the country people say it comes of a mule having eaten the straw in the manger wherein the infant Saviour was laid. The goat, as might be supposed, is in very ill repute, for it is the goat's shape that the enemy of mankind most frequently assumes—as he does in other countries of Europe. They tell a strange tale of an ancestor of the Portuguese House of Haro, who going one day a-hunting, and being separated from his companions, heard from a mountain-top the voice of a woman singing—the sweetest voice and most ravishing air his ears had ever taken in. He climbed the mountain, still guided by the voice, and at its summit found sitting on a ledge of rock a woman supremely beautiful, but whose feet and legs were those of a goat. Notwithstanding this peculiarity, the hunter was so enchanted with her loveliness as to offer her marriage on the spot. She consented, with the one condition that he should abstain from using any holy name whatever. For some years he observed this condition faithfully, but one day at table he spoke the name of Our Lady. His wife immediately uttered a loud cry and fled from the house towards the mountains with such swiftness that none could overtake her. Her husband and children never saw her more.

Among wild animals the wolf naturally is of ill omen, this fierce and ravening animal having his own sins to bear as well as those he commits when he is magically possessed by the souls of men and

women. One belief prevails about the wolf which was held in classic times in Italy, that is, that if a wolf sees a human being and is not himself perceived, loss of speech is caused to the man. The wolf of the mountains of the north of Portugal is the black wolf, *Canis lycaon*, a larger and fiercer beast than the common grey wolf of the rest of Europe.

It is a noticeable thing that in Portugal there seem to be two parallel lines of traditionary opinion in regard to the dog. One that comes, one may suppose, from Moorish and Mahomedan times is, that he is an accursed beast; the other seems to derive from the Gothic races, or perhaps is inherited from classic times, and sets the dog high in esteem and affection. In the province of Beira-Alta, a stronghold of the Gothic races and a pastoral region, the shepherds who live in the mountains hold the very breath and saliva of dogs of sovereign effect in wounds and scratches. On the other hand, in Southern Portugal, where Moorish influence had later sway, and where probably Moorish blood may run in the peasants' veins more freely than in the north, the howling of a dog by night, which the northern Portuguese disregard, is held to be of evil augury. A southerner hearing it slips his feet for a moment out of the Moorish slippers he wears and repeats this counter-charm:—

"Tudo o auguro
Sobre teu couro."

("On this leather alight
All the ills of this night.")

Around birds of several kinds popular myths and beliefs have gathered; for instance, the house martin is greatly esteemed and respected. His pendent nest must on no account be broken from the eaves. To do so is to invite misfortune, for the martin flies every day to heaven, there to wash our Lord's feet; therefore the bird's young ones are always left in peace. The people have noticed what naturalists too have recorded, that of the crowds of birds of the swallow kind which migrate in autumn but few return in spring. The popular rhyme is:—

"Andorinhas loucas
Ides muitas, vindes poucas."

("Swallows, that do seldom learn
Flying southward, to return.")

The hoopoe is another bird of good omen, and his cry, that sounds like *Poupa! poupa!* seems to the peasants to bid them be thrifty, *poupar* meaning, in Portuguese, to save.

The legend of the cuckoo is the same that prevails in Western Europe, that is, the belief which is conveyed in this common rhyme of girls, who sing:—

"Cuco da Carrasqueira!
Quantos annos me dá solteira?"

("Cuckoo in the Holm-Oak Tree!
How many years ere I marry me?")

Then they count the bird's call for the answer.

Of the grosser legend connected with the cuckoo I greatly doubt whether it is not a purely literary myth dating, in this country at least, only from Renaissance times. The legend exists here, but not to my knowledge generally among the peasants.

As may be supposed, plants and flowers of every kind play an important part in the folk myths of Portugal. All of them that are helpful to men and women in their constant contention with the spirits of evil are doubly helpful when they are gathered in the spell-breaking month of June, and especially if they be culled on the morning of St. John's Day, as this common *Cantiga* will show:—

"Toda las hervas tem prestimo
Na manhã do San João,
Só o trevo do q'atro folhas
Colhido na má tençaõ."

("Every herb has sovereign power
On the feast-day of St. John,
Save the four-leaved shamrock only,
Plucked with ill intention.")

Round about the king-fern on the eve of the same feast day, when the powers of the night have special power, the devil dances with his satellite *Bruxas*. It is not safe at this season to go near; but he will have all his wishes fulfilled who will then gather the fern-seed: a hard task indeed, for to my knowledge the king-fern gives its seed in late autumn only. I have not heard whether he who carries the seed "walks invisible," but I think not.

Flowers and plants are here as elsewhere intimately and magically connected with the affairs of love. There is a well-known Portuguese garden shrub called Alecrim (commonly translated Rosemary, but it is a species of Diosma), round which many sentimental lovers' sayings have grown. The plant has a sweet aromatic smell, and is of a beautiful velvety green, and the rhyme goes that—

"Quem junto do Alecrim passou
E um raminho naõ colheu
De seu amor naõ se lembrou."

("He who from bush of Rosemary
Plucks not as he passes by,
Certain 'tis that this does prove
He forgets his absent love.")

There are magic flowers also—too rare, alas!—which to find is cer-

tain fortune. Of such is the flower of the *Lirolar*. Of this plant it is related that three brothers once came upon it in full bloom. The two elder jealous of their youngest brother, and determined to share the coming wealth between themselves alone, slew him then and there, and straightway buried his body on a lonely hill-side. Upon his grave there grew a cane, and from it a shepherd who fed his flocks on the hill made a pipe; but when he tried to play upon it there came no music, only these rhymes:—

"Naõ me toques, meu pastor,
Naõ me deixes tocar
Que meus irmaõs me mataram
Por causa da flor do Lirolar."

("Simple shepherd, use me not:
My brothers twain my murtherers are:
They slew me in their cruel spite,
All for the flower of the Lirolar.")

As to the particular species and genus to which the *Lirolar* belongs I can say nothing, nor have I cared to inquire of the learned, for I believe it grows in regions where they have never botanised, namely, there where faery footsteps have passed and the horns of Elfland been heard to blow. I know only that its virtues are magical, and that it brings its finder great wealth.

These curious superstitions—or rather this faith of the peasants in things not patent to their senses, this striving to find shape and substance for the images cast by their own innate emotions, for their aspirations after what is good and happy, and their fears of what is evil and malign, are, it seems to the writer, of deep significance from a human as well as from a literary point of view.

The peasant's superstitions are in truth the peasant's poetry; they are the rude and perhaps clumsy, but surely the most pathetic expression of his conception of the unseen world. It is just these blind searchings for truths that lie beyond the confines of the senses and outside the domain of logic which, to the savant of the narrower kind, seem so deplorable. He would like to see them replaced by a purely logical appraisement of material, provable facts. He utterly misses the deep, human interest of such strivings and the fact that they are themselves phenomena to be taken into account before we can solve the problem of life; and he fails likewise to bear in mind that to cut away from man all but his understanding and his appetites is to reduce him who is endowed with an immeasurable inherited wealth of spiritual faculties, emotions, and intuitions to mere carnal proportions—that it is to level him down to and to equal him with the beasts that perish.

OSWALD CRAWFURD.

THE ORGANIZATION OF WORKING WOMEN

THE effects of economic competition upon the position of women have been twofold and contradictory. To the comparatively educated and prosperous it has brought greater independence and freedom; to the poor it has brought increased poverty, and, in some instances, a slavery which I believe to be worse than any of which record exists in the world.

Let me examine a little the way in which it seems to me that these two contradictory effects have been produced. Let me also own, beforehand, that there have been other causes which have contributed to produce them. Very few effects in our complicated modern life arise from the pressure of one clear and separate cause; most of them are resultants of many causes working in different directions, and with differing degrees of force. It is not so easy to calculate the relative force of each of these causes, and that is why one man's solution of a social problem is apt to differ so widely from another's. To me it appears that in this problem of women's work the strongest acting force has been that of economic competition, and for the moment I shall treat of it only.

Economic competition pressing more and more severely upon men has rendered it necessary for women to enter the labour market. A certain number of women became wage-earners instead of living on the wages of others and doing work which, though often in the highest degree useful and valuable, was not measured by a market price. Now, there is a vast difference between the position of a person who earns a livelihood or who owns property and that of one who depends for support upon the earnings or the property of another. The old proverb expresses the fact crudely enough, but truly: "He who pays the piper calls the tune." Speaking roughly, economic dependence means personal subservience; and economic independence means personal freedom. And this difference is even more marked in the case of whole classes than of individuals. The standing of a member of a wage-earning or property-owing class, even if this particular member neither earns nor owns, is more independent than that of a member of a supported class. A son who lives on an allowance from his father has more individual freedom than a daughter who does the same; on the other hand a daughter living thus has more freedom to-day, when numbers of women live by their own work, than was enjoyed fifty years ago by one who did live by her own work, when such a position was exceptional and the general rules of womanly life were those of a supported class. "Of course I do not propose to live in lodgings by myself. It would not be respectable." It was Harriet Martineau, a woman of independent

temper if ever there was one, who wrote thus, when she was over thirty years old, to her mother. Hundreds of women are living in precisely that manner at the present day and enjoying the respect of their neighbours. The need of earning money has compelled them to become free, and has compelled the world to recognise their freedom.

This same need has also greatly raised the standard of their work. Work that is done to be paid for must be done regularly; it must be set in the first place, whatever else goes to the wall. Roughly speaking, when the work of women did not represent money—when it was not a commodity for the market—it was not treated with the same respect and consideration as that of men. Nay, the lingering tradition that women do not, or should not, work for money, still causes their work to be treated with less regard, and by this very circumstance helps to prevent it, in too many cases, from rising to an equal standard of efficiency with that of men. Precisely the same lingering tradition still indirectly hampers their liberty of action in those points where the need of earning money does not come in. A recent correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph* on the question of whether women should or should not smoke furnished amusing and instructive examples. In the two or three numbers of the paper which I chanced to see I do not remember to have seen one letter which pointed out that the question was one for each woman to decide for herself, precisely as it is a question for each man to decide for himself. "Let women smoke, because if not they will not like men to smoke in their presence." "Let women not smoke, because to see them do so is displeasing to my masculine sense of female decorum." "Let women not smoke, because it is an unhealthy practice, and because if both parents smoke the children will probably suffer." These were literally and actually the views urged by those writers whose letters I saw.

Now, it is clear enough that in these days such expressions of opinion have no authority; the women who want to smoke will assuredly please themselves, and if any considerable minority adopt the habit, it will cease to be more reprobated in them than in men. But a lady who should have smoked openly in the days of Harriet Martineau's letter, would have ostracised herself even more completely than by going into solitary lodgings.

Nor is it only the women who actually work who have secured more liberty. It would be difficult to maintain two different standards for persons of the same rank and education; and the fact that some women, because they have to work, have to live alone and to go about alone at all hours, has made it possible for all women to do so. This same necessity of working for money has made it necessary that women should be better trained, and the more thorough training has made them both better fitted to control their own lives and more anxious to do so. Thus economic competition has driven

some of them into the labour market, and has in doing so caused not them only, but most women of their class, to receive better education and greater freedom—to the immense advantage, as I believe, not only of themselves, but also of those men and children of whom they may become wives and mothers.

That is one side of the picture. On the other hand, where wages were already low and conditions hard, the entrance of women into the labour market has served to intensify competition and increase these evils. When the husband's wage is very low, the wife goes to work that she may supplement his earnings. She can afford to work for something less than her single neighbour, because her husband partly supports her. He in his turn can afford to work for a little less than a man who has no wife at work. Thus one undersells another, and the weakest and the most enduring are in the long run the worst paid. And not only are they the worst paid, but also the most heavily worked. A woman who only earns a penny an hour has got to work a good many hours a day if she is to live by her work, and the woman who is in this case, is in a condition of worse slavery than any likely to be enforced by a slave-holder to whose interest it is that his slave should not die. I think the comparatively well-to-do have very little notion of the lives led by hundreds of working women in English towns. I know a young woman who applied for work at a large shop: she is a skilled dressmaker. The master of the shop offered her 6s. a week as an out-door hand. She said she could not live on it. He replied that he could get plenty to come at that price. "But," said she, "a respectable girl can't live on that if she has got to pay for lodgings." "They have got to be respectable here," he answered; "I don't know anything about what they do outside." Another girl, not known to me personally, applied for work to the Aërated Bread Company. She was told at the head office that as a waitress she would have to give one month free, and would then receive 6s. or 8s. a week, out of which she would have to pay for her own food. She could not learn that there would be a prospect of a speedy rise. Army embroidresses—that is women who work the badges for the sleeves of uniforms for Government contractors, and who have to go through an apprenticeship of some years—earn, by their very skilled work, a most miserable pittance. I visited several of these women about a year and a half ago, and carefully noted their several cases. I concluded that their wages ranged from about 2d. an hour downwards. One of these girls received for embroidering forty-four letters—all done with mechanical accuracy—the vast sum of 2d. The letters are perhaps half an inch long. This trade was once fairly well paid, but the pernicious practice of giving the contract to the lowest bidder has gradually brought it to this pass. Even this is not the worst paid work there is, though it is the worst paid within my personal knowledge, of any demanding equal skill. I have in my posses-

sion some button-holes worked in white calico. They are $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch long, and are not so very badly made. According to the statement in writing of a lady accustomed to investigate such cases, the woman who made them was paid $2\frac{3}{4}$d. a gross. At a meeting in the East End, on the 15th of October last, a speaker whom I know well quoted the case of a woman, known to herself, who is a widow and has children to support. She makes ulsters (probably not "finishing," or button-holes, but doubtless all the machine work), and is paid 3d. each for them. She and her children are nearly starving—so nearly, that when some scraps of meat were given her, she said that if she were to leave them in the children's way they would fight for them. Now this woman was well known to the speaker as a decent, industrious, honest woman. Is there any one of us to whom it does not give a thrill of horror to think that such a woman, working steadily at useful work, which the community demands, should not be able to keep her children in food? Is there one of us who would not help to cure that state of things, if only we knew how? At the same meeting a woman produced a shirt which she had been making and was going to take back to the factory. It was of flannelette, and was not of the very commonest; it had a square of lining at the back of the neck, a neck-band, and bands to the sleeves, and was complete, with the exception of the button-holes, which were left to be made by the "finisher." Every other stitch was done by the machinist, and was moreover very fairly well done; the work, like the material and the cut, was not of the lowest kind. This woman finds her own machine, oil, and cotton. She is paid 1s. 6d. a dozen—$1\frac{1}{2}$d. a shirt.

Some few years ago, when I knew little of these things, I was shocked to hear of a girl being paid a penny a-piece for doing the machine work of coarse shirts. Since then I have learned that this is by no means the lowest price. Just before Christmas, last year, a man of fifty committed suicide in Manchester, and the evidence given at the inquest showed that he had been a labourer, but had lost one leg in consequence of an accident and was unable to get work. He had five children, of whom the eldest, aged fifteen, worked with her mother at shirtmaking. They were paid tenpence or a shilling a dozen. The husband had told a neighbour that it was breaking his heart to see how they had to work and to be unable to help them. After watching his wife toil till midnight one December night, he took poison. The wife had to provide her own machine and cotton. She and her daughter together could make two dozen and a half shirts in one day by working from about six to about twelve. She said that twelve shillings was the highest wage they had together ever taken in a week from their employer. I have myself seen the wage-book of a London woman who was paid eightpence a dozen for shirts. The firm for which this woman

worked was a large and prosperous one; so also was that in Manchester, by whose low payments that poor despairing husband and father was driven to his death. But these firms, even if they tried, could not greatly raise the prices which they pay. So long as women—or men either, for that matter—are competing against one another for work, and must have that work or starve, there will be found some people who will give them work at a price just a little above immediate starvation. I say *immediate* starvation, because in the long run they actually are starved; their lives are shortened in all sorts of ways by lack of the necessities of life. To preserve a decent standard of living is absolutely impossible in such circumstances. There is literally no time to be clean and tidy, and no time to get proper food. Worse still, there is no time to receive impressions of any better condition. Existence is one round of discomfort, privation, and toil, varied by interludes of hospital life. Is it any wonder that those who live thus take to drink? Is it any wonder if they become coarse and brutal? For my own part, I am continually amazed not at the failings, but at the virtues of the very poor among the workers. The good feeling, the moderation, the kindness, ay, and the good manners, of the London working woman are a perpetual source of surprise to me. The qualities that go to make up respectability in the best sense of that much-abused word, persist among circumstances that would seem to make them quite impossible. All the women, for instance, of whom I have spoken as known to myself and many more whom I know as well or better, are women of true respectability, honest, industrious, sober, self-respecting citizens. Yet the chances are that all of them who live long enough to leave off working will die in the workhouse.

Of course there are hundreds and thousands of working-class families and individuals who are living in something like comfort on wages of from 15s. for a woman up to £3 for a man. Many of these, however, are liable at any moment to be plunged into the lower depths by illness or by lack of work. The desirable ideal which we all dream of, the condition of things in which a steady and industrious person may be certain of a decent maintenance in return for honest work, is far from being attained even by these. Many of them do make a decent livelihood; on the other hand a certain number of them do not, and while they remain uncombined, cannot. Of these it is the women who necessarily suffer most; and their sufferings undoubtedly tend to weaken the next generation. The same sufferings also undoubtedly tend to moral as well as physical deterioration. A certain proportion of well-paid women *may* be drunken and vicious; a certain proportion of ill-paid ones *must*. Low pay appears to me to be at the root of most of the wrongs and sufferings of working women in this country.

How can we do anything to remedy low pay?

But here let me pause one moment to answer the inevitable objection that has been answered so many times before. "If we increase the wage paid to the worker, we shall diminish the profit of the seller, increase the price to the buyer, and trade will go away from the country." In the first place it does not follow always that the profit will be lessened or the selling price increased by a rise in wages. In a large number of industries the cost of production diminishes as the rate of wages increases. The ill-paid workman tends to become sooner or later the bad workman, and bad work is always dear in the long run. Moreover, the pauper, the loafer, the criminal, and the drunkard are very expensive articles; somebody has to pay for them, and low wages directly tend to increase their numbers. Finally, if there exist any trade in which the products will only be bought so long as they are offered at a price which will not furnish a living wage and also a profit, then that trade is really not worth having; and if the German or the Hindu or the Chinaman like to undertake it, let them compete for it among themselves. Such a trade is, to put it plainly, a factitious trade. Nobody really wants its products; it is dead already. There are some dangers in high wages no doubt; but they are less than those which must and which actually do attend low wages.

Before we try and find a way of raising wages we have got to ask why it is that wages are so low. Low wages prevail because the workers consent to accept them; and because no worker who stands alone can refuse them. That I believe to be in the vast majority of cases the plain explanation. If one woman, or one man—the cases are just the same—says to the foreman or to the employer, "No, I will not work for a reduced price," he is met by the stereotyped reply: "If you don't like it you can go; there are plenty who will." That is really the root of the matter, *there are plenty who will.* The isolated worker must take what is offered or go without work; and to go without work means speedy starvation; to accept it at the lowest possible rate means a slower starvation, and every woman or man would rather of the two accept that. This is what it pleases some political economists to call freedom of contract. So long as each worker is competing with all the others there can be no remedy for this state of things. Employers have to compete against one another to secure custom; nothing but a combination among them can keep up the selling price; and in many industries, competition has brought the employer nearly or quite as low as his own workers. This is especially the case, as far as I can learn, with the much-abused "sweater" in the tailoring trade, who often and often makes less in a week than his own presser. And for this reason I myself do not look with so much displeasure as some of my friends do upon the notion of combination among employers. Such combinations *could* do much to prevent the fall of wages. Of course it is true also that they could do much to hasten it. Combination

among employers, not counterbalanced by combination among employées, would be a serious danger; combination of both in one organization is impracticable, because the immediate interests of the two classes are apt to come into conflict; but two organizations, both resolved to resist that undue competition which destroys a trade and threatens both classes alike with ruin, might fairly exist and work harmoniously, the employers fixing a selling price for themselves and agreeing to pay the minimum rate of the employées' union, and the employées on their part agreeing not to work for any employer who sold below the masters' rate. An attempt to form two such unions is being made at the present time among the type writers. In this comparatively new industry wages are already being driven down by employers who try to secure work by underselling, and are able to undersell by paying their "operators" insufficiently. One method which prevails in this trade (as in many others) is to get learners whose work after a very short time differs from that of the full hand only in being less rapid; the equitable way of dealing with these would of course be to pay them by the piece, whereas they receive in some cases a very few shillings a week, in some cases nothing, and even, I suspect, in some instances pay a premium. Some employers, resolved to check the downfall of prices, have formed a union and fixed a scale. The "operators" on their side have had a first meeting, and they too will I hope shortly have their union and their scale.

The competition among themselves of workpeople who must live by their work is bad enough, but it is made far worse by the competition of those who are not obliged to live by it, and who therefore consent to take wages on which they could not possibly live. And so with employers; the competition of those who want to live on their profits is aggravated by the competition of those who do not need to make profit because they are supported from outside sources. Such employers are prisons, workhouses, various societies for the employment of the more or less incompetent, and above all, convents, "homes" and penitentiaries.

"It is difficult to say," says Bulwer Lytton somewhere, "who do you the most mischief, enemies with the worst intentions or friends with the best." And it may fairly be doubted whether the most selfish and callous of employers could do so much towards keeping down the rate of pay of workpeople as is done by the philanthropic blackleg who mulcts himself of a yearly subscription in order to provide a rate in aid of wages. I remember once, at a drawing-room meeting, when the speeches were over, and all the speakers had been advocating combination for the workers, and denouncing the wicked pursuit of cheapness at any price, there arose amongst the audience a well-meaning gentleman from some small manufacturing town, I think in Yorkshire. He said that in

his town, although wages were so low that it was impossible for the workers to save or provide for slack times, yet there was no need for them to combine, because the kind ladies of the place gathered together the women in the winter, and gave them fire and light, and cut out clothing, and also, I think, paid them for their sewing. A well-known dissenting minister was sitting next me, and I heard him murmur to himself, "Oh, Lord, oh, Lord! what a terrible thing benevolence is to be sure!" And, indeed, benevolence, when it takes such forms as this, is the most terrible enemy of labour. What these kind ladies were doing was to keep down the prices of work, to make it possible for an employer to get his work done below cost price, and so to undersell other employers who did pay a wage out of which the employée might hope to save something for the inevitable slack time. Whenever the worker is supported by something other than his work, he is enabled to take work below a living rate, and he helps to make it impossible for any other worker in the trade to obtain a living wage. What, then, must we say of public institutions which support their workers at the expense of the rate-payer, and sell their products below the market-price, thereby destroying the livelihood of many of those very ratepayers whose money supports these "unfair" competitors? But worse still is the case of penitentiaries and "homes," which by thus selling below cost price and so increasing the poverty of the honest working women, do actually aggravate that evil which it is their express purpose to remedy. It would come cheaper in the end if the subscribers to those institutions which secure work by underselling were rather to give up all chance of selling. It would be better surely that the penitent should not supplement her dole by work at all, than that her unfair competition should drive the honest needlewoman to supplement the price of her work by the price of her shame. I do not want to write anything exaggerated or sensational, but I should like to bring home to those whose own lives are sheltered, some realisation of the daily and hourly temptation that stands beside a woman who works day after day and week after week for a penny or twopence an hour; who never gets enough food, who never gets good clothes, who never has a waking hour free from her work, and who, if that work fails, has no way open but these: to beg, to starve, to go to the work-house, or to sell herself.

The competition of the supported worker prevails in almost every woman's trade from the cheapest shirtmaking upwards. Ladies who have "a little money" paint cards and embroider, at prices which render it practically impossible for any other woman to live by such work. Do they ever think what it means to the others? The working man's wife who "does a little to make out," the girl living at home who pays nothing for food and rent, and only wants her earnings for finery, these are the competitors who have driven the real working woman to her present slavery. Employers will

tell you that their workers do not live on what they earn. I have known an employer say, "Oh, yes, we only pay five or six shillings a week, but they don't depend on it, they live at home with their parents." What about those who have no parents, or who have invalid parents, or orphan brothers and sisters to keep? There are a great many such among the poor. Charity cannot avail to help. Charitable donations can only be, in effect, a rate in aid of wages and therefore in the end a force towards the reduction of wages. It is only by standing together that the workers in a trade can resist reductions of wage, and it is they and they only who can. All that the outsider can do is to show them how to do this for themselves, to supply the initial expenses of meetings, &c., to give perhaps temporary assistance in secretarial work, and to be ready to indemnify those who are made scapegoats in the early days before the union has accumulated funds enough to do this business for itself, and finally to secure for the combined workers the invaluable protection of public opinion.

The first attempt to do these things for women was made about fifteen years ago by Mrs. Emma Paterson, who was the daughter of a national schoolmaster and the wife of a cabinet-maker. She founded the Women's Protective and Provident League (since named the Women's Trades Union Provident League), of which she remained honorary secretary until her death three years ago. The fight was an uphill one. Trade Union was in those days a name of terror to the untrained and the unthinking, exactly as Socialism is now. But a little band of earnest workers—Mrs. Paterson the most earnest of all —pursued their purpose quietly. The first union which they established was that of the women employed in bookbinding, which still exists and has a good balance at the bank. This society is the oldest trade society of women in England. It has at present about two hundred and fifty members, a sadly inadequate percentage of the number of women employed in the trade in London, but I am sorry to say a large number if compared with the membership of most women's unions. Several other societies in London followed, most of which still continue, but none of which is sufficiently large to fulfil the main function of a union, which is to secure good conditions of pay, hours, treatment, and surroundings. Many provincial unions were also formed, mostly with the personal assistance of Mrs. Paterson. Of these I believe the Dundee Mill and Factory Workers' Union is considerably the largest; and it certainly owes most of its progress to the exertions of the Rev. H. Williamson, of Dundee, its honorary president. The Women's Protective and Provident League has never succeeded in securing the attention or the applause which it deserved, or the pecuniary support which the work really needed. That it should have done all that it has done upon an income so very narrow speaks volumes for the devotion of its

early workers. Within the last year or two public attention has been turned in these directions, and the League has not been quite so much cramped for means, but it still needs a good deal more support.

A vast impetus to the cause of unionism among women was given by the success of the match-girls' strike, and by the formation, under Mrs. Besant's able guidance, of their numerous union.

Within the last month a new group of workers has arisen in this field. Some ladies anxious to take advantage of the interest created by the dock-labourers' strike in order to aid the working women of East London, called together a little meeting and came to the conclusion that trade unions were the only remedy. They took counsel with the members of the Strike Committee, and it was agreed to hold a large meeting in the East End to begin with. A deputation from the new association waited meanwhile upon the committee of the Women's Trades Union Provident League, and explained, that though it had been decided to keep the new organization absolutely separate and independent, the members were fully sensible of the immensely valuable work done by the League, and were anxious to work in the friendliest possible spirit. The League committee, while regretting that the new workers had not chosen to join the already existing body, offered them any help or advice that they might care to seek, and assured them of their good wishes for the success of their work. As a member of both societies I did, for my own part, at first, desire their amalgamation; but I begin to see that possibly a friendly emulation may better stimulate the activity of both.

The new association held a large meeting on the 8th of October last, the Bishop of Bedford presiding, and has followed up that opening by an active campaign. One entirely new union has been formed, embracing both men and women who work in the confectionery, preserving, and pickling trade; a considerable increase of membership has been made to the East London Tailoresses' Union; temporary help has been given to another new union of women, weekly meetings for women only have been started and will be held in various parts of the district on Tuesdays, and some authorised person sits in the vestibule of the Mr. Charrington's Assembly Hall every evening from eight to ten to take names of intending members of unions. The committee hope very shortly to secure an office in the heart of the East End. But meetings and offices and the printing and circulation of tracts and handbills all cost money. Money help and personal help are needed. The first and great essential—sadly wanting hitherto—seems now to be present; the women themselves are awake and ready. With those of us who see, who understand, and who care, it rests to take up the work of helping them, so that they may now at last deliver themselves from the bondage in which many of them have been born and lived. CLEMENTINA BLACK.

A MODERN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER I.

SHE.—ON THE DULNESS OF GOODNESS.

IT is a long time since we met—long, that is, as we have been in the habit of measuring time lately—nearly a fortnight. Two months and meeting every day, often twice a day, but never missing once; then a little pause, a flagging, a going-to-town, and two days apart—days that were hard to bear for both of us; then a week, and now a fortnight. At first your letters compensated me; now they do not. Are they colder? I do not know. Not in words, perhaps, but they do not send a rush of joy through me as they did a little while since. They seem to come from your intellect, your good-nature, that would not like me to feel neglected, your affectionate disposition, not from your heart. Are you beginning to turn restive, to think things over, to wonder how it was we found the past so sweet that we were content to spend whole days by the river-side, talking the driftless, dreamy talk of happiness, or silently watching the river as it went on, seeking perhaps the place which a little later our feet would know—but not together?

I remember your telling me once—was it with dim foreboding of a future that now, perhaps, draws near?—that women took things more seriously than men. They are the foolish women. I am going to be wise—to remember as long as you remember, and forget as soon. I think I am doing so already—if you are. Why should man, who is strong, always get the best of it, and be forgiven so much; and woman, who is weak, get the worst and be forgiven so little? Why should you go and laugh and be merry, and I stay waiting and listening? But this shall not be, for I am not the woman to sit and weep while the world is wide and the days are long, and there are many to—to love me? I do not know: to come and make a sweet pretence of love; and who shall say how much or how little heart will be in it? It is delightful to be a woman—yes, even in spite of all things; but to be a weak woman, and good with the goodness invented for her by men who will have none of it themselves; no, thank you. It is a sad mistake to take things seriously, especially for women (which sounds like a quotation from Byron, and is almost), but it is a mistake that shall not be mine. Let us keep to the surface of all things, to the to-day in which we live, forgetting the yesterdays, not dreaming of to-morrows. The froth of the waves, the green meadows, and the happy folk walking across them laughing, the whole world as it faces the sky: beneath are only the deep

waters, the black earth, the people sorrowing in their houses, the dead sleeping in their graves. What have we who would laugh in common with these? Nothing.

Dear, your letters have grown too critical, too intellectually admiring. You said in one of them last week that you reverenced me for my goodness. I do not want reverence, it goes to passion's funeral. And I do not want to be good either, for that means a person knowing all her own possibilities and limits. It is only of the base and mean things that one should know one's self utterly incapable; for the rest it is best to give one's nature its fling, and let it make a walk for itself, good or bad, as its strength goes. Good! Oh, but I am glad to be far from that goal. No woman who is absolutely and entirely good, in the ordinary sense of the word, gets a man's most fervent, passionate love, the love beside which all other feelings pale. A wear-and-tear affection perhaps, tideless and dull, may be her portion, but it is not for good women that men have fought battles, given their lives, and staked their souls. To be good, to know beforehand that under any given circumstances one would do the right thing, would stalk along the higher path of moral rectitude, for ever remembering and caring above all things for one's own superiority, while the rest of the world might suffer what it would; it appals me to think of it. Besides, how deadly dull to herself must the good woman be, how limited her imagination, how sober her horizon; she knows her own future so well there is little wonder that she grows dowdy, living it. To feel that there is no unexpectedness in her nature, nothing over which to hold a rein, to know that no moment can come when, forgetting all else, she will give herself up to the whirlwind that may overtake her in a dozen forms, and then, if need be, pay the price without flinching and without tears. For tears and repentance and reformations are all the accompaniments of goodness that once in its weakness is overcome. How I loathe them and the expiation with which some women would bleach their souls. Did you ever stop to think what expiation means? Probably some monkish-minded ancestor who was addicted to scourging himself putting his ghostly finger across one's brain, and so waving his torturing lash down through the ages. Give me then the strength to raise my head and say, "Yes, it was I, and I will pay the price cheerfully, for the joy of remembering will sustain me to the end, and repentance I have none."

I wonder if husbands are so often unfaithful because their wives are good? I think so. They cannot stand the dreary monotonies and certainties. They give them affection and reverence—and go to the women who are less good, and love them. I wonder if the wholly good men are the best loved? Not they. They too, like the good women, are treated to the even way of dull affection. The

bravest men, the strongest, the most capable to do great deeds when the chance comes, and of waiting for the chances as best they can: they are the best loved. It is, in fact, the mystery that lies in people as in fate that is the fascination—the wondering, the toss-up whether it will be good or bad to us or to others. For this makes life keen living and love a desperate joy. It is so with the whole of humanity. Say what we will for goodness—and in the abstract it is the soul's desire of most of us—the world would be a dull place to live in if all the wickedness were stamped out; too dull to satisfy mortal men and women. We may owe our solid happiness to the good, but we owe life's colour, and variety, and excitement to the wicked: never let us under-rate them. Are you shocked, *cher ami?* But in these latter days we have taken to writing sermons to each other. Mine at least has the advantage of being genuine. If it does not please you I cannot help it. I would not have your even always pleased, for it would bore me sadly. You asked me once (do you remember, the long grass was dipping in the river, and I watched it while you spoke), "if I would always be the same?" I answered, Yes,—untruthfully enough, but I could not help it. Would I have you always the same? I ask myself, as I sit here; and the answer comes to my lips quickly, Not I. Hot and cold, a stir to one's pulse, a chill to one's heart, a formal word that makes one's lips close as though ice had frozen them, a whisper that sets one's blood tingling with sudden joy. All this is life and love, not vegetation and affection.

Don't think I do not long after good things. Oh, my dear, do we not all long after them, and so sanctify our souls, that are not able to do more? It is so easy to sit at the base of a tower and wish we stood on the top; it is another thing to climb it little step by little step. If one could be hauled up in some strange dangerous fashion it would be worth doing, though one risked one's neck by the way. So if by a few great deeds one could reach the heights, who that has any fire in his soul would not do them, though they crushed the life out of him for a time, nay, though he died by the way? But the unvarying goodness of daily life, one day as like another as one step is like another; and the getting to the top of one's moral plateau at last—for what? For some abstract praise, some measured admiration, while those one loved best felt most one's far-offness from themselves. It would be like the chilly tower-top, standing there alone, the wind sweeping past, the world below going merrily by unheeding. Is it worth it? No. Preach no more of goodness to me; and as for reverence, keep it for the saints.

You have provoked all this from me with your dreary, unsatisfying letter and your half-finished sentence, "And in the future"—Why did you stop? Did you fear to go on? Well, and in the future? Do you think any woman will love you as I have loved

you; will forget you as completely as I will forget if I choose, will scorn you as well if it comes to it; will be as constant or as fickle, as passionate or as cold? It may be, but I think not, for my strange heart is given to the Fates to wring with what agony they will, or to fill to the brim with joy, and out of either I can give lavishly.

Do you understand me? I doubt it. I stand here by the gate of many things, wondering if the latch shall be left up,—or down for ever. For when the summer-day is done the twilight comes, sweet enough for the dawdlers who would sit and dream alone, but not for me with the wild blood dancing through my veins. Draw down the blinds, say I, and bring the flaring lights; the guests of the day may go, but the guests of the night will come—ready to begin what perhaps you are ready to end. In the beginning are life, and promise, and love,—but in the end? In the end one lies down to die—and forget. Good-bye.

Letter II.

III.—AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

My dearest girl, You know I never comprehend your letters, but perhaps that is one reason why I like them. I never altogether comprehend you, which is also perhaps the reason why I love you, for I do, upon my soul I do, in spite of the nonsense you talk about affection, and vegetation, and wickedness, and the rest of it. I sometimes feel as if you had taken me for someone else when I read your letters, someone you had set up and thought to be me. It's odd, but I used to have the same sort of feeling in the summer, when you seemed to see from one direction and I from another. I don't want you to make that kind of mistake, dearest; it would be a bad look-out for me if you did. Now, let us speak plainly, have things out, and be done with it; then it will be plain sailing, and we shall both be better for it—better, anyhow, than if we went on with fine words and vague phrases for a twelvemonth.

If my letters have been cold lately, or seemed so, it has not been that I have not cared for you, or don't, as much as during all those *jolly days by the river, when we were too lazy to talk even about ourselves. But you know one can't be always at high pressure;* besides I am getting on, and though one may still be able to talk nonsense occasionally, and in the country, yet after the turn of five-and-thirty a man isn't so ready to go on with it when he is once more back in town, among people, and planning his life, as I am. This doesn't make me less sincere, mind; I like you better than any one else I expect, but I am a good deal taken up with other matters.

I am anxious about Carpeth. K—— is certain that I have a good chance of getting in, and I seriously contemplate standing. Of course, as you already know, I don't care a straw about politics, and should never attempt to talk; still, getting into Parliament is a respectable sort of thing to try for—unless you are a Radical; gives you influence in the county, and so on. Then I am bothered about those beggars and their farms. I remember telling you that they wanted their rents lowered, rather unfairly, I think. Then my mother is always at me to settle down—before she dies, she says, having a fancy that that won't be long, though I hope with all my heart it will; and she wants me to marry my cousin Nell. I like Nell well enough, and no doubt we should jog along comfortably together, but I am much fonder of you, though if you throw me over I daresay I shall try my chance with Nell. So you see there's been some excuse for pre-occupation in my letters.

In spite of what you say I do reverence you for your goodness. Look what a brick you were to your brother and his wife last year, and I know if you marry me that you will make me, as you would any man you loved, a good and true wife. Be the sensible girl I have always thought you, and write and say it is all right, and I will tell the mater at once, and let us get married as soon as Carpeth is settled. Don't think I have ceased to care for you because I don't write you sentimental letters, or see you twice a day, as I did at Wargrave, where there was nothing to do but to loaf round and hang about the river till dinner-time.

While I think of it, what I meant by "and in the future," was just in effect what I have said here, only somehow I could not get it to the tip of my pen then as I do now. Of course we went on at a rapid rate this summer, but you see we were thrown a good deal on each other, and there's always something enticing in the river, and the willow-weed, and the towing-path, and all the rest of it. I am really awfully fond of you too, and when a man is alone with a woman he likes, and nothing particular besides on his mind, he would be a duffer if he didn't run on a bit. Still, I am not a very romantic sort; when I was two-and-twenty I had rather a quencher with that girl I told you of once; she cut up rough after playing the fool with me to the top of my bent, and that has done its work. Besides, talk as you will about affection, it's the best thing going to get married on; blazing passion fizzles out pretty soon and leaves precious little behind. It says a good deal for the strength and genuineness of my feeling for you that after the speed of last summer I can still in the cool of the autumn declare, as I do, that I am sincerely fond of you.

Of course I know that if I am matter-of-fact you are the reverse, but if you won't be angry at my saying so, I think that comes of the

life you lead. Living with a brother and sister-in-law, and no settled place in the house or home of your own, shutting yourself up with books, or stealing off to some quiet spot to read them, and going out all night when you are in town and being told, no matter where you are, by half a dozen fellows that they are in love with you, that can't be a healthy sort of life for any woman. You will lead a far better and more natural one if you settle down with me, as I hope you will.

Now write me a long letter and tell me all that is in your heart and mind about this. Let me know just what you think, for I could never for the life of me quite make out what you were driving at when we were together. But above all tell me that you love me, as you did in the summer when you put your head down on my arm and yet would never say the plain honest "Yes," I tried to extract from you. Then I will somehow make time to run down on Saturday and stay till Monday, as I long to do. Good-night, my dear one.

Ever yours,

P.S.—Let me hear by return if you can, for I have a good deal of anxiety one way and another and shall be glad to get this off my mind.

Letter III.

SHE.—SOME VIEWS ON MARRIAGE.

Get it off your mind by all means. I would not marry you for the world. Marry your cousin Nell, with whom you will jog along well enough, go in for Carpeth, raise or lower your tenants' rents, and settle down to your uneventful life without me. It would drive me mad. There is enough of nothing in your heart or soul to satisfy me. I like you; I have loved you, perhaps I do still; but marry you, no; for I should surely run away, and before a year was over, if it were only to hide in a dim corner with amused eyes to watch your perplexity. I see how good you are, manly and straightforward, all that and more, but to settle down with you, to know the end of my days almost as well as the beginning, to live through the long dull respectable years with you,—no, thank you. You must marry your cousin Nell; and I, if I marry at all, will marry a man whose future is not unrolled, like yours, before my eyes—someone who has it in him to leave the world richer than he found it, who will teach it, or beautify it, or make it in some way better because he has been. For men who do this are the masters of the world, and men like you,

rich or fairly rich, good, plodding and painstaking, are their servants. They enjoy your acres, which you keep trim for them, your houses, the doors of which open wide to receive them, and they pay you wages in the shape of benefits you get from their genius. Yes, you will marry your cousin Nell, go into Parliament, helping your country with vote or presence—for that is how, as you indicate, your political capacity will be bounded; you will enjoy your easy-going life and die when your turn comes. You will do no work that others could not do equally well, and never fret or fire your soul with more than a little anxiety, a little fatigue or vexation, and even these will calm down or be forgotten with your first spoonful of soup at dinner—your dull, well-mannered dinner of five courses, with the salad and the savoury left out. Oh, my dear, whom I loved through all the long, still days of this past summer, what a revelation your letters have been to me. I should go mad if I married you. No, if I marry at all, it must be some one who works—works truly, not for himself and for his own position or respectability's sake, but for the work's sake and the world's sake, a man who is part of the great machinery that models the future ages, not a mere idler by its wheels, hanging about, amusing himself for his day, dying when his turn comes, and leaving no trace behind. There are crowds of these, well enough in their way, with their cheery voices and pleasant faces;—let other women marry them. The world would be a terrible place if it were made up entirely of the minority towards which my soul leans. There would be all to work but none to work for, all to give and none to receive. Yes, the world is well for the like of you, for the majority that takes life easily, battling a little for itself and its own, leaving the workers to build up the world; but it is to these last that my heart goes out. A soldier who has fought for his own land and so helped its people, a thinker who unseen himself has swayed vast numbers, a lawgiver who has devised the codes by which coming races may guide themselves, a traveller who makes the first lonely track into the unknown land and then comes back to direct the road-makers how to work on towards the great city that but for him would have been wholly unsuspected—any one of these holds in his hand the seed of immortality. But it is not only the leaders who have it; the poet who writes and the singer who sings the words the soldiers hear as they march by; the beggar who sits starving in his garret, all the while creating that for which the whole world will rejoice, though he dies or goes into the crowd not knowing, letting others get the reward of his work; the martyr who keeps his lips shut and will not cry out lest others should lose heart; all these, too—these are the masters who prove that greatness is a thing that must be put outside one's self to live. With one of these there would be life with its promises and possibilities, a chance to help,

though it were only by serving the worker as his servant. Bitter grief, keen disappointment, throbbing pain might come; what then? It is for their alternatives one makes, and what chance would there be of them along your monotonous way? And with all my longings and ambitions, and all that they would mean, would the pleasant friendship that some men give their wives, that you in fact offer me, suffice? And the realities of your life, would they satisfy me? Not quite. I should go away. I remember being told of a woman who said that she would rather have the one true passionate devotion of the worst man that ever lived than all the affection, and respect, and regard, but these only, that the best could give. I did not understand her then. I do now. For the first has in him the fire that may any day leap upwards, but the other has only an even light by which one would see to everlastingly measure and excuse him. Beside the first one might walk through hell unheeding its flames, beside the last heaven itself would be monotonous. This is what I meant in scoffing at goodness, what I mean now in turning almost with a shudder from the idea of being your wife, even though I still have some lingering love for you. The boundaries of goodness are known well enough, but in the bare possibilities of their being broken down there is a strange uncertain vista that fascinates me. It is the unknown quantities, the mysteries, that set one thinking and make one eager. Is not the world itself round, so that we see but a little way ahead? How then can you expect me to accept my portion of it so flattened and laid out before me that I can almost see the whiteness of my own tombstone at the other end? No, let us end it all. Go to your life, leave me to mine. Marriage between us is not possible. A service might be read over us, one roof might cover us, one name identify us; but this would not be marriage, only a binding together by a ceremony made for those not strong enough to stand by each other without it, which in the eyes of the outer world would make us man and wife, yet in our own hearts leave us miles apart. The most dreamy of relationships might be marriage rather than this; nay, I can imagine it existing between two people who meet but half a dozen times in their lives, who never touch hands, who but dimly remember each other's faces, and yet whose hearts and souls steal out in the silence towards each other and meet in some strange fashion not known to ordinary men and women—an aching, almost passionate love, that has nothing physical in it, and that seeks no human symbol for expression save that which puts itself forth in their work. Even this would satisfy me better than what you offer me, in which there would be the ever longing for more than you could even comprehend. And yet it would not satisfy me. I am not idealist enough, or poet either. I am a woman and alive to my finger ends, and if I am loved

at all would be loved wholly and altogether, as a man who is alive too, and part of the living world, knows how to love. I want a face that satisfies me to look at, a voice to hear, a hand to grip, a firm and even footstep to listen to unconsciously as an accompaniment to our talk while we go through the streets together. I cannot help caring for these things, for I am human and have the longings of human womanhood. But there are other longings too—longings that lift the human ones up, and give them the idealism that is necessary to one's soul's salvation, and these last hang on to the first—they are all inseparable.

I have written on, never once considering how it may hurt you. It is better perhaps if I do hurt you, for some wounds must be seared in order that they may be healed. Insulting, heartless, cruel, some dolts who saw this letter might call me, but I am none of these. I have spoken out fearlessly all that was in my heart and mind, as you wished me to do. I might have been more gentle, have used words less plain, and so nourished my own vanity on your regrets at losing me. And heartless, no. If I were I should be content to take ease and comfort and the world's goods, all of which you would give me for my portion, and concern myself about little else, should be content with the simple affection you offer me instead of pushing it away because my hungry heart needs more. We had our summer day, dear, and it was good to live through; but now go to your cousin Nell, contest Carpeth, see to your tenants, and good-bye. Yes, good-bye, dear Englishman; only our own land could have produced you, and in a measure I am proud of you, as I am of all its other goodly products. But for warmth and sunshine one goes to other lands than ours, for love and happiness I at least must go to other heart than yours. Better for you that it is so, for I should have tried you sorely.

Letter IV.

He.—Expostulating.

I really don't know how to answer your letter, for of course I am going to answer it; it's odder than ever, more than ever like you, my darling. You are not very polite, are you? But perhaps, I am not either, for the matter of that. For the life of me I can't understand you, can't make out what you are driving at, and I am not sure that you know yourself. You say that you love me, then why on earth can't you be content to marry me? I love you, I am very fond of you, though I won't pretend that I can go at the rate

you seem to desire; but as I said in my last letter, passion soon fizzles out. Romance is all very well while you are young, but middle-age is a time that most of us come to, and then what's to become of it? As for life with me being so dull, we can't be always going in for excitement; but you would get enough of it, I expect, and you could make yourself prominent in lots of ways if you wished to do so. I would do anything in reason to make you happy, or to please you as far as I could. If you want change and movement and new experiences, we might go about a good bit. I remember your saying in the summer-time that you would like to travel. We might go and look up some scenery in Italy or Switzerland, or if you wanted anything more extensive take a run over to America, though I don't expect you would find that very exhilarating, and I never cared for republics myself. Even Paris is spoilt by going in for democracy and that sort of thing.

I think you are vexed with me because I told you frankly that if you would not have me I should try my luck with Nell. But you can't expect me to keep single because you don't think me lively enough to marry yourself. I am getting on, thirty-six next January, quite time that I settled down; I feel that I ought to do so; besides, if I wait too long no one will have me. Of course it is easy enough to talk as you do, but take my word for it your set of feelings are no good for daily life. They are all very well in the books you have got yourself into the habit of reading, but they won't work outside the covers in which you find them. I don't believe in Darwin, as you know, not that I ever read much of him, I confess, but I made out what he was up to pretty well; and I never read but one of Zola's novels, and as that was a translation I take it for granted the colour was a good deal toned down, but it was quite sufficient to convince me that women did well not to read him at all. I say this because bits in your letter sound like the talk one hears among the prigs whom it is the correct thing to meet at some houses nowadays, or the articles one sees in the heavy reviews. Not that I ever talk much to the first or read the last—know better than that, my darling. I prefer being on the river with you. But one can't help knowing what's in the air, and it all somehow harks back to Darwin and Zola, two schools, or whatever you call them, that seem to be running neck and neck just now among the people who go in for thinking. But they come to no good, dearest; they have only made you want some artificial kind of career. Now, it's my opinion that a woman ought to find the life of her home and the companionship of her husband, and later on of her children, sufficient, and that's what most sensible men think too. Content yourself with them, my dear one, and give yourself to me with a light heart. You shall indulge in as many fancies as you please, and have as much

amusement as I can reasonably give you, and we will do a whole lot of going about from first to last if you like.

Of course I have got some acres and must look after them, if it is only to keep them trim, as you say, for the beggars you call my masters; and as for fighting, or inventing things, or writing books, none of these is in my line, and I am glad of it. A nice comfortable life, enough money, and a good digestion have fallen to my share, and I am quite content with it; if you fall to my share too, I shall have nothing else to wish for, after I have secured Carpeth.

I cannot think what has changed you all of a sudden, for we got on so well in the summer, and we managed to get awfully fond of each other, or I did of you, and you at any rate were happy enough with me. Be happy again, my darling; as I said in my last letter I say again in this, I love you better than anyone else, though I own I shall try and win Nell if you throw me over. But don't, I implore you, just for the sake of all that you have lately taken to dream about, give away realities. Life isn't a thing that comes to us more than once—in this world, anyhow—or that lasts too long, and it's a pity not to make the best of it; I don't think that you would make the worst of it by giving yourself to me. Now write me another of your queer letters if you like, and say not only that you love me, but that you'll marry me. You can't think how happy you would make me, and I won't believe you were playing fast and loose with me all the summer; if you were not, why it's all right, and let us get married soon. We would move about as much as you pleased till I was obliged to be back in England again, and I feel sure that that is what you want to ease off some of your excitement and restlessness, and make you content with ordinary life again. Good-night, dearest; write at once and let me know precisely what your views are now.

Affectionately yours,

Letter V.

SHE.—EXPLAINING FARTHER, AND CONCERNING PASSION.

No, I cannot write as you desire. We are so utterly different. A month ago I did not see it; now I do, for your letters have made all things clear. By the river we felt the same breeze, the same sunshine; we thought they had the same effect upon us, that in all things we felt alike. The days we spent together were drowsy summer ones, and you were a dream to me; perhaps I was one to you. We did not talk much, not enough to find each other out, and it is to that we owe our memories. I am glad to have mine; I was so

happy, and I loved you, remember, which sanctifies them, so that I am not ashamed because of the long hours in which I was wholly content.

But life is not spent by the river-side, or in a dream. The summer is over, we are awake, and our story is finished. To attempt to live our lives together would be madness. You must marry your cousin Nell. She will be a better wife to you than I could be at my best. She probably belongs to the type you like, and that the majority of men like, when they want to marry and settle down—the wife and home and motherhood type that nineteen centuries of Christianity have taught us, and rightly, to admire. But I do not belong to it, and cannot.

I could hardly bear to read your offers of travel. It was as though you were trying to bribe me with them, knowing that of love there was not enough. How dreary those journeys would be. Worse even than the long evenings when we looked at each other across the dinner-table, and then from either side the fireplace, glancing now and again at the clock, thinking how slowly it went towards the point at which we might rise, and with dull satisfaction feel that the day was over. I can imagine our setting out; I can see us on our way, you with your time-table and guide-book, your Gladstone bag and portmanteaus, easy-going and good-tempered, anxious about your food and deliberating as to the hotels, always spending your money with an easy hand, yet seeing that proper attention was paid you. I can almost hear what you say as I walk beside you, my Englishman in tweeds, along the railway platforms; and I can see myself too, a little tired and disagreeably inclined towards other people, snapping at my maid for being forgetful, yet meekly listening to your instructions. How we should drag through the cities, looking at pictures and pretending that we cared about them, or yawn at table d'hôtes, or go off to see bits of scenery because other people went, but secretly feeling bored by them as by most things; I getting more and more tired, and you reflecting that after all there was no place like one's own home. I could not endure it. Yet I could tramp gaily in tatters across great plains or over the mountain-tops with a beggar who was a poet, a mechanic who was a genius, a dreamer who talked of a waking time to come. I could go merrily enough through the cities though we had never a coin between us to pay for a sheltering roof. We would rest beyond the gates, crouching under a hedge to sleep, and sitting by a lonely wayside cook our scanty food with the help of the little tin canteen we carried with us. I should think of the time when the city we had left would ring with my hero's name, of how he would lead his soldiers through it, or teach those who wanted to learn, or help those who suffered now and must wait till he was ready. "They do not know his name

yet," I should say to myself; "they did not even look up at his face as we passed by, but they will, they shall, for some day the whole wide world will be but the setting for his work." All nonsense and exaggeration, you will say. Yes, dear; it is, and I know it. But over a bridge built of dreams and exaggerations Love often goes blindfold towards the realities it may never reach itself, leaving a track that the stronger may follow, and would not have thought out for themselves. To the lovers and the dreamers and enthusiasts it is sometimes given to move the world with their shoulders; the plodders do it stone by stone while the ages admire their patience. The last are like schoolboys learning, but to the first the heavens and hells have whispered.

Passion soon fizzles out, you say, and you think only of the passion of a wicked French novel. There is another type of man unlike enough to your healthy manly self who does this—the man who is above all things intellectual, who has much book-knowledge, and has read and remembered and stored his mind with the work of other men, so that his talk and writings are full of literary allusion. Through his mind there filters constantly a stream of other men's thoughts; if that gave out his mind would be empty, for he creates nothing. His mission he takes to be to tinker at other men's work and appraise it, and he does, seeing it usually by a borrowed light. Learned and lukewarm, cold and cynical towards most things that have not been dust these hundred years, he has no more passion in him than he has genius. An odd, incomplete creature, a modern refinement, for he would often be a little fashionable in these latter days and is to be met with at dinner-tables and country houses, and traced in our literary journals, I sometimes wonder where the good of him comes in, for he gives the world nothing that is his own, and that which he finds ready to hand is no better for his commenting and garnishing, but rather the reverse. It is him, I think, on whom your mind is running when you talk of Zola and Darwin, but he has nothing in common with either, and you and he have nothing in common, which is all to the good of you—except that both of you think that passion is usually dashed with wickedness, and has but one meaning attached to it. The very word you consider an undesirable one to use, especially before women or in polite society. You are not quite sure that it is proper.

But the passion I mean, and would have in my lover's heart, was in Joan's when she rode into Rheims to crown her king. If it had but lasted a little longer it would have deadened the outward flames at her burning, and her shrieks would not have echoed in our ears through all the centuries. It was in Napoleon's heart when he strode on before his army and thought the whole world would be his. It was in Samuel Plimsoll's heart when he stepped forth and by a pas-

sionate moment won his cause. A score of men along the benches might have lulled each other with their dull platitudes for a score of years without doing what that one moment's fire did. It is in the novice's heart when she hears the great gate clang behind her, and raising her clasped hands, thinks that she will surely one day scale the heights of heaven and see her Saviour's face. Read "St. Agnes' Eve"—Tennyson's, not Keats's, I mean—and you will understand. My heart has stirred to it till I could have thrown the book aside, and walking through the frosty snow to the convent, have besought them to let me in for one moment to stand beside the white-veiled figure, and see the light as it never is seen by the sayers of prayers and singers of hymns in the stifling churches of the world. But this was only a passing feeling, a power of the poet's, that proves him and not one's self. And it is not the whole of what I mean, for I want all that is in the novice's heart, but more added on. I do not want your reverence, I told you, and that is true, and I do not want to be good, absolutely good, for that means being bound by finite possibilities, and it is the infinite in all things, good and evil, that has the eternal power. And I would like all feelings in my lover's heart to have their fling, while we, whom the issue most concerned, breathlessly awaited the result, leaning to this side or to that according to our strength, or that which was brought to bear on it. For men and women are not meant to kill their strongest feelings and impulses, but only to understand them, to know when to govern or to let themselves be governed. To this last knowledge the world owes the greatest deeds that men have done. In passion there is fire, and does not fire purify as well as burn? The prairie flames sweep all growths before them as they make unflinchingly towards their goal, and the goal of passionate love at its highest is achievement that, but for its sake, would never have been gained. It is the achievement I long for, not for myself, but for my best-loved; I would go away if he willed it, when he needed me no more, and be remembered nowhere save in his heart. I should know the fire there. Did not Prometheus filch it from heaven? Perhaps it would mount higher and higher on good work done till it touched the heavens again.

But all this you think mere craving for excitement, a lack of repose, an aching to be prominent. It is none of these. Still in my heart there is nevertheless a leaning forward toward the future—not my own future, but the whole world's. Nonsense, you will say, what have I to do with that? We have all to do with it; we cannot separate ourselves off from it, for this present self-consciousness that we call life is not the whole of us unless we choose. There is one thing ours from the time we enter the world, if we did but know it—it is part of life's mystery that we should so seldom know it—

the power to fashion our own immortality, not in our own bodies, but in the things we do. A sort of choice, or chance—which is it?—seems to be ours, to seek the stars or tread the depths. Have we not come out of the past leaving strange histories we cannot even remember behind us? Here in our present day we choose, so it is given to me to feel, whether we will let the potentialities stamp us out, or whether having in some shape paid the world for its light and shelter, its love and joy, though its alternatives were pain and woe, we go on into the future ages stronger for that with which we have nourished our souls. Oh, my dear, it is not excitement that I want. I believe I could wait long years to meet a single day, and having known it live long years again remembering, though never a ripple stirred Time's surface before or after. But I could not be content with your life and its lack of possibilities. You would not ask me to go to you hungry if you had no food, shivering if you had no shelter? Yet this would be little beside the starvation you offer me. Why should I give up to you all my chances, all my ambitions, my hopes and longings, the wild love and satisfying life that may be mine—nay, my pain and bitter woe, for I would miss none—and the work that will surely some time come to my eager hands and heart, for what? To please you now for just a little space, till you awoke to realise that life together was not what you had imagined it would be, that something was wrong, was missing, you could not tell what; while I, who had never slept, would understand well enough all the time, and some day, feeling the twitch of the demon's finger on my arm and his whisper in my ear I should vanish, how or where I should hardly know. For the marriage vow between us would not be one that bound my soul, and my feet would be swift to follow that whither it went. To hold fast by one's soul as long as may be is the wisdom of the Gods.

It is no use saying more. Perhaps you are right in thinking that I don't know what I am driving at. Do any of us know whither we are going? But that does not prevent us from feeling driven; and this I know, that the fates are driving me with a strong hand away from you. We shall never get nearer to each other though I write on and you read on for ever. Be content with the past. I have loved you. I do. But not with the love that would let me be your wife, content to spend my days by your side, trying to make your days happy; perhaps it is some of your own good-for-wear-and-tear affection that I give you back. I do not know. There are many men like you, thank God,—many good women to mate with them, crowds of you both, happy enough to walk along the beaten track with your fellows, doing as they do, being as they are, a rest and comfort for the like of me to take shelter with sometimes, but not to abide with always. For your place is in your home, and your duties are to fulfil the easy obligations that keep it going; but mine,

in some strange fashion, seems to be along the world's highway, staying now and again in its workshops, though it be but to watch my masters, or to be cuffed and made to stand aside till my own turn comes. Perhaps I should be happier if I were like your cousin Nell, and could be satisfied—but I cannot. Home and its influences; a husband who would love me and to love back and help in an easy routine like yours; children with their games and laughter, growing up to be the world's good citizens—sometimes it comes into my heart to long for these, to ache for the rest they would mean, the simple life and farther-reaching power than those who live within its fences think, the safe and even way that most women yearn to walk, looking neither up at the heights nor down at the depths, but only at the road before them, content enough to tread it. But no. It is so strange, this inner life, with the outward one that hides it—the brother and his delicate wife, the visitors coming and going, the dogs and the horses, the long rides and walks, the pulls on the river or the dreaming beside it, the going to town or to country houses and the hurry of life there, the men, "the half a dozen fellows" as you call them, who talk of love, not knowing how much or how little they mean. It all seems a little way off from me, and yet I am here in the midst. You! Oh, but it has been all a sad mistake. I loved you, and thought you understood. That you love me, or have loved me, I know well enough; but there is a great space between us, a desert in which we should have to walk if we tried to be together. No, again and for ever, no. Your life stands out clear before you, but something tells me that mine has other chapters than this. There are some words that went to my heart long ago. Oh, my dear Englishman, perhaps you will say that they were written by an improper poet. Zola and Swinburne! Marry your cousin Nell by all means. I do but watch and wait like those—

> "——who rest not; who think long
> Till they discern as from a hill
> At the sun's hour of morning song,
> Known of souls only, and those souls free,
> The sacred spaces of the sea."

Someday perhaps I shall see and know more, but then I shall not be here. Good-bye, once again.

Letter VI.

HIS MOST INTIMATE FRIEND.—CONSOLING.

Dear E——, I don't think you an awful cad for sending on her letters, and I don't wonder at your being puzzled by them. Of course I will keep their contents hidden in the innermost recesses of

my soul. They are not like ordinary love-letters—thank heaven. For a nice little note, with a monogram in the corner, a word or two doubtfully spelt, and crammed full of dears and darlings, is worth a stack of these, which might have been written to her great grandmother.

I take her in pretty well. She isn't altogether a fool, you know; but she is one of the large-minded, great-souled people, longing to suffer and distinguish themselves in the cause of humanity and for the good of the world, who are such a nuisance nowadays. She means well, but she would be death to marry; there's no knowing what she would be up to by the time she was thirty. The amazing thing about it is that if I remember rightly she is that pretty woman who came over with the Fenwicks to my aunt's place last Easter. She was about six or seven-and-twenty, played lawn-tennis better than anyone else, flirted all round, and finally drove herself away on a high dog-cart with a learned, half-starved-looking cuss, from whom she was probably imbibing some of these notions. Nature made a mistake in sorting out her physique; she ought to have been tall and lank, with long arms, high cheek-bones, and a washed-out complexion. All the same, in spite of her good looks, I shudder to think of her as mistress of Bingwell. The only good bit in the whole of her letters is the polite allusion to the savoury and the salad. That looks as if she could order a dinner; but she would probably forget to do so half her time, and I suppose she would scorn to eat it—though the material side of her doesn't seem to be undeveloped. Before she had been installed a month you can bet she would have shocked the neighbours and fought with the parson. And what a woman she would be to stay with! She would have an open contempt for her visitors all round, and lead them a nice life, except the unwashed few she calls the masters of the world. It is really a fine name, if you come to think of it; somehow it reminds me of Spain, where every beggar in tatters asking for cuartos is a gentleman. No, old man, marry your cousin Nell (in spite of her fancy for life's alternatives, she doesn't seem to like that one of yours), or any other sensible girl who doesn't think she has a destiny or a mission, and thank your stars that this magnificent person would not have you.

Ever yours,

RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

PART III.

There are many ingenious explanations of the stoical contempt of death which is so marked a characteristic of the vast majority of Russians, but the most plausible of them all would appear to be that which attributes it to their fatalistic turn of mind, suggested as it is by careful observation, and confirmed by the proverbs and sayings of the people. Still it cannot be gainsaid that the galling conditions and grim surroundings of actual life are, and have been for ages, amply sufficient to account for even more desperate feelings than contempt of death; and foreigners in Russia often unconsciously repeat the saying of the Sybarite, who when he had come to Sparta and seen what a miserable life the people were forced to lead there, ceased to wonder at their valour, exclaiming, "I myself would rather rush upon a sword-point than lead such a wretched existence." A whole string of proverbs,[1] which are in every one's mouth, go to show that the Russian's desire to die is at least as strong as the natural instinct which makes us all cling to life, and yet he lingers listlessly on, unconsciously realising Ovid's ideal of fortitude:

> "Rebus in adversis facile est contemnere vitam,
> Fortiter ille facit qui miser esse potest;"

and putting himself wholly in the hands of Fate, in which he is as firm a believer as Lermontoff's Voolitch who, having proved his faith in predestination by pulling the trigger of a loaded pistol levelled at his head and won the wager when it hung fire, was brutally murdered that same night by a drunken Cossack.

It is in perfect keeping with such views about life that time, the stuff that life is made of, should be greatly undervalued; and it is no exaggeration to say that it could not be held cheaper or be more wantonly wasted than by the Russians who talk and act—or rather talk and forbear to act—as if in their eyes a thousand years were as one day. The very language they speak bears witness to their incurable procrastination, making an hour signify the twinkling of an eye.[2] The ordinary term for holiday, which Teutonic nations call a "Day of Solemnity," "Day of Holiness," or "God's Day," means literally in Russian "a day of idleness,"[3] while the word week signi-

(1) For instance: "If you mourn, God will lengthen your life;" "To live is more terrible than to die;" "To live is to groan; by night in dreams, by day from suffering." This last saying recalls Job's plaintive cry: "When I say, My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint; then thou scarest me with dreams and terrifiest me through visions."—Job vii. 13, 14.

(2) *Say tschass*, lit. = "this hour," which is often made to stretch over vast periods of time, is the common Russian word for "in a moment," "immediately."

(3) *Prazdnik*.

fies in Russian that "time when no work is done."[1] And the customs and habits of the people are in strict harmony with these curious conceptions. No one is ever in a hurry in the land where *festina lente* is looked upon as the grand rule of life, even though he have the most potent incentives to despatch. A striking instance of this constitutional inability to increase the traditional creeping-pace with which everything moves in Russia, is to be found in the building of the church in commemoration of the late Emperor on the spot where he was foully murdered. It was commenced in 1881 in what seemed hot haste at the time. Eight years have dragged their slow length along since then, and yet, at the beginning of the present year, the temple in so far resembled that of Jerusalem, that there was not one stone visibly standing upon another; at which state of things the present Emperor was so indignant, that he had some broad hints *à la* Dr. Francia, conveyed to certain of the parties responsible, who are now evincing a disposition to bestir themselves. Every business in life is conducted on the same principle set forth in the proverb, "The slower you drive the further you'll go." I have known foreign merchants to arrive in Russia on a Saturday evening too late to transact the very urgent business for which they had come, and having waited feverishly till Monday, discovered that it was a church holiday on which no man can work, no firm do business; and having made praiseworthy efforts to control their feelings and possess their souls in patience till Tuesday, found that it was the Emperor's birthday or name's-day, and equally sacred to indolence. In a provincial city it is enough for an average funeral procession to pass along the streets for cars and cabs to pull up, tramcars to come to a standstill, the passengers to get out and gape, and traffic generally to be temporarily suspended. In all other departments of public or private activity it is the same. Judicial procedure is proverbially slow in most countries; and it would be no easy matter to beat the records of the English Court of Chancery in that respect, with its lawsuits like that of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce continuing from generation to generation. But even here Russia bears off the palm. The district Court of Kherson (near Odessa), for instance, has a case still before it which is older than the nineteenth century. The object of the litigation is the right of inheritance to the property of the Shidansky family, the proprietors of the great salt works. The suit was begun towards the end of the eighteenth century, and the first judgment upon its merits was delivered in 1802. Since then it has been three several times before the Governing Senate—the Supreme Court of Appeal in Russia. It is now being carried on by the grandchildren of the first plaintiffs, and lately came before the District Court of Kherson, which has again adjourned it.[2]

The post and the telegraph exist in Russia as in England or Germany, but their real significance has not yet been fully grasped

(1) *Niedielya.* (2) Cf. *Novoye Vremya*, 7th August, 1889.

by the people, who see no cause for complaint in the circumstance that a telegram reaches its destination no quicker than a letter should, and a letter frequently never reaches it at all. A friend of mine fell ill some months ago, and sent a telegram to his wife who was living with their children in the country ten miles from town. Although her country-house was only ten minutes' walk from the railway-station that telegram took eighteen hours and a-half to reach her, during which time her husband lay dangerously ill in his town-house, without attendants. And this is by no means an extreme or rare case. If you enter the chief telegraph-office of the most business-like city in Russia—Odessa—with a despatch, on the speedy transmission of which thousands of pounds, or interests still more weighty, depend, you may find the room full of people, especially if it is near two o'clock P.M., and you take your stand behind the last. Suddenly the clerk who receives the telegrams stands up, surveys the public with a quiet smile, and leisurely saunters out. You wait impatiently ten or fifteen minutes, and then offer your telegram to his colleague, who is sitting at his desk, but he snappishly informs you that he cannot receive it. Where, you ask, is the man who can take it? He is gone to dinner, he tells you, and you must wait till he comes back. "There is plenty of time," he adds, with the air of a man who could say, if he would: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon." "And the public does wait," concludes the journal from which this scene is taken, "and waits half an hour, an hour, in a word until that clerk returns to his desk."[1]

On the Volga, during the fair of Nischny Novgorod, thousands of passengers are conveyed to and from the fair, whose time must be then, if ever, extremely precious, as the loss of a single hour may, and frequently does, entail the loss of large sums of money. And yet the steam navigation companies are as wasteful of time, even then, as if, like the inhabitants of Luggnagg, it was the doubtful privilege of their passengers to live for ever. The following scene which took place in the office of the best of these companies was described in a semi-official organ by an eye-witness: "'Will the boat soon be here?' asks one of the intending passengers. 'In due time,' calmly answers the clerk, who continues to sell tickets. The 'due time' arrives, but not the steamer. 'Will it soon be here?' ask voices on all sides. 'This minute; take my word for it.' But 'this minute' seems endless. An hour passes. Again questions are asked, 'Will it soon be in?' 'Immediately;' is the reply, but even this 'immediately' is followed by no satisfactory results. Two, three, four hours pass, but the steamboat is not yet come, and still the agent repeats the magic word 'immediately.' Meanwhile the steamer of another company comes in, and the passengers, weary of

(1) *Odessa News*, 4th September, 1888.

waiting, want their money back in order to go by the newly-arrived boat. 'That is impossible,' remarks the agent, 'but don't be uneasy; our steamer will be here immediately.' And the money is not returned. Thus, will they, nill they, they are forced to wait twelve hours before the steamboat of the 'Mercury Navigation Company' makes its appearance; from five o'clock A.M., till evening, amid highly disagreeable surroundings on the river bank, exposed to the fierce heat of the sun, as the small rickety office could not accommodate all who were waiting for the boat!"[1] 'A short telegram might have saved the passengers this ruinous loss of time, but neither the captain of the vessel nor the company's agents, who knew that the boat would be late, thought of sending it.

In this country, where punctuality and thrift of time have become second nature, such things would not be tolerated a day. In Russia they excite neither wonder nor indignation, except among foreign residents, who must suffer in silence. No matter how serious or urgent his business, a Russian has always the leisure to turn aside from the straight road and "tread the primrose path of dalliance," as heedless of the flight of time as if his life consisted of Plato's years, each equal to 25,000 ordinary ones. Yet he does this in such a simple, natural, Undine-like way that one has not the heart to rebuke him.

"On the 25th July last, the busiest time on the Volga, the Captain of the steamer *Samolet* was walking on deck when his cap was blown off. He ran after it as quickly as he could, but it was blown into the water. Without a shade of hesitation he gave the command to stop the engines. As they could not be stopped instantaneously, when the order was executed the cap was far away. A second order was given, the steamer turned, and steered straight for the captain's head-gear, but before the engines could be stopped it was outstripped and left behind. Other commands were issued, the direction changed and the chase recommenced, but in spite of the rapidity of the vessel's movements and the dexterity of the crew, the cap was not fished up. Whenever the vessel drew near the floating head-dress and it seemed that in another moment it would be caught up by the boat-hook and restored to its owner, suddenly, as if driven of set purpose by a wilful wind it swept on further and further away. The steamer would then dash wildly after it, but the cap would again escape, to the bitter disappointment of its owner. The passengers were at first amused at the spectacle of a steamer chasing a cap, but when thirty minutes had been spent to no purpose, they requested that the vessel should resume her trip. But while the captain was standing irresolute what to do, Lebedeff, a seaman, jumped in with his clothes on and swam in the direction of the cap. He soon came up with it, caught it between his teeth and began to return to the vessel. He had to swim against the current, however, and it soon became evident that he had not strength enough to reach the vessel. He began to lose ground visibly and was being carried by the current away from the boat, when the captain threw out a life buoy which he failed to catch hold of. On this he shouted for help at the top of his voice, and a boat was lowered. After some trouble he was rescued and brought back to the steamer, but the captain's cap was never recovered."[2]

That business men in Russia, especially foreign residents, require an unusual stock of patience to bear up under the occasional disastrous

(1) *Graschdanin*, 9th September, 1889. (2) *Graschdanin*, 6th September, 1889.

results of this criminal waste of time, needs no pointing out here. Fancy a London city man compelled to fulfil to the letter the following formality before he could legally receive a paltry consignment of one *cwt.* of dry Swedish bread, these formalities not containing anything exceptional for his particular case, but constituting the normal rule for all.

"1. He must present the bill of lading in the customs' storehouse. 2. He must deliver it to an interpreter. 3. He must obtain a copy of the declaration. 4. He must purchase and affix a revenue stamp of the value of 80 copecks. 5. He must obtain the authorisation of the director to have his merchandise examined (the examination taking place but twice daily, at 10 A.M., and at 1 P.M.), whereby he must wait till the Director arrives. 6. When the authorisation has been received, he must get it entered in the books of the storehouse. 7. He must present the authorisation to the storehouse board and await the arrival of the examiners. 8. He goes along with the examiners to the storehouse. 9. He has the goods examined. 10. He signs a declaration that he is satisfied with the examination. 11. The examiners sign it. 12. All return to the storehouse office. 13. The duty on the merchandize is calculated. 14. All documents relating to the matter are presented to the controller. 15. The duty is paid.[1] 16. A receipt for the duty is written out. 17. The receipt has to be presented to the head book-keeper. 18. A revenue stamp of 80 copecks has to be purchased and affixed. 19. A "talon" has to be obtained. 20. It must be handed to the customs' guard. 21. The bill of expenses of the Customs' Working-men's Association is made out and handed to the consignee. 22. He receives a customs' ticket authorising him to leave the Custom House precincts. 23. He must see that his cases are properly repacked; and 24. He has to hand in his ticket to the guard."[2]

The *Novoye Vremya*, from which I have translated this list of formalities without changing a word, tells us that one gentleman accomplished all this in four hours—a comparatively short time—for formalities that some people spend three days in wading through.

It would be difficult to conceive of anything so truly characteristic of Russian notions of the value of time as the keen competition that goes on in many parts of the empire between peasant carriers with their oxen or horses, and railway companies with their steam engines. Some time ago one company formally besought the Government to protect their threatened interests by forbidding private enterprise to compete, as otherwise "they would lose the goods traffic" and become bankrupts.[3] A few weeks since a firm of printers of the city of Yékaterinoslav ordered a large quantity of paper of the value of 1,700 roubles, which they had purchased in Kharkoff, to be conveyed to them in Yekaterinoslav (280 Russian versts) on floats drawn by horses, this being a much less expensive and generally more satisfactory way than getting it sent by rail.[4] In the Baltic Provinces the same phenomenon is frequent, and it is said to be yearly

(1) This is no mere formality of the *citius dicto* kind: one has often to wait twenty minutes or half an hour before the cashier finds it convenient to accept one's money.

(2) *Novoye Vremya*, 24th August, 1888. This journal has made one important omission in drawing up its list. One must set out by obtaining from the police a certificate that he who presents himself is really the person he claims to be.

(3) The Basuntchak Railway. (4) *Novoye Vremya*, Sept. 13th, 1889.

growing more so.[1] Between Riga and Valk, for instance, which are joined by rail, much of the carrying trade is done by private individuals, who convey the merchandise on floats and drays drawn by horses.[2] And so lively has this competition become in the South of Russia that some railway companies are, if we can believe the local press, actually being worsted in the struggle.[3]

And the weightiest interests, the most sacred considerations, go for nothing in comparison with the inherent right of the Russian to indulge in this demoralising sloth. As soon would the inexorable order of Carthusian monks give a morsel of meat to its most valuable member—though the effect were to restore his ebbing life—as a Russian department would hasten by a single day the delivery of a document to hinder the ruin or death of scores of human beings. About two years ago I read a most harrowing account in the Russian papers of the fate of a family bitten by a mad wolf. M. Pasteur, on being informed of it, asked that they be sent to Paris at once, and on learning that they were poverty-stricken peasants, he generously undertook to pay their expenses himself. The offer was thankfully accepted, and he was informed that as soon as they received their passports they would start. In ten days or a fortnight afterwards he was told that they had been seized with the usual paroxysms and died. The authorities, it should be stated, did not refuse to deliver passports to these unfortunate sufferers, nor purposely throw difficulties in their way, they only objected to draw them up with extra dispatch, and forego any of the usual formalities. Ultimately, indeed, they forwarded passports for them all, but it was, I believe, some days after their funeral.[4] And thus day after day, year after year, the same fatal lesson of waste of time and neglect of opportunity is inculcated upon the people, whose life might appropriately be summed up in their own proverbial phrase as "a sitting by the sea-shore waiting for the weather," or more happily still in the slightly modified line of Horace—

"Russicus expectat dum defluat amnis."

It is curious to watch the working of this subtle spirit of intellectual and moral sluggishness upon foreigners, at first slow and imperceptible like the symptoms of physical drowsiness, and ever more rapid and irresistible as the end approaches. A foreigner in Russia may, if he strive strenuously, keep much of his moral code intact; he may make a stand for his religious creed, if he have one, but his enterprise will insensibly slumber, his energy evaporate, and

(1) *Novoye Vremya*, Sept. 13th, 1889. (2) *Ibid.* (3) *Odessa Messenger*, Dec. 1, 1888.

(4) I ought to say that I am narrating this story without sources or notes before me. I may have made some erroneous statements in telling it, but if so, they only affect matters of detail. I know that the newspapers at the time stated plainly that the lives of these poor peasants had been uselessly sacrificed to pedantic fidelity to the formalities of the passport system—and more than this I do not wish to convey.

he will thereafter go about his business like one working against time, who is in no hurry to be done. And with all this there is no disagreeable struggle, no feeling of dissatisfaction, rather a sensation of pleasure. It is difficult, not to say impossible, to make it clear to those who have not lived long in the country in what this secret charm of Russian life consists, for however prejudiced one may be against the government or the officials, it cannot be denied that some mysterious spell fascinates all foreigners who have spent some years in the country, causing many who have shaken its dust off their feet, apparently for all time, to return and settle there for life. I have known enterprising young Englishmen, brisk Americans, plodding Germans, and mercurial Frenchmen, who came to Russia brimful of life and exuberant energies, resolved to do great things, to plough deep historical furrows each in his own respective field. And when a few years had passed away, I noticed with surprise what a vast change had come over most of them; their vivacity and buoyancy had gone out from them; their vast plans had dwindled down to the mean dimensions of journeymen's tasks; lethargic torpor clouded their faculties and paralysed their will, leaving them for most practical purposes as soulless as the monster created by Frankenstein.

Pity, and not blame or contempt, is the feeling evoked by a knowledge of the true causes of that helpless shiftlessness, bordering on hebetude, which so terribly handicaps Russians in their competition with foreigners; for they are scarcely more responsible for their helplessness than is a butterfly for the colour of its wings. Well-bred boys and girls in this country and the United States are expected to do for themselves most of the things which in Russia the Government alone is qualified to perform for men and women. Indeed, the Government may be truly described as the one efficient cause of everything done or omitted, the people playing the rôle of Malebranche's "occasional causes," and remaining quite passive. Thus, to begin at the beginning, parents are not allowed to exercise their judgment or discharge their duty in the matter of their children's education. If, for example, they desire to give them a classical education, it is not enough that they have the means to pay for it, that their children possess the faculties to assimilate it, and that the schools have numerous vacancies. Besides all this, a petition must be drawn up containing a concise but complete biography of the parents, children, every member of the family, and every other person living with the family.[1] Moreover, the father must state whether he himself has enjoyed the liberal education which he craves for his son; and if not, there is an end of the matter.[2] Lastly, he must set forth in detail his profession, his

(1) Cf. Circular of the Curator of the Odessa University, explaining the Ministerial Circular of the 30th June, 1887, No. 9255. (2) *Ibid.*

yearly income, the number of rooms in his flat, the number of servants he keeps, and the profession for which he destines his son.[1] Unless the father is a man of means of the upper class of society, and of education, his children are deemed unworthy of being initiated into the mysteries of Greek and Latin, the study of which is looked upon as a sort of educational sacrament. But even if the ambitious father satisfies the Governmental demands under all of these heads, he has still no better guarantee of success than before. Four hundred parents were in that condition a few weeks ago: their children were officially recognised as qualified, they were examined and passed successfully, and were then told that they could not be received, and they must now dispense with intermediate education, as this year at least no other establishments can receive them.[2]

The difficulties in the way of choosing a profession for one's son are equally numerous and to the full as serious; for admission to the technical schools and to the universities is now become as difficult for a Russian without influential friends as admission to Mecca for an unregenerate Christian. The circumstance that the parents are forbidden to give their children the religious education which they hold to be the best seems almost reasonable and proper when viewed in the light of so many other galling and fatuous restrictions which hamper one to the bitter end. If you are an historian, the law directs your attention to various periods of history which you are invited to pass over in silence, to others which you must touch upon with painful circumspection, plentifully diluting the results of your studies with loyal fiction when setting them before the public even in one of those Cyclopean volumes which seem written for men with the lives of the Patriarchs before them. I have the authority of the late Censor-General, Privy Councillor Grigorieff, for asserting that it is forbidden to publish in the newspapers or in popular books a list of Russian Emperors, *with the years of their reign*, from Peter the Great to Alexander II., because some of them having reigned a very short time the natural inference would be that they were the victims of violence.[3]

If a playwright, you have equal, perhaps greater, difficulties to contend with. For here too the police step in, placing impedi-

(1) Cf. Circular of the Curator of the Odessa University, explaining the Ministerial Circular of the 30th June, 1887, No. 9255. (2) *Novoye Vremya*, 30th August, 1889.

(3) The editors of the chief historical reviews, MM. Semeffsky [of the *Russian Past*] and Shubinsky [*Historical Messenger*] have lately been made to feel, more frequently and more keenly, perhaps, than even editors of political journals, the heavy hand, or rather the hob-nailed boot, of a paternal government. It is a far more heroic work to edit even an historical review in Russia than foreigners imagine. Most Englishmen with a normal allowance of sensibility and *amour propre*, and no more than average endurance, physical and moral, would cheerfully take to breaking stones by the road-side or to earning their bread as dockyard labourers rather than edit a Russian journal or review—even historical—for long. Some of the most erudite nd conscientious

ments in your "fancy's course," which are not "motives of mere fancy," and saying "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further." Last season, for the first time in history, a special permission was accorded to a playwright, M. Kryloff, to have a drama represented in which the Regent Sophia[1] plays a part, the unvarying rule being that no member of the reigning house, however long ago he or she may have been consigned to oblivion, can be introduced into a dramatic piece in Russia. Every play, tragedy, comedy, or farce, must be carefully read in manuscript by special censors, who, if they have nothing to object to themselves, pass it on to whatever other departments seem directly interested—as the ecclesiastical, for example—and even these repeated authorisations by no means guarantee that it will ultimately reach the stage. Last season a play that had passed unscathed through all these prolonged ordeals, and was at last represented—the Emperor being present on the first night—was ordered to be withdrawn the next day and never to be given again.[2]

A genuine poet's career is in truth a dim and perilous way, leading at times to disgrace, imprisonment, Siberia, as Puschkin,[3] Lermontoff,[4] Shevtschenko,[5] and others discovered to their cost; and the patriotic writers who have poured out the vials of their wrath on the unappreciative generation that made Burns an exciseman would have been astounded to learn under what unfavourable conditions Russian poetry has to thrive and flourish. A poet who is arrested for a few perfectly harmless lines, packed off to the borders of Asiatic Russia, condemned to serve there ten years as a common soldier,[6] strictly forbidden to write a line of poetry, and reduced to composing stray verses, which, with the fear of the knout before his eyes, he furtively writes in a little copy-book that he always carries in his boot-leg for fear of detection[7]—such a man might well be looked at and pointed out, like Dante, as a man who had been down *there*, had he not such a formidable number of colleagues. And what could indicate more clearly, more terribly, the depth to which

historians of modern Russia have been wantonly insulted to their faces by foolish officials, and vilified in terms of abuse which it would be impossible, even in this outspoken age of realism, to drag from the "decent obscurity of a foreign tongue."

(1) Sophia was the sister of Peter the Great, and regent during his minority. In 1689 he deprived her of all share in the government, and imprisoned her in a monastery, where she soon died.

(2) It was an Opera called the *Merchant Kalaschnikoff*, the music being by Rubinstein.

(3) The Government resolved to banish Puschkin to the Solovki Isles on the White Sea, and his friend Karamzin had extreme difficulty to get him banished to less distant or less bleak regions. He was at one time banished to Bessarabia, Odessa, Yekaterinoslav, Pskoff.

(4) Cf. Polevoi, *Hist. of Russian Literature*, 604, where the most important part of Lermontoff's life is represented by numerous full stops—the censure not allowing anything more explicit.

(5) Cf. *Sketches of the History of the Literature of Ukraine*, Petroff, 1884 (in Russian) pp. 279—368. (6) *Ibid.*, p. 324. (7) *Ibid.*, p. 323.

the iron had entered into his soul than the fact that when this gifted and kindly bard heard the sentence pronounced he humbly declared himself *worthy of that punishment*, and paid a tribute to the *even-handed justice* of the Tsar?[1]

A literary man's life in Russia is often incomparably worse than was that of an English bookseller's hack in the days of Samuel Johnson. Like Noah's contemporaries overtaken by the Deluge, he has to contend against the waters of tribulation from above and below; he must steer between the Scylla of poverty and the Charybdis of imprisonment and persecution, and it is no easy matter to keep clear of the one without falling into the other. The fate and physiognomy of everything he writes is absolutely dependent upon men who are no better fitted to sit in judgment upon works of literature and art than is a man born blind to lecture upon perspective. The humiliations, the disappointments,[2] the loss of enterprise and health, the long mental agony that have to be endured before a few genuine poems or a volume of honest critical or historical essays can be set before the public, compel us to look upon such books with veneration and

"Ca' them lives o' men."

The history of Russian literature is a martyrology.

But it is not necessary to be a literary man, a poet or an historian, to come in unpleasant contact with the watchful meddling authorities who insist on supplying you with cut-and-dried thoughts, controlling your words and regulating your actions from the cradle to the grave. Not only can you not change your church to suit your altered religious belief, but you are actually compelled, whether you are a Dissenter or an Atheist at heart, to confess your sins and receive the sacrament once a year, and to have the fact registered on the books of the Church.[3] If you prefer philanthropy to theology and wish to found a school, endow an orphanage, erect a widow's asylum, or present a library to the public, you must first ask the permission of the Government, which is often refused and never obtained until you have surmounted as many obstacles as the Baron of Triermain in seeking for Gyneth, and the springs of action are sometimes dried up before you are in sight of the goal. If you retire to the obscurity of private life with the hope of indulging in the pleasures of reading, the Government is waiting for you there, and will not allow you to peruse a single printed line in Russian or in a foreign tongue until some official, probably infinitely inferior to

(1) Cf. *Sketches of the History of the Literature of Ukraine*, Petroff, 1884 (in Russian, p. 320.

(2) Take this as a sample: "The difficulties (connected with the Censure) which M. Matchtet had to surmount in printing his tale (*The Prodigal Son*) which compelled him to recast the larger half of the first part, are intensified now that he is about to print the second half."—*Odessa News*, July 29, 1887.

(3) Russ. Crim. Code, § 208.

yourself in education, judgment, and morality, has decided whether it is fit and proper that you should read it.[1] If you are tempted to pass your leisure hours in teaching poor children to read and write, who would otherwise never have learned, you have broken a law which is no dead letter, and are liable to be punished severely. If you invite some friends to your house to spend a few hours every week in reading and discussing literary works—if you formed a Russian Browning Society, for instance—you have broken the law and are liable to prosecution and punishment; nay, if you carry out the command of the Founder of Christianity and call together your own servants to read to them the Gospel, you will be treated as a malefactor or a felon.[2] If you wish to visit the theatre and see one of the best plays of the season, you cannot dispense with the services of an intermediary: you must first sit down and indite a petition to the Theatre Board, setting forth your desire, stating the day you would like to go, the seat you would like to engage and enclosing a stamp for a reply,[3] after which you again relapse into your normal state of expectancy. You may in time receive a reply briefly informing you that there are no places vacant, and leaving you to find, when it is too late, that there are many; or you may not be vouchsafed any answer whatever until you personally apply for one. When you do get inside the theatre, if it is in the provinces, the authorities, who are unceasing in their solicitude for you and yours, lay down rules for your conduct which any one but a Russian would resent as insulting. In Pereyasslav, on the 1st August last, a play was given by the Little Russian Dramatic Company, of which M. Sokoloff is the Director. The theatre bills printed and published on this occasion contain the following paternal admonition: "In virtue of articles 152 and 153 the District Police Superintendent requests the public not to be noisy; to refrain from talking in a loud tone of voice, and not to interrupt or hinder the conclusion of the piece. Disputes, wrangling, and free fights should be avoided."[4] You sometimes cannot obtain even medicine for your children without petitioning the Government, and even then your request may be coldly refused. I know a gentleman who even exerted himself for weeks to obtain permission to order some bottles of Bromure de Potassium de Henri Mure, a medicine strongly recommended to his child by one of the first physicians of Paris—and all to no purpose. If it would have saved the child's life she would have had to die or

(1) Cf. Censure Laws, §§ 187, 182, and *passim*.

(2) Even University professors, like the late O. Miller, have been forbidden to read privately in their houses with their students, no matter how harmless or praiseworthy the object in view might be. For the crime of reading the Gospel to their servants, Colonel Paschkoff and Count Korff are exiled, just as if they had offended like Prince Krapotkin or Stepniak.

(3) It should be stated that all theatres are not provided with this Bureau, and tickets can be had in the others in the same way as in France or England.

(4) *Graschdanin*, 2nd September, 1889.

else leave the country, and this not because the medicine is alleged to be hurtful or even useless, but because the Medical Council think it superfluous. You cannot enter or leave a city or town in the Empire without reporting yourself to the police like a ticket-of-leave man;[1] you are forbidden to extend the hospitality of your roof to your friend or neighbour for a single night without first informing the police of your intentions and sending them your guest's passport;[2] whether you are a Russian or a foreigner you can no more spend a night in an hôtel or change your lodgings even for twenty-four hours without communicating with the police and sending them your passport, than you can bespeak rooms in the Winter Palace.[3] Nay, whether you are a Russian subject or a foreigner you cannot possibly subsist a week without a passport, which is such an essential part of your being that Russian lawyers have not inappropriately defined a man as an animal composed of three parts—a body, a soul, and a passport. This passport you must have renewed once a year, unless you are a noble or an honorary citizen, and the process is as tedious and painful as moulting is to birds. A voluminous correspondence, and a pile of documents with copies, petitions, and fifteen supplements, was the result of the attempt of a man named Dudinsky in the Government of Smolensk, to renew his passport two years ago. And yet his papers were in order, his conduct irreproachable, and his right to have his passport renewed was not even called in question.[4] These obstacles and irritations make one's soul weary of life; and explain why it is that in the course of one year in St. Petersburg alone 14,799 persons were arrested and imprisoned for not having complied with the passport laws. Many of these wretched creatures may be now on their way to Siberia.[5]

Whatever you do yourself, whatever others do to you, the accidents you meet with, and "visitations of God," are all valid motives for the interference of the police, who take cognisance of everything, and direct you how to demean yourself under the rapidly changing conditions of life. They come into your home and look after the morality of your children, keeping a watchful eye the while on your own occupations and those of your friends; they dog your steps in the streets, open your letters, cross-examine your hall porter who is *ex officio* one of the eyes of autocracy; and their constant meddling in your private life is almost as maddening as the noise of the Chinese drums to the wretch condemned to die of want of sleep. Last year the Police Prefect of Petropavloffsk actually forbade all the inhabitants of his district to leave their houses after ten o'clock P.M., not on political grounds, real or alleged, but simply in the

(1) Cf., for instance, Art. 61 of the Penal Code for Magistrates.
(2) *Ibid.* Art. 59. Cf. also Penal Code, § 958.
(3) *Ibid.* Art. 59. The only exception in practice is in favour of houses of ill-fame.
(4) Cf. *St. Petersburg Gazette*, 29th August, 1887.
(5) *New Review*, July, 1888.

interests of what he considered propriety.[1] Some few years ago three or four young ladies were upset in a boat when crossing the Neva. The current being pretty strong there,[2] there was some difficulty in rescuing them, and when they were taken out of the water, it took nearly ten minutes to row them ashore. The weather was bitterly cold, and the ladies were shivering when they landed. Here, however, instead of being allowed to drive home as quickly as they could and change their clothes, they were compelled to walk to the station, where a detailed account of the accident (called *protocoll*) was drawn up and carefully read over to them, and it was only when they had signed this that they were at liberty to go. One of them was ill for six weeks afterwards.[3]

It almost requires the credulity of an Orgon—rare in England—to believe that the law of the Russian Empire solemnly lays down the rules of spelling to be followed in writing in or giving citations from the Little Russian language, and very strictly enforces the decree! Yet it is perfectly true, though it is one of those truths which are stranger than fiction, as men like P. Kulisch, Professor Antonovitch, Krapovnitsky, the playwright, and many other contemporary *littérateurs* have learned to their cost. I possess, however, the text of the law in question, the second paragraph of which is as follows: "Are forbidden in the precincts of the Empire original works and translations in Little Russian, except (*a*) historical documents, (*b*) literary productions, on condition that they keep to the orthography of the originals, and *that there be no deviations from the commonly accepted Russian system of* SPELLING, and that the authorization be accorded only after the manuscript has been examined." Signed, Grigorieff, Director of the Central Board of Censure. 18/30 May, 1876. Now it is proposed to forbid in the length and breadth of the Russian Empire the printing of works in the Polish tongue, unless they are written with Russian, instead of Latin, letters; and according to the laws now rigidly enforced, no tradesman can print an advertisement or handbill without receiving the authorisation of the police.

It is not to be wondered at, under the circumstances, that the Government has become in the eyes of the people a fetish, to be conciliated, feared, obeyed—the embodiment of omniscience and omnipotence, whose word is law to nature as well as to man. Hence they come to the authorities in all the difficulties of life, asking for spiritual bread, and invariably receiving a stone. If an earthquake is feared, a war expected, an inundation apprehended, they hasten to the nearest representative of power for instructions how to receive the impending calamity. Two years ago, for instance, when the Russian press predicted a destructive storm in certain parts of the country,

(1) Opposite the Gagarin Quay at the Vyborg side.

(2) The press mentioned it at the time, but I am narrating from memory. I spoke to one of the young ladies at the time.

(3) *Novoye Vremya*, 28th August, 1889.

the like of which for violence had never yet been experienced, the police stations were crowded with men and women anxious to learn the why and the wherefore. Here is a specimen of what daily took place at that time, which I literally translate from a local organ of the press. "May I make so free as to ask your honour," says a peasant who has come afar *ad hoc*, "when this here storm is to burst?" "What storm are you talking about? Get away from here and don't bother." "Three days ago, your honour, our Nick Safronitch came home from town and told us that the papers printed all about this same storm. I don't believe it myself, but my wife says, 'Go,' she yells, 'and ask the authorities—the police, that is, for they know everything, because they know the high authorities and the regulation of things'—and the neighbours all over the place are talking about it too." "Get away with your storm; go to your wife and neighbours, and say that the authorities have not sent us any orders yet concerning the storm. We know nothing about it." "All right, your honour. I'll tell my wife and neighbours that there is no ukase about the storm in Odessa; that it must be untrue."[1] So strong is this feeling of abject helplessness on the part of the people, so incapable are they of walking even to destruction without being led thither by the hand, that thieves and pickpockets cannot always pursue their calling to their satisfaction without appealing for the "moral" support and guidance of the police. This seems a paradox; but the annals of criminal justice for the last twenty-five years yield a harvest of cases that go far to establish in such matters the connivance and active complicity of the police and other authorities as the rule rather than the exception. As for the common people, they do not hesitate to ask the authorities in whom they live, move, and have their being, for assistance in the commission of crime. It is only a few weeks ago since some peasants of the village of Stryscheff, district of Rybinks, lacking the funds necessary to purchase liquor and drown their cares, decided that the best way to raise the money would be to rob the country house of a certain Madam Syroyeschin, which was not inhabited at the time. They went to work systematically, broke open the door, dragged out the furniture, mirrors, &c., into the adjoining wood, and proceeded to divide the spoils. But they could not satisfactorily solve the problem. They disputed, quarrelled, shouted, fought; but to no purpose. At last they cooled down, and agreed to decide the matter calmly, reasonably, equitably; and went off in a body to the nearest representative of law and government, the *starosta*, in whom they showed their confidence by requesting him to divide the booty among them, "according to the dictates of his conscience."[2] The semi-official organ from which this account is bodily taken, commenting in its following number upon the comparative statistics of education,

(1) *Odessa Messenger*, Sept. 18, 1887. (2) *Graschdanin*, Aug. 26, 1889.

from which it appears that Holland, Saxony, and England spend more money upon the education of their subjects, and Russia less, than any other European nation, jubilantly exclaims, "And 'glory, glory be to God that it is so!' we cry out in sincerity of heart and full of love for our native land. This place of honour in the statistics of national education has been purchased by Germany at the price of the colossal development of socialism and atheism." [1]

No man, were his faith in the future of humanity never so robust, can contemplate these things without a feeling of sadness akin to despair; for eighty or ninety millions [2] of human beings, with blunted faculties, palsied will, distorted views of life, the divine fire within them being deliberately and diabolically quenched and stamped out, are, in sober truth, one of the saddest sights of the nineteenth century. And the tragic effect of the situation is heightened, not transformed, by the fatuous pomposity and conceit with which the masters of these uncomplaining serfs, instead of taking pity on their helpless victims, prate about their lofty mission to diffuse light and culture and political liberty among the Slavs of Europe and the Mahometans of Asia. Philanthropic Mrs. Jellyby, neglecting home and children to sweeten the lot of the unregenerate natives of Borrioboola Gha, was a paragon of good sense and modesty in comparison. No doubt the Government is and always has been composed, not of angels and saints translated beyond the sphere of evil influence, but of men with the same nature, subject to the same temptations as the millions whom they lead. Moreover, where the reciprocal action and reaction of governors and governed is so complex and difficult to analyse as in Russia, it is extremely easy to err on the side of exaggeration in attempting to allot to the authorities their fair share of the joint responsibility. But whether much or little is of no practical importance, seeing that it is the misfortune of the masses to have to pay dearly for the folly of their rulers after having fully expiated their own. It is hard to suppress a sigh of pity for a generous people dragged down by those whom they support in luxury, to the level of the beasts of the field; for men who are serfs in everything but the name, who toil and moil from childhood to old age, creating riches that elude their grasp, and who can still affirm in a proverb in which is embedded the crystallized history of ages: "Our soul is God's, our body the Tsar's, and our backs belong to our masters."

E. B. LANIN.

(1) *Graschdanin*, 8th September, 1889.

(2) The difference between this number and the total population of Russia is the large margin for exceptions which it is wise to allow in a country of ten millions of Nonconformists, many of whom would bear comparison with the choicest spirits of Western Europe.

THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. CCLXXVI. NEW SERIES.—DECEMBER 1, 1889.

LITERARY CRITICISM IN FRANCE.[1]

WHEN the Curators of the Taylorian Institution honoured me with an invitation to lecture on some subject connected with the study of modern literature, I glanced back over my recent reading, and I found that a large part, perhaps an undue proportion of it, had consisted of French literary history and French literary criticism. The recent death of that eminent critic, M. Scherer, had led me to make a survey of his writings. I had found in M. Brunetière an instructor vigorous and severe in matters of literature; one who allies modern thought with classical tradition. I had beguiled some hours, not more pleasantly than profitably, with M. Jules Lemaitre's bright if slender studies of contemporary writers, in which the play of ideas is contrived with all the skill and grace of a decorative art. I had followed M. Paul Bourget, as many of us have done, through his more laborious analyses in which he investigates, by means of typical representatives in literature, the moral life of our time. And I had in some measure possessed myself of the legacy of thought left to us by two young writers, ardent students, interested in the philosophical aspects of literature, whose premature loss French letters must deplore, M. Guyau, the author of several volumes on questions of morals and æsthetics, and M. Hennequin, whose attempt to draw the outlines of a system of scientific criticism has at least the merit of bold ingenuity. It seemed to me that I had fresh in my mind matter which must be of interest to all who care for literature, and that I should not do ill if I were to try to gather up some of my impressions on recent literary criticism, and especially on methods or proposed methods of criticism in France.

Nearly a generation has passed since a distinguished son of Oxford, Mr. Matthew Arnold, declared that the chief need of our time—and especially the need of our own country—was a truer and more enlightened criticism. He did not speak merely of literature; he meant that we needed a fresh current of ideas about life in its various provinces. But he included the province of literature, the

(1) Read as the Taylorian Lecture, Oxford, November 20th, 1889.

importance of which, and especially of poetry, no man estimated more highly than did Mr. Arnold. And as the essential prelude to a better criticism, he made his gallant, and far from unsuccessful, effort to disturb our national self-complacency, to make us feel that Philistia is not a land which is very far off; he made the experiment, which he regarded as in the best sense patriotic, to rearrange for our uses the tune of *Rule Britannia* in a minor key. His contribution to our self-knowledge was a valuable one, if wisely used. The elegant lamentations of the prophet over his people in captivity to the Philistines were more than elegant, they were inspired by a fine ideal of intellectual freedom, and were animated by a courageous hope that the ideal might be, in part at least, attained. Disciples, however, too often parody the master, and I am not sure that success in any other affectation is more cheaply won than in the affectation of depreciating one's kinsfolk and one's home. There is a Jaques-like melancholy arising from the sundry contemplation of one's intellectual travel, which disinclines its possessor for simple household tasks. Our British inaccessibility to ideas, our wilfulness of temper, our caprices of intellect, our insular narrowness, the provinciality of our thought, the brutality of our journals, the banality of our popular teachers, our incapacity to govern, or at least to be gracious in governing—these are themes on which it has become easy to dilate:

> "Most can raise the flowers now,
> For all have got the seed."

And with the aid of a happy eclecticism which chooses for comparison the bright abroad with the dark or dull at home, and reserves all its amiable partiality and dainty enthusiasm for our neighbours, it really has not been difficult to acquire a new and superior kind of complacency, the complacency of national self-depreciation.

As regards the criticism of literature, Mr. Arnold did good service in directing our eyes to France, and when we spoke of French literary criticism any time in the fifties and sixties of this century, we meant first of all Sainte-Beuve. Here Mr. Arnold was surely right, nor did he depart from the balance and measure which he so highly valued when, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, he described Sainte-Beuve as an unrivalled guide to bring us to a knowledge of the French genius and literature—"perfect, so far as a poor mortal critic can be perfect, in knowledge of his subject, in tact, in tone." We are all pupils of Sainte-Beuve. But to what Mr. Arnold has said of Sainte-Beuve, I should like to add this: that while the great critic was French in his tact, French in his art of finely insinuating opinions, in his seeming *bonhomie*, and at the same time in the delicate malice of his pen, French above all in his sense of the intimate relations of literature with social life, his method as a critic was not the dominant method of France; it was hardly characteristic

of the French intellect; it was his own method, and it had been in great measure our English method.[1]

For, while possessing extraordinary mobility within certain limits seldom overpassed, the French intellect, as compared with that of England, is pre-eminently systematic, and to attain system, or method, or order in its ideas, it is often content to view things in an abstract or generalising way, or even to omit things which present a difficulty to the systematiser. At the highest this order is a manifestation of reason, and when it imposes itself upon our minds, it brings with it that sense of freedom which accompanies the recognition of a law. But when by evading difficulties a pseudo-order is established, and when this is found, as it inevitably will be found in the course of time, to be a tyranny, then the spirit of system becomes really an element of disorder, provoking the spirit of anarchy, and, as M. Nisard has called it, the spirit of chimera. In a nation where the tendency towards centralisation is strong, and a central authority has been constituted, an order of ideas, which is probably in part true, in part false, will be imposed by that authority, and as years go by this will become traditional. So it was in France. The Academy was precisely such a central authority in matters intellectual, and from its origin it asserted a claim to be a tribunal in literary criticism. It imposed a doctrine, and created a tradition. But even among writers who revolted from the traditional or Academical manner in criticism, the spirit of system was often present, for the spirit of system is characteristic of the intellect of France. An idea, a dogma was enounced, and the facts were selected or compelled to square with the idea; an age was reduced to some formula which was supposed to express the spirit of that age, and the writers of the time were attenuated into proofs of a theory.

Now Sainte-Beuve's method as a critic was as far as possible removed from this abstract and doctrinaire method. He loved ideas, but he feared the tyranny of an idea. He was on his guard against the spirit of system. Upon his seal was engraved the English word "Truth," and the root of everything in his criticism, as Mr. Arnold said of him, is his simple-hearted devotion to truth. Mr. Arnold might have added that his method for the discovery of truth is the method characteristic of the best English minds, that of living and working in the closest relation with facts, and incessantly revising his opinions so that they may be in accord with facts. It will be in the memory of readers of Sainte-Beuve that in 1862, in the articles on Chateaubriand, afterwards included in the third volume of *Nouveaux Lundis*, he turned aside to give an exposition of his own critical method. He had been reproached with the fact that he had no theory. "Those who deal most favourably with me have been

(1) Mr. Arnold's *éloge* does not apply to the earlier writings of Sainte-Beuve, which were wanting in critical balance, and often in critical disinterestedness.

pleased to say that I am a sufficiently good judge, but a judge who is without a code." And while admitting that there existed no code Sainte-Beuve, he went on to maintain that he had a method, formed by practice, and to explain what that method was. It was that for which afterwards, when reviewing a work by M. Deschanel, he accepted the name of naturalistic criticism. He tells us how we are inevitably carried from the book under our view to the entire work of the author, and so to the author himself; how we should study the author as forming one of a group with the other members of his household, and in particular that it is wise to look for his talent in the mother, and, if there be sisters, in one or more of the sisters; how we should seek for him in "le premier milieu," the group of friends and contemporaries who surrounded him at the moment when his genius first became full-fledged; how again we should choose for special observation the moment when he begins to decay, or decline, or deviate from his true line of advance under the influences of the world; for such a moment comes, says Sainte-Beuve, to almost every man; how we should approach our author through his admirers and through his enemies; and how, as the result of all these processes of study, sometimes the right word emerges which claims, beyond all power of resistance, to be a definition of the author's peculiar talent; such an one is a "rhetorician," such an one an "improvisator of genius." Chateaubriand himself, the subject of Sainte-Beuve's *causerie*, is "an Epicurean with the imagination of a Catholic." But, adds Sainte-Beuve, let us wait for this characteristic name, let us not hasten to give it.

This method of Sainte-Beuve, this inductive or naturalistic method, which advances cautiously from details to principles, and which is ever on its guard against the idols that deceive the mind, did not, as he says, quite satisfy even his admirers among his own countrymen. They termed his criticism a negative criticism, without a code of principles; they demanded a theory. But it is a method which accords well with our English habits of thought; and the fact is perhaps worth noting that while Mr. Arnold was engaged in indicating, for our use, the vices and the foibles of English criticism as compared with that of France, Sainte-Beuve was thinking of a great English philosopher as the best preparatory master for those who would acquire a sure judgment in literature. "To be in literary history and criticism a disciple of Bacon," he wrote, "seems to me the need of our time." Bacon laid his foundations on a solid groundwork of facts, but it was his whole purpose to rise from these to general truths. And Sainte-Beuve looked forward to a time when as the result of countless observations, a science might come into existence which should be able to arrange into their various species or families the varieties of human intellect and character, so that the dominant quality of a mind being ascertained we might be able to

infer from this a group of subordinate qualities. But even in his anticipations of a science of criticism Sainte-Beuve would not permit the spirit of system to tyrannise over him. Such a science, he says, can never be quite of the same kind as botany or zoology; man has "what is called *freedom of will*," which at all events presupposes a great complexity in possible combinations. And even if at some remote period, this science of human minds should be organized, it will always be so delicate and mobile, says Sainte-Beuve, that "it will exist only for those who have a natural calling for it, and a true gift for observation; it will always be an *art* requiring a skilful artist, as medicine requires medical tact in those who practise it." There are numberless obscure phenomena to be dealt with in the criticism of literature, and they are the phenomena of life, in perpetual process of change; there are *nuances* to be caught, which, in the words of one who has tried to observe and record them, are "more fugitive than the play of light on the waters." Sainte-Beuve felt that to keep a living mind in contact with life must for the present be the chief effort of criticism, to touch here some vital point, and again some other point there. In that remarkable volume, *Le Roman Expérimental*, in which M. Zola deals with his fellow authors not so much in the manner of a judge as in that of a truculent gendarme, he lays violent hold on Sainte-Beuve, claiming him as essentially a critic of his own so-called experimental school; not, indeed, that Sainte-Beuve's was one of those superior minds which comprehend their age, for was he not rather repelled than subdued by the genius of Balzac, and did he not fail to perceive that the romantic movement of 1830 was no more than the cry for deliverance from dogma and tradition of an age on its way to the naturalism of M. Zola himself? Still, says M. Zola, in certain pages Sainte-Beuve formulated with a tranquil daring the experimental method "which we put in practice." And it is true that there are points of contact between Sainte-Beuve's criticism, with its careful study of the author's *milieu*, and the doctrines proclaimed by M. Zola. But what a contrast between the spirits of the two men; what a contrast in the application to life even of the ideas which they possessed in common! M. Zola, whose mind is overridden, if ever a mind was, by the spirit of system; whose work, misnamed realistic, is one monstrous idealising of humanity under the types of the man-brute and the woman-brute; and Sainte-Beuve, who in his method would fain be the disciple of our English Bacon; Sainte-Beuve, ever alert and mobile, ever fitting his mind to the nicenesses of fact, or tentatively grouping his facts in the hope that he may ascertain their law; Sainte-Beuve, whom, if the word "realism" be forced upon us, as it seems to be at the present time, we may name a genuine realist in the inductive study of the temperaments of all sorts and conditions of men.

Of M. Scherer I spoke a few days after his death in the pages of the Fortnightly Review, and I shall only say here that he resembled Sainte-Beuve at least in this, that he too feared the tyranny of the spirit of system. In his earlier years, indeed, he had aspired as a philosophical thinker and a theologian to the possession of a body of absolute beliefs; but he found, or thought he found, that all which he had supposed to be fixed was moving, was altering its shape and position. He saw, or thought he saw, a sinking of the soil on which he had built his house as if to last for ever, a gaining of the tide upon the solid land; he recognised, as so many have had to recognise in this century of moral difficulty, the processes of the evolution, or at least the vicissitude, of beliefs. He ceased to hope for truth absolute, but it was not as one disillusioned and disenchanted that he took refuge in the relative. He felt that his appointed task of truth-seeking had grown more serious and more full of promise. It seemed to him that there was something childish in the play of building up elaborate erections of dogma, ingenious toy-houses, to be tumbled down presently by the trailing skirts of Time. The business of a man was rather, as he conceived it, to live by the truth of to-day, trusting that it would develop into the completer truth of to-morrow, to contribute something of sound knowledge and well-considered opinion to the common fund, to work with all other honest minds towards some common result, though what that result may be, none of us as yet can be aware. He thought that he could perceive a logic in the general movement of the human mind, and he was content, for his own part, to contribute a fragment of truth here and a fragment there which might be taken up in the vast inductions of that mighty logician, the *Zeit-Geist*.

A critic of such a temper as this can hardly set up absolute standards by which to judge, he can hardly make any one age the final test of another, and condemn the classic because it is not romantic, or the romantic because it is not classic. Yet he is far from being a sceptic either in matters of faith or matters of literary conviction; he may possess very clear and strong opinions, and indeed it becomes his duty to give a decided expression to his own view of truth, even if it be but a partial view, for how otherwise can he assist in the general movement of thought? The discomfiture of the absolute, as Scherer has said, is an aid to tolerance, is even favourable to indulgence, but it need not and should not paralyse the judgment, or hopelessly perplex the literary conscience. And Scherer himself was indeed at times more inclined to severity than to indulgence; behind the man, who was the nominal subject of his criticism, he saw the idea, and with an idea it is not necessary to observe the punctilio of fine manners. He must at the same time make his own idea precise, must argue out his own thesis. Yet he feels all the while that his own idea, his own thesis, has only a rela-

tive value, and that his criticism is at best something tentative. Scherer's conviction that all our truths are only relative, and that none the less they are of the utmost importance to us, gives in great measure its special character, at once tentative and full of decision, to his criticism.

But Scherer came on his father's side from a Swiss family, and the Parisian critic had been formed in the school of Protestant Geneva; Sainte-Beuve's mother was of English origin, and his reading as a boy was largely in our English books. These are facts which may fairly be noted by one who accepts Sainte-Beuve's principles of literary investigation. The critical methods characteristic of the French intellect as contrasted with the English intellect are not the methods which guide and govern the work of these writers. Their work lacks the large ordonnance, the ruling logic, the *vues d'ensemble* in which the French mind, inheritor of Latin tradition, delights. Without a moment's resistance we yield ourselves to such guides, because the processes of their minds agree with those to which we are accustomed, only they are conducted by them with an ease and grace which with us are rare. But perhaps we gain more, or at least something more distinctive, from contact with intellects of a type which differs essentially from the English type, minds more speculative than ours, more apt in bringing masses of concrete fact under the rule and regimen of ideas. These characteristics of the French intellect are exhibited in a very impressive way by two well-known histories of literature, which, as regards methods and principles of criticism, stand as far apart from each other as it is possible to conceive—Nisard's *History of French Literature*, and the much more celebrated *History of English Literature* by Taine. The one is of the elder school of criticism, dogmatic and traditional; the other is of the newer school, and claims to be considered scientific. Both are works over which ideas preside—or perhaps we might say dominate with an excessive authority. A mind of the English type could hardly have produced either of the two.

The name of M. Désiré Nisard seems to carry us far into the past. It is more than half a century since he made his masked attack on the Romantic school, then in its fervid youth, in his *Latin Poets of the Decadence*, and put forth his famous manifesto against *la littérature facile*. It was in 1840 that the first two volumes of his *History of French Literature* appeared: but twenty years passed before that work was completed; and it is little more than twelve months since M. Nisard gave to the public his *Souvenirs et Notes biographiques*, volumes followed, perhaps unfortunately for his fame, by the *Ægri Somnia* of the present year. Such a life of devotion to letters is rare, and the unity of his career was no less remarkable than its length. For sixty years M. Nisard was a guardian of the dignity of French letters, a guardian of the purity of the French

language, a maintainer of the traditions of learning and thought, an inflexible judge in matters of intellect and taste. The aggressive sallies of his earlier years were only part of the system of defence which at a later time he conducted with greater reserve from within the stronghold of his own ideas. When the first volumes of his *History of French Literature* were written, M. Nisard's doctrine and method were fully formed, and when, twenty years later, he finished his task, it seemed never to have been interrupted; and though the author was of Voltaire's opinion that he who does not know how to correct, does not know how to write, there was nothing to alter in essentials of the former part of the work. It is a work which cannot be popular, for its method is opposed to that which at present has the mastery, and its style has a magisterial, almost a monumental, concision, which is not to the liking of the crowd of torpid readers. It is, says a contemporary critic, a feature in common between two writers, in other respects so unlike, M. Nisard and M. Renan, that neither can be enjoyed by the common mass of readers, because "they are equally concerned, though in different ways, with the effort to be sober and simple, to efface colours that are over lively, and never to depart, in the temperate expression of their thought, from that scrupulous precision and exquisite *netteté* which Vauvenargues has named *le vernis des maîtres*." But though it cannot live the noisy life of a popular book, M. Nisard's *History* remains, and does its work, a work all the more valuable because it resists in many ways the currents of opinion and taste in our age.

What, then, is M. Nisard's method? It is as far as possible removed from the method of Sainte-Beuve, as far as possible removed from what I may call the English method of criticism. A piece of literature—a poem, a novel, a play—carries Sainte-Beuve to the other works of the author, whether they be of the same kind or not, and thence to the author himself, to the little group of persons with whom he lived and acted, and to the general society of which he formed a member. M. Nisard views the work apart from its author and apart from his other works, if those other works be of a different literary species. He compares this book or that with other books of the same *genre*, or rather with the type of the *genre*, which by a process of abstraction, he has formed in his own mind; he brings it into comparison with his ideal of the peculiar genius of the nation, his ideal of the genius of France, if the book be French; he tests its language by his ideal of the genius of the French language; finally, he compares it with his ideal of the genius of humanity as embodied in the best literature of the world, to whatever country or age that literature may belong. Criticism, as conceived by M. Nisard, confronts each work of literature with a three-

fold ideal—that of the nation, that of the language, that of humanity: "elle note ce qui s'en rapproche; voilà le bon: ce qui s'en éloigne; voilà le mauvais." The aim of such criticism, according to M. Nisard's own definition, is "to regulate our intellectual pleasures, to free literature from the tyranny of the notion that *there is no disputing about tastes*, to constitute an exact science, intent rather on guiding than gratifying the mind."

Surely a noble aim—to free us from the tyranny of intellectual anarchy. We all tacitly acknowledge that there is a hierarchy of intellectual pleasures, and it is M. Nisard's purpose to call upon these individual preferences and aversions to come forward and justify themselves or stand condemned in the light of human reason. The historian of French literature has somewhere contrasted two remarkable figures of the Renaissance and Reformation—Montaigne and Calvin; Montaigne, a representative of the spirit of curiosity then abroad, and, notwithstanding his sceptical tendency, a lover of the truth; Calvin, a representative of theological system and rigour, a wielder of the logic of the abstract idea. We may describe Sainte-Beuve as a nineteenth-century descendant of Montaigne, with the accumulated erudition and the heightened sensibility of this latter time. M. Nisard carries into the province of literature something of Calvin's spirit of system, and we can hardly help admiring the fine intolerance of his orthodoxy as he condemns some heretic who disbelieves or doubts the authority of the great classical age of French letters. He would have criticism proceed rather by exclusions than by admissions, and has no patience with the "facile and accommodating admirations of eclecticism;" he sees a sign of decadence in the ambition peculiar to our time which pretends to reunite in French literary art all the excellences and all the liberties of foreign literatures.[1] It is easy to indulge a diluted sympathy with everything; it is harder, but better, to distinguish the evil from the good, and to stand an armed champion of reason, order, beauty.

The genius of France, according to M. Nisard, is more inclined to discipline than to liberty; it regards the former—discipline—as the more fruitful in admirable results. An eminent writer in France is "the organ of all, rather than a privileged person who has thoughts belonging to himself alone, which he imposes on his fellows by an extraordinary right." And hence, French literature, avoiding, when at its best, all individual caprice, all license of sensibility or imagination, is, as it were, the living realisation of the government of the human faculties by reason. It is not so with the literature of the North; there the equilibrium of the faculties is disturbed, there liberty often prevails over discipline, there reverie or subtlety often usurps the place of reason. It is not so with the literatures of the

(1) *Hist. de la Littérature Française*, i. 13.

South; there passion often prevails over reason, and the language of metaphor takes the place of the language of intelligence. But human reason did not come to maturity in France until the great age of classical literature, the age of Molière and Racine and La Fontaine, of Bossuet and Pascal, of La Bruyère and La Rochefoucauld. Then first in French literature humanity became completely conscious of itself, then, first, man was conceived as man in all the plenitude of his powers, then, first, human nature was adequately represented and rendered in literary art. And since that great age, if we strike the balance of gains and losses we shall find perhaps that the gains are exceeded by the losses. In the eighteenth century, which claimed to be the age of reason, the *sæculum rationalisticum*, the authority of reason in fact declined, and the spirit of Utopia, the chimerical spirit, exemplified by Rousseau, obtained the mastery. As to our own century, the magisterial words of condemnation uttered by M. Nisard half a century ago have perhaps gained in significance since the day on which his *Latin Poets of the Decadence* appeared. We have, as he says, analyses infinitely subtle of certain moral situations; delicate investigations of the states, often morbid states, of individual souls; but where is the great art that deals with man as man in those larger powers and passions which vary little from generation to generation? The difficulties of our social problems, the mass of talents for which, in our old world, scope can hardly be found, the consequent restlessness of spirit, the lack of religious discipline, the malady of doubt, the political passions of the time, a boundless freedom of desires, ambitions, sensations, and almost no proportion between power and desire, a refinement of intelligence which multiplies our wants—these were enumerated long since by M. Nisard as causes unfavourable to the growth of a great nineteenth-century literature; and though the word *pessimism* was not in fashion in 1834, the anxious physician of his age foresaw the modern malady.

No wonder that such a critic was not popular with young and ardent spirits in the first fervours of the Romantic movement. But M. Nisard's work, as I have said, remains, and partly by virtue of the fact that he maintained the great tradition of French letters. In the literature of the age of Louis XIV., where M. Taine sees only or chiefly the literature of a court and courtiers, he saw the genius of humanity embodied and expressed by the special genius of the French nation. His view was determined by a deeper and a truer insight than that of M. Taine or of the romantic critics of an earlier date. The revolt of the Romantic school itself testifies to the strength in France of the classical tradition, and no critic of French literature can be a sure guide who does not recognise the force and value of that tradition. We, who have had no one age supremely

great, who have had the double tradition of the age of Queen Elizabeth and the age of Queen Anne, this embodying the truths of discipline and that the truths of liberty, can find in our literary history no one stream of tendency "strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full," at all corresponding to that derived in French literary history from the age of Louis XIV. We may feel sure that however the fashions of literature may change, the best mind of France must always, from time to time, make a return upon the wonderful group of writers, poets, thinkers, orators, epigrammatists, of the seventeenth century, and find in them undying masters of thought, of art, of literary style. And this is what the idealist school of critics, represented by M. Nisard, have rightly understood, and what the historical school, represented by M. Taine, has failed to perceive. At the present moment we may rejoice to see so eminent a critic as M. Brunetière taking vigorous part in the much-needed return upon the masters of the great tradition. He comes to them in no servile spirit to pay blind homage. Without accepting the ingenious paradox that every classic was in his own day a romantic, he perceives that these revered masters were in fact innovators, and encountered no little opposition from their contemporaries; they enlarged the bounds of art; and one who now dares to enlarge the bounds and break the barriers may be in the truest sense the disciple of Racine and of Molière. He perceives that the immortal part of such a writer as Racine is not his reproduction of the tone and manners of the Court. If Assuérus, in *Esther*, speaks in the mode of Louis XIV., or Bérénice has a likeness to Marie de Mancini, this, as M. Brunetière says, is precisely what is feeble in Racine, this is the part of his work which has felt the effects of time, the part which is dead. The enduring part of his work is that which, if French of the seventeenth century is something more than French, the part which is human, and which in 1889 has precisely the same value that it had in the fortunate days when his masterpieces appeared for the first time on the stage.[1]

M. Brunetière, from whose review of a study of Racine by M. Deschanel I have cited some words, is, like Nisard, a critic who values principles, who himself possesses a literary doctrine, and who certainly does not squander his gift of admiration in various and facile sympathies. He has been described as a less amiable, less elegant, less delicate Nisard: and it is true that he has not Nisard's fineness of touch nor his concinnity of style; but M. Brunetière suffers less than Nisard from the rigour of system, and he is far more than Nisard in sympathy with contemporary ideas. He is a combative thinker, with a logic supported by solid erudition and reinforced by a resolute temper which does not shrink from the severities

(1) F. Brunetière, *Histoire et Littérature*, ii. 9.

of controversy. Yet to a certain extent M. Brunetière has been a conciliator, attempting, as he has done, to distinguish what is true and fruitful in that movement of the present day which has claimed the title of "naturalism," and to ally this with the truths of that other art discredited or extolled under the name of "idealistic." He recognises the power of environing circumstances, the "milieu," in forming the characters of men and determining their action; but, as becomes one who does honour to the great art of the seventeenth century, the art of Corneille and Racine, he recognises also that (to use Sainte-Beuve's hesitating phrase) there is in man that which they call freedom of will: "Man hath all which nature hath, but more," wrote Matthew Arnold in a memorable sonnet, in which perhaps he had that far more admirable poem of Goethe, *Das Göttliche*, in his mind:—

"Man, and man only,
Achieves the impossible,
He can distinguish,
Elect and direct."

In an article on M. Paul Bourget's remarkable novel *Le Disciple*, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of July 1st, M. Brunetière, in the interest of art and of sound criticism no less than in the interest of morality and social life, sets himself to oppose what he terms the great error of the last hundred years, the sophism which reduces man to a part of nature. In art, in science, in morals, argues M. Brunetière, man is human in proportion as he separates himself from nature.

"It is *natural*," he writes, "that the law of the stronger and the more skilful should prevail in the animal world; but this, precisely, is not *human*. . . . To live in the present, as if it had no existence, as if it were merely the continuation of the past and the preparation for the future—this is *human*, and there is nothing less *natural*. By justice and by pity to compensate for the inequalities which nature, imperfectly subdued, still allows to subsist among men—this is *human*, and there is nothing less *natural*. Far from loosening, to draw closer the ties of marriage and the family, without which society can no more progress than life can organize itself without a cell—this is *human*, and there is nothing less *natural*. Without attempting to destroy the passions, to teach them moderation, and, if need be, to place them under restraint—this is *human*, and there is nothing less *natural*. And finally, on the ruins of the base and superstitious worship of force, to establish, if we can, the sovereignty of justice—this is *human*, and this, above all, is an effort which is not *natural*."

I have quoted this passage from M. Brunetière because, as we are all aware, there is a school of literary criticism, brought into existence by the same tendencies of the present time which have given birth to what M. Zola somewhat absurdly names "the experimental novel," a school of criticism, led by an eminent French thinker, which reduces to a minimum the independence and originating force of the artist, and is pleased to exhibit him in a group with his contemporaries as the natural and inevitable product of ancestry and ambient circumstances. Since the publication of M. Taine's *History*

of English Literature some twenty-five years ago, all students of literature and art have been more or less under the spell of that triple charm—the race, the *milieu*, and the moment, and every critic has found it needful to get the magic formula by heart. A new dogmatism, which in the name of science holds all dogma in scorn, has set forth its *credo;* and the spirit of system, that passion for intellectual ordonnance, characteristic of the French mind, has once again manifested itself in a powerful manner. M. Taine's great work is one which at first overmasters the reader with its clear and broad design, its comprehensive logic, its scientific claims, its multitude of facts arranged under their proper rubrics; it seems for a little while to put a new organon for the study of literature into our hands; and the rest of our time, I fear, is spent in making ever larger and larger reservation. The truth is, as Scherer noticed, that professing to proceed by the way of induction, M. Taine is constantly deductive in his method. "He begins by giving us a formula, and then draws from that formula the consequences and conclusions which, as he believes, are included in it." The works of this writer or of that are studied not for their own sakes, but in order that they may furnish proofs of the thesis of the scientific critic. "His crowd of descriptions, his accumulation of details"—I quote the words, eminently just, of Scherer—"his piled-up phrases are so many arguments urged upon the reader. We perceive the dialectic even under the imagery. I never read M. Taine without thinking of those gigantic steam hammers, which strike with noisy and redoubled blows, which make a thousand sparks fly, and under whose incessant shock the steel is beaten out and shaped. Everything here gives us the idea of power, the sense of force; but we have to add that one is stunned by so much noise, and that, after all, a style which has the solidity and the brilliancy of metal has also sometimes its hardness and heaviness."

Two debts we certainly owe to M. Taine, and we acknowledge them with gratitude; first, he has helped us to feel the close kinship between the literature of each epoch and the various other manifestations of the mind of the time; and secondly, he has helped to moderate the passion for pronouncing judgments of good and evil founded on the narrow æsthetics of the taste of our own day. We have all learnt from M. Taine the art of bringing significant facts from the details of social manners, government, laws, fashions of speech, even fashions of dress, into comparison with contemporaneous facts of literature. He has made it easier for us to ascertain, at least in its larger features, what is called the spirit of an age. And this is much. But there are two things which as they express themselves in literature he has failed to enable us to comprehend—the individual genius of an artist, that unique power of seeing, feeling, imagining, what he and he alone possesses; and again, the universal

mind of humanity, that which is not bounded by an epoch nor contained by a race, but which lives alike in the pillars of the Parthenon and in the vault of the Gothic cathedral, which equally inspires the noblest scenes of Sophocles and of Shakespeare, which makes beautiful the tale of Achilles' wrath and that of the fall of the Scottish Douglas. Of what is local and temporary in art M. Taine speaks with extraordinary energy. Of what is abiding and universal he has less to say. Each author whom he studies is presented to us as the creature of the circumstances of his time, or at the highest as a representative of his tribe and people. The critic does not possess that delicate tact which would enable him to discover the individuality of each writer; it suits his thesis rather to view the individual as one member of a group. Nor does he possess that higher philosophical power which would enable him to see in each great work of art the laws of the universal mind of man.

M. Taine has served us also, I have said, by moderating our zeal for a narrow kind of judicial criticism, which pronounces a work of art to be good or bad as it approaches or departs from some standard set up by the taste or fashion of our own day. He started indeed from a false position—that criticism was to attempt no more than to note the characteristics of the various works of literature and art, and to look for their causes. It was, he said, to be a sort of botany applied not to plants, but to the works of men. Botany does not pronounce the rose superior to the lily, nor should criticism attempt to establish a hierarchy in art; enough, if it records characteristics and ascertains their causes. But it will be remembered that M. Taine quickly abandoned his false position. In his lectures on *The Ideal in Art* he showed himself as ready to absolve or condemn as any disciple of the old æsthetic, and as I remember putting it in a review of M. Taine's volume which appeared soon after its publication, he said in unmistakable language, "Despise pre-Raphaelite art, it is ascetic," "Despise the English school of painting, it is literary;" "Admire above all else Renaissance art; it shows you what painting ought to show, straight limbs, well-developed muscles, and a healthy skin."

M. Taine, in fact, did not cease to be a judicial critic; but he endeavoured to base his judgments on principles of a different kind from those accepted by the older school of judicial critics. He endeavoured to find what we may call an objective standard of literary and artistic merit, one which should be independent of the variations of individual caprice and current habits of thought and feeling. A great work of art, he tells us, is one in which the artist first recognises, in the object he would represent, the predominance of its central characteristic—the flesh-eating lust, for example, of the greater carnivora; and secondly, by a convergence of effects heightens in his representation the visible or felt predominance of that charac-

teristic, so that with a great animal painter the lion becomes indeed —as a zoologist has described the creature—a jaw mounted on four feet. So also, in representing man, the artist or author who exhibits the predominance of the master powers of our manhood ranks higher than he does who merely records a passing fashion, or even than he who interprets the mind of a single generation. A book which possesses an universal and immortal life, like the *Psalms*, the *Iliad*, the *Imitation*, the plays of Shakespeare, attains this deserved pre-eminence by virtue of its ideal representation of what is central and predominant in man. Thus M. Taine, no less than M. Nisard, attempts to establish a hierarchy of intellectual pleasures, and he has perhaps this advantage over M. Nisard that he does not identify the human reason with the genius of the French people, nor this again with its manifestation in the literature of the age of Louis XIV. If he does not reap the gains, he does not suffer from the narrowing influence of the French tradition of which we are sometimes sensible in M. Nisard, he does not yield to that noble pride or prejudice which once drew from Sainte-Beuve the impatient exclamation—"Toujours l'esprit français et sa glorification!"

M. Brunetière, in a thoughtful article on the *Literary Movement of the Nineteenth Century*, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of October 15th, has justly distinguished M. Taine as the critic who has expressed most powerfully the tendencies of that movement which has carried literature forward into new ways since the Romantic movement has ceased to be a living force. The Romantic movement was essentially lyrical in spirit; it subordinated everything to personal sentiment, personal passion, often to personal fantasy and caprice; it cared little for the life of the world at large; it consisted of an endless series of confessions in prose or rhyme uttered by great souls and by little; it perished because the limited matter of these confessions was speedily exhausted, and the study of outward things and of social life was found to be inexhaustibly rich in fruit. Hence the justification of that movement of our own day which has assumed the title of naturalism or realism, of which the error or misfortune has been that it has studied too exclusively and too persistently the baser side of life. M. Taine's critical writings have tended to reduce the importance of the individual, have operated together with the scientific tendencies of our time in antagonism to the lyrical, personal character of the Romantic school; they belong essentially to the same movement of mind which has found other expression in the plays of Dumas, the poems, severely impersonal, of Leconte de Lisle, the novels of Flaubert, and the works of the modern school of historians which stand in marked contrast with the lyrical narratives of Michelet and our English Carlyle. A play of Shakespeare's, a group of Victor Hugo's odes or elegies, is for M. Taine not so much the work of its individual author as the creation of the race,

the *milieu*, and the moment—a document in the history and the psychology of a people. We perceive, as M. Brunetière has justly said, the close relation between his principles of criticism and the doctrine of the impersonality of art, a doctrine drawn out to its extreme logical consequences in some of the recently published letters of Flaubert.

Scientific criticism, however, in the hands of its latest exponent comes to restore to the individual leaders of literature some of their alienated rights. M. Hennequin, while expressing his high esteem for Taine, as the writer who has done more than any other of our generation to advance the study of literature, was himself ambitious to remodel the method of Taine, to amend it in various respects, to widen its scope, and to set forth the revised method as a Novum Organum for the investigation of literature. He does not deny the influence of heredity, which Taine asserts so strongly, but the race, considered as the source of moral and intellectual characteristics, seems to him to be little better than a metaphysical figment. There is no pure, homogeneous race in existence, or at least none exists which has become a nation, none which has founded a civilised state, and produced a literature and art. Nor is it true, as M. Taine assumes, that the intellectual characteristics of a people persist unchanged from generation to generation. The action of heredity on individual character is in the highest degree variable and obscure; we may admit it as an hypothesis, but it is an unworkable hypothesis, which in the historical study of literature can only confuse, embarrass, and mislead our inquiry. In like manner, as to the *milieu*, the social environment, we may admit that its influence is real and even important; but can that influence, in which there is nothing fixed and constant, be made a subject of science? It is in the power of the artist to shield or withdraw himself from the influence of his environment, and to create a little *milieu* in harmony with his peculiar genius; or he may prove himself refractory and react against the social *milieu*. How else shall we account for the diversity, the antagonism of talents existing in one and the same historical period. Did not Pascal and Saint Simon come each to his full development at the same epoch and in the same country? Did not Aristophanes and Euripides? Hume and Whitfield? Shelley and Scott? William Blake and David Wilkie? Mr. Herbert Spencer and Cardinal Newman? In truth, the influence of environment constantly diminishes as an art or a literature advances to maturity. Man has acquired modes of adapting circumstances to himself, and so of economising the force of his individuality; in a highly civilised community every type of mind can find the local habitation and the social group which correspond with its peculiar wants and wishes. Nor indeed is the principle of life and growth altogether that of adaptation to surrounding circumstances; life is also "a resistance and a segregation,

or rather a defensive adaptation, antagonistic to the action of external forces," and as the years advance the system of defence becomes more ingenious, more complicated, and more successful. Each of the great influences, the effects of which M. Taine attempts to ascertain, doubtless exists and is operative, but the action of each is occult and variable. If M. Taine's results have an appearance of precision, this arises from the art with which he manipulates his facts and disposes his arguments.

Such in substance is the criticism of the younger thinker on the method of his master. He recognises no fixed relation between an author and his race or his environment. On the other hand, such a fixed relation can certainly be discovered between an author or artist and the group of his disciples or admirers. He is a centre of force drawing towards him those who spiritually resemble himself. Thus a great author, instead of being the creature of circumstances, in fact creates a moral environment, a world of thoughts and feelings, for all those who are attracted, and as we may say enveloped, by his genius. The history of literature is the history of the successive states of thought and feeling proceeding from eminent minds and obtaining the mastery, often in the face of much contemporary opposition, over inferior minds of a like type. With much pomp of scientific terms—some of them possibly seeming more scientific because they are barbarous from a literary point of view—M. Hennequin brings us round to the obvious truth that a powerful writer, if he is in part formed by his age, reacts on his contemporaries and impresses his individuality upon them.

The central fact with respect to the contemporary movement remains, the fact dwelt on with much force by M. Brunetière, that literature has turned away from the lyrical, the personal, or, as they call it, the subjective, to an ardent study of the external world and the life of man in society. The lyrical, the personal, has doubtless a subordinate place in literary criticism, but the chief work of criticism is that of ascertaining, classifying, and interpreting the facts of literature. We may anticipate that criticism in the immediate future if less touched with emotion will be better informed and less wilful than it has been in the past. If it should be founded on exact knowledge, illuminated by just views, and inspired by the temper of equity we shall have some gains to set over against our losses. The subordination of self to the faithful setting forth of the entire truth of one's subject will be some compensation for the absence of the passion, the raptures, the despairs, the didactic enthusiasm of one great English critic; some compensation even for the quickening half-views and high-spirited, delightful wilfulness of another.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

BETTING, GAMBLING, AND MY CRITICS.

It was, I think, Lord Byron who—speaking of the sudden and great success of his first canto of *Childe Harold*—said, "I woke up one morning and found myself famous." The writer of this article has lately undergone the opposite and less pleasing experience of waking up one morning and finding himself infamous. A few observations made at a diocesan conference over which I lately presided, have brought upon me a perfect storm of abuse. Indignant, and mostly incoherent, letters have fallen upon me like a shower of rockets. Post-cards have been flying about me like a cloud of mosquitoes. The screams of angry preachers have mingled with the groans of their excited hearers and the sobbing and wailing of pious and anonymous writers in the press, as they have one and all denounced the "absurdity," the "cynicism," the "mischievousness," the "wickedness," the "horribleness," and even the "atheism," of my utterances.

The sensations of the object of all this denunciation are not, of course, altogether pleasant, but in my case they are not altogether new. It is a good many years now since I have become the favourite topic of abuse for teetotal orators, in lack of better material for their speeches, and of anti-vivisectionists who—to show, I suppose, their horror of the infliction of pain—have more than once (and once when they believed me to be dying) assured me, that they contemplated with delight my nearer approach to an eternity of suffering; because I have asserted that, under certain conditions and for certain purposes, it was not a sin to inflict temporary suffering upon brutes. I am afraid that all this denunciation has had rather a hardening effect upon the subject of it. I have supped so full of horrors that the appearance of one or two more upon my plate has ceased to alarm or to distress me.

The only thing that one does feel strongly under such circumstances is the natural dissatisfaction at being made answerable for what one has never said, and the natural wish, not so much to defend, as correctly to restate what one really has said. Experience of the uselessness of this, and of the certainty that no matter how carefully I might correct misquotations and try to remove misunderstandings, the misquotations and misunderstandings would be repeated, just as if I had never corrected them, has induced me, for years past, to give over the thankless task of trying to teach fanatics honesty, or muddle-headed and half-educated ranters logic and common sense. I have, however, been assured by many persons

whose opinions I am bound to respect, that these recent utterances of mine are being so misquoted and misused, that they would be thankful if I could enable them to state them correctly and to justify them to others in whose welfare they are concerned. I am therefore willing to try for once whether a plain tale will set down extravagant fiction as to what I did not say, and whether a little, a very little, argument may avail to dispose of illogical and absurd conclusions from what I really did say on the subjects in question.

Those subjects were, "Betting and Gambling" and "Christian Socialism." I place these in the order of the supposed enormity of my utterances respecting them, as I infer it from the letters I have received and the articles I have read, and also because the first of these naturally leads up to and runs out into the second.

What have I said, then, and what have I not said, as to betting and gambling?

I. I have not said, as I am accused of saying, that I could "see no sin in betting." I could not have said this in a speech which dwelt strongly upon the evil and sin of certain kinds and amounts of betting. What I did say was, that while I regarded all gambling as sinful, I could not say that "*all*" betting was, under all circumstances, sinful. This is, of course, a very different thing from saying that "I saw no sin in betting." There may be, and there undoubtedly is, betting which is sinful. There is, nevertheless, in my opinion, betting as to which it is difficult to prove that it is so.

Gambling, on the other hand, which I defined as excessive, habitual, and injurious, betting, I did hold to be sinful, and for this reason, that it stimulates, and often terribly stimulates, the sinful passion of covetousness, and the equally sinful desire of profiting by another's loss; while as to the evils which follow in its train, but which do not follow in that of all betting, there can be but one opinion.

All this wild denunciation, therefore, of my wickedness in defending betting and betting men, is so much indignation wasted. I have not defended all nor indeed any betting; for even of that kind and amount of it which I could not say that I regarded as sinful, I have, said while it is often foolish, that it also often brings us near to the sin of gambling—a sin against which I spoke as strongly as any of my critics could speak—and that "it is therefore wiser and safer never to bet." I have, however, said that I cannot maintain that the laying of a wager is under all circumstances a sin *per se*. And this—after reading all that has been said against me on the subject—I repeat. I ask for some proof that it is so. I have as yet seen none.

I am told, for instance, that if gambling, which I have defined above to be excessive or habitual betting, be sinful, that therefore all

betting must be so too. For how, it is triumphantly asked, can sin be a question of less or more? How can any amount of multiplication of any particular act make it wrong if it be not so in itself? If, as one correspondent asks me, it is not wrong to wager one shilling, why should it be wrong to wager twenty thousand shillings? Or if it is not sinful to bet once, how can it be sinful to bet many times? And this is what passes for argument with a great many persons presumably not altogether void of intelligence. Has it then never occurred to such reasoners as these, how many are the acts which in themselves, and abstractedly considered, *i.e.* apart from all their accompanying circumstances, are harmless and even laudable, yet which under certain circumstances become sinful? If they were asked, for instance, whether it is a sin to eat bread and butter, they would probably answer, certainly not. And yet there are not a few circumstances under which the eating of bread and butter becomes sinful. If, for example, the bread and butter that we eat is another man's and is eaten without his leave, we are guilty of the sin of theft. If we have not paid and do not intend to pay for it, we are guilty of the sin of dishonesty. If we know that it will disagree with us, we are guilty of the sin of endangering our own life. Circumstances, that is to say, alter cases; and may alter them so far as to make what is not generally speaking a sin, sinful, or on the other hand to make what is generally speaking sinful not a sin. But is one of these circumstances, that of excess? Can it be possible that by doing a certain act too often or on too large a scale it becomes sinful? Undoubtedly it can. Eating is not sinful, but excessive eating is the sin of gluttony. Drinking—*pace* some of our modern Manicheans—is not sinful; but excessive drinking is the sin of drunkenness. Rest from labour is not sinful, but too long and too complete rest is the sin of sloth. Spending money is not sinful, but spending too much money is the sin of extravagance. Similarly, all betting may not necessarily be sinful, and yet excessive betting may be the sin of gambling.

And if I am asked to say what is excessive betting, I reply by asking my interrogator to tell me what is excessive eating, or excessive drinking, or excessive leisure, or excessive expenditure: when he has defined for me any one of these things, I will define for him excessive betting. The truth is that all sins of excess, though very real and, even it may be, deadly sins, are in their very nature incapable of definition, for this simple reason that what is excess in one man is not excess in another. The meal which clogs the stomach of an Alderman at a city feast might be none too much for a famished Ranchero after twenty-four hours' fasting in the saddle. The purchase which would be an extravagance in a small tradesman, would be a perfectly insignificant expenditure for a millionaire. And yet

if either Alderman or Ranchero eat too much, or tradesman or millionaire spend too much, they have sinned the sin of excess. The only rule, as it seems to me, by which each person can judge for himself whether he is exceeding in any particular, is by its effect upon his bodily or spiritual health. It is wrong for us to do anything which injures either body or soul. Excess will certainly injure one or other of these, often both. But what is and what is not excess must be decided by each man for himself. If he finds that his indulgence, be it what it may, is weakening his bodily or his mental or his spiritual health, then and there he must stop; to go beyond that is sin. It is the sin of suicide—bodily or spiritual suicide—or both. To ask in such a case, where is the sin of such an act considered *per se?* or, as is so often asked, where is it forbidden in the Bible to do this or that? is the idlest of all questions, except indeed the question I am now being asked, namely, how can that which is not a sin on the small scale become a sin on the large scale? The answer to each of these idle questions is one and the same, namely —That which is not in itself sinful or forbidden, may become a sin according to the circumstances of time, place, manner or degree that may attend it. It appears to me that in this respect the analogy between betting and gambling on the one hand, and drinking and drunkenness on the other, holds perfectly. It is not (again asking pardon of our fanatics for saying so) a sin *per se* to drink: nevertheless he who finds that taking even a small amount of liquor has any evil effect on his mind or body; he who finds that it fires his passions, confuses his mind, weakens his bodily health; or that it generates in him that "craving" which some teetotallers tell us it always does generate, but which thousands who are not teetotallers know that it does not always generate in every man who drinks, then at that point, drinking is for that man excessive, and, because it is excessive, it is a sin.

Similarly, if any one finds that his betting however small a sum, awakens in him the passion of avarice, or the selfish pleasure of gaining at his neighbour's cost, or that the habit of betting is growing upon him, that he is beginning to crave the excitement it too often engenders, that he feels tempted to risk larger and still larger stakes—if, in a word, he finds that he cannot bet except in the spirit of a gambler, and without beginning to feel the gambler's curse, the deadly passion for play—then betting has for him, at that point and for those reasons, become a sin.

So much for the argument that my definition of gambling as excessive, or too frequent betting, is absurd, because no one can say what is and what is not excessive. My answer is, that no one can say this, and yet that every one can say it. No one can say this for another, at least without absolutely certain knowledge of all his circumstances.

Every man can, if he is honest (and ought to if he is careful of his soul's health), answer it for himself.

All this, however, it may be said, is no answer to those who maintain that all betting is, *per se*, and under all circumstances, a sin; certainly it is no answer to such. It is an answer, however, to those, and they are many, who charge me with being absurd and illogical, in saying that gambling—which I define to be excessive and habitual betting—is always a sin, though betting in some cases and for some persons is not.

II. I admit, however, that the question still remains for decision, is betting always, under all circumstances, and for every person, a sin? If it is, then I must own that in saying it is not, "I have spoken unadvisedly with my lips." But I ask for proof that it is so. I have as yet seen nothing that even looks like proof of this. It is alleged that to bet even the smallest sum, to wager a sixpence upon any event whatever, is a sin.

1. Because it is a waste of money. The answer to this is obvious. It is not in every case a waste of money; it is, as I have said, no waste to the winner, and therefore, if it be this which constitutes the sin of it, it is clear that it is not always and for everyone a sin. It is, of course, a risking of the loss of money, but to risk losing one's money is not a sin unless engaging in business, or buying into the Funds, or taking shares in a company be sins.

2. Betting, it is alleged, is a sin because the man who wins obtains his neighbour's money without having given him any equivalent for it. If so, begging is a sin, inasmuch as the beggar gives no equivalent for the sum he has obtained from the charitable donor. But I deny that the player who stakes, let us say, a shilling on a game of whist, has given his neighbour no equivalent for his winnings; he has given it him in the very fact of staking that sum. He has sold him the chance of getting that shilling, and the price he has received for that chance is the equal chance of winning his neighbour's shilling. Each player has sold to the other a chance and an equal one of winning a certain sum of money. It is as much a matter of equivalent sale as the selling and the buying of a horse, and it is sometimes much the honester proceeding of the two.

3. But we are told again that betting is a sin, because it is an appeal to chance as against Providence. All things being ordered by God even to the falling of a sparrow, even to talk of buying chances is sinful. Truly, as Bishop Butler has said, it is a matter of much patience to hear some men talk. If to speak of chance and the buying of chances be really a denial of Providence, let us by all means change the word and say probabilities or possibilities, or expectations, or any other word that expresses the fact, that the future is to us unknown, though it is known to Him who knows all things. He has ordered,

we are told, the fall of the sparrow, would it therefore be a sin for a man to fire at a sparrow "on the chance" of hitting it, or would it make any material difference if he said he fired at it "in the hope" of hitting it? Surely it is obvious that when we speak of chances we mean events, which *for us* are uncertain and contingent, and as to which we may therefore guess or speculate. If a friend tells me "I called on you yesterday on the chance of finding you in," or "I went out without my umbrella on the chance of its not raining," *i.e.* I risked in the one case loss of time, or in the other case the spoiling of a new hat, on the chance of a certain thing happening or not happening, are we to be told that in so doing or so speaking that man has sinned by the denial of a Providence? and yet where is the difference in this respect between risking the loss of a new hat on the contingency of a fall of rain, and risking the price of one upon the contingency of the fall of a card?

4. To make a bet, however, we are told is sinful, because, though we may not care for the loss, if we lose, yet our neighbour may, and we may therefore be injuring him, though we do not injure ourselves. This is true; but it only shows that by making a bet we *may* injure our neighbour, not that we *must*, and therefore it shows only what I have already insisted on, that there are circumstances, and this is one, under which betting *may* be sinful. But this is a long way from proving that it *must* under all circumstances be so, which is what my critics have got to prove. Suppose, moreover, that I know that my neighbour can afford to lose a shilling as well or better than I can? What then becomes of the injury I am supposed to do him in playing with him for that shilling?

5. But, it is said, even if the successful player, or the successful wagerer, has not injured his neighbour, he has gained by the other's loss, and his pleasure in so doing is selfish and therefore sinful. Now, if any man really feels a selfish pleasure in having diminished his neighbour's possessions by the amount of his own winnings, then, undoubtedly, he is therein sinning. But will any one seriously allege that this thought is in the mind of every man who wins sixpence at a game of cards? Does the thought that his neighbour has lost that sixpence really cause pleasure to one out of a hundred of such players? And further, is it not possible to win in a competition and to be pleased at winning without any such mean and spiteful delight at another's loss, nay, even with regret that he has lost? If it is not, then every boat race, every game of cricket or football, every competitive examination is a sinful thing for the winner, inasmuch as in every one of these cases some person or persons must win, just because some other persons have lost; and may even have lost—as in the case of competitive examination losers often do—the hopes and prospects of a life. But if these competitions are not

always sinful, simply because such feelings do not necessarily—do not often even—accompany success, why must the act of winning in the competition of a game of cards or a hit of backgammon, equally unaccompanied by such feelings, be necessarily and in every case a sin?

I do not at this moment recall to mind any other argument used to prove that the making of a bet is always and under all circumstances and for all men a positive sin. If I have omitted any of these, however, I have no doubt that some one will supply them, and with them a denunciation of my "dishonesty," or "absurdity," in not noticing them. All that I can say now, on *the chance* of this happening, is, that if it does, I am prepared to consider any such argument, and if it will hold water, to recant all that I have said. Meanwhile I trust I may be allowed to enter a mild protest against what I will not call the "dishonesty," but only the unfairness of denouncing me as having said that I "saw no sin in betting," and as "defending betting men." What I have said is only that there may be *some* betting which is not sinful, and therefore that there may be *some* men who in betting do not sin.

But I am told that even if my words were not wicked, they were rash and mischievous. Could I not have held my tongue upon this subject? Was I not so likely to be misunderstood when speaking on it that I had better have been silent? Well, in the first place, I could not, and ought not, I think, to have held my tongue when such a subject was debated in my presence on an occasion when those who were present looked, and had a right to look, to me for such light and guidance as I could give them upon it. Being thus bound to speak, I was surely also bound to say what I honestly believed to be the truth. I cannot "lie for God." In the next place, I would observe that for rashness and mischief there are few things to compare with the manufacture of artificial sins. To say of anything which we cannot prove to be clearly sinful that it is sin, is to risk serious injury to the conscience and the morals of those who hear us—this danger and this injury, that when they come to discover that what we have denounced as sin is really no sin, men lose confidence in our teaching and warnings as to what may really be sins. We have been, in such a case, hanging out false lights and may, alas! have by so doing caused more than one grievous shipwreck of faith and morals. How much of real Sunday desecration, for instance, has arisen from the reaction against false and extreme Sabbatarian teaching—how much of hardness of heart and contempt of God's Word and Commandments from the reaction against false and extreme interpretations of the letter of Scripture! It might be well if those who are just now so loudly insisting that all betting is the same thing as gambling would remember that men

may take them at their word in a sense they do not expect nor desire, and may argue, not that betting is as bad as gambling, but that gambling is no worse than betting. Rashness for rashness, such false teaching, such confusion between right and wrong, is infinitely rasher and more dangerous than teaching which aims at "distinguishing things that differ," and endeavours honestly to give a reason for that distinction; which, at least, tries to address itself to the intellect as well as to the conscience of men, instead of doing rash and wild violence to both of these.

But we have still to consider another question, as to which I am accused of making some very "wicked utterances." It is, whether the State is justified in repressing gambling, in sending the police, for instance, into gambling clubs and bringing the gamblers before the magistrates for punishment. On this point, at least, I thought I had been explicit enough. I had distinctly, and more than once, in my speech, said that I held such action on the part of the State, to be not only justifiable, but commendable; and yet, to my amazement, I find myself represented as protesting against such action on the part of the State, on the ground that it does not also interfere with the gambling of the race-stand and the book-maker, for that the one was in my opinion, no worse than the other! Certainly I did say, and I say now, that in my opinion one of these things is no worse than the other; but for that very reason I maintained, not that the State was bound not to interfere with either, but that it ought to interfere with both. This it ought to do; but not to leave the other undone.

I see no difference, I confess, between gambling on the turn of a card and gambling on the speed of a horse. I hold accordingly that the State which suppresses the one should suppress the other; not because the gambling in both cases is a sin and equally a sin, though it is that—for it is not the duty of the State to punish sin as such, but only such sins as prove directly injurious to the common weal—but because it is gambling of a nature and to an extent that are proving seriously detrimental to the best interests of the State.

Vice, so long as it is private vice only, does not lie within the province of the State to deal with; but vice when it becomes public, when it is notorious, when it is largely and deeply demoralising in its effects, when, as in the case of gambling, it generates fraud and dishonesty, destroys industry, hinders thrift and causes the ruin and destruction of thousands of citizens, becomes a public evil and nuisance, and as such may and ought to be dealt with in the way of repression by the State.

Nevertheless, though I fully admit and maintain that there are vices which, under certain circumstances, the State is bound in the interest and duty of self-preservation to restrain; yet I am bound to add, that the margin between vice and crime within which such

action is wise and safe on the part of the State, seems to me to be a narrow one. It may easily be exceeded, and it never is exceeded without injury, not merely to liberty, but to morality and to religion. It is not merely, nor even mainly, in the interests of liberty, that I regard with alarm many of the proposals now made for State intervention against vice. I dread these in the interests both of morals and of religion. Of morals, because such intervention, when pushed too far, is certain to provoke a reaction in the direction of licence, often worse than the evils it has attempted to suppress; of religion, because I can imagine nothing more calculated to weaken the sense of individual responsibility and to cut the sinews of Christian effort, than the notion that evils, which it is the duty of the Church to strive against, may be left to the State to suppress.

The Church never calls in the secular arm to fight for her against any form of evil without injuring herself and lessening her spiritual strength. The "weapons of her warfare are not carnal, but spiritual," and only so far as she keeps them spiritual will they prove "mighty to the pulling down of strongholds" of sin in the world. Whether she invites, as she once did, the State to burn heretics, or as it is now suggested she should do, to fine and imprison all those vicious persons whom she has failed to reclaim, she is leaning on an arm of flesh which will fail her in the future as it has failed her in the past. Not only in that case will her victims become reckless and increasingly licentious, but she herself will become fanatical pharisaical and inquisitorial, and so far disqualified from doing her Master's work in her Master's spirit.

To return, however, to the question of State interference with this vice of gambling. If I am asked, is the State acting honestly in dealing with one form of this destructive vice only, while allowing and even encouraging another and more destructive form of it, then I must say that such dealing on the part of the State is not honest and is hypocritical. To "run in" the baccarat player and to confiscate the implements of his gambling in some gambling den, and at the same time to spare the book-maker who bawls from some grand stand the odds on the favourite that some dishonest jockey is about to "pull," or who sells "tips" to silly shop-boys who hardly know one end of a horse from another, and know their names only as pegs on which to hang their bets, and who presently rob their masters' tills to pay for their losses, seems to me as thoroughly hypocritical as it is for a legislator who freely indulges in drink for himself to vote for motions to compel other people to be total abstainers.

On this point, too, I have been told that I am once more "absurd," inasmuch as it is not necessary in order to entitle us to restrain the liquor traffic (as indeed it is restrained now), that we should all be

total abstainers. Certainly it is not, nor have I ever said that it was. What I spoke of was not restraining or controlling the liquor traffic, but suppressing it altogether, which is a very different thing. There is no inconsistency in a moderate drinker voting to restrain the liquor traffic within bounds of moderation; he restrains himself within those bounds, and therefore only votes to enforce on others the restraint which he already has imposed upon himself. There is, however, to my mind, a gross inconsistency in a man who is not himself a total abstainer voting for laws to compel others to be so. Such a person is doing to others what he would *not* that they should do unto him. Physician, heal thyself, is a fair challenge. The culinary preparation which is good for the female bird is equally good for the male, is, in its homelier form, a good old proverb.

I will believe in the honesty of Local Option votes in the House of Commons when I see some one or other of its honest supporters, and there are many such, rising to propose that the House of Commons should try on itself the local option it is willing to try upon others. A motion "that this Honourable House, being convinced of the evils of the liquor traffic and desirous of setting an example to the nation, forbids henceforth the sale of any alcoholic liquor on its premises," would be a self-denying ordinance which, if it passed, would do more to promote the cause of temperance than a hundred local option motions, and which, if only debated and voted on, would produce one of the most interesting discussions and supply one of the most instructive division lists that this country has ever known.

I find that I have by this time exhausted such space as can reasonably be asked from the Fortnightly, and I fear, too, such patience as can reasonably be asked from its readers. Perhaps in another number I may be allowed to ask them whether I deserve to be called an Atheist and worse than an infidel for what I have said on Christian socialism, any more than I deserve to be called a fool and a cynic for what I have said about betting and gambling.

W. C. Peterborough.

A PAGE OF MY LIFE.

How am I to fulfil the promise I have made of writing "A Page of my Life"? My life is so monotonous among these mountains of Graubünden—the snow-landscape around me spreads so uniform beneath the burning sun or roof of frozen cloud, that a month, a week, a day, detached from this calm background, can have but little interest for actors on the wide stage of the world.

Twelve years ago I came to Davos, broken down in health, and with a poor prospect of being able to prolong my days upon this earth. I did not mean to abide here; but having regained a little strength I hoped to pass the winter in a Nile-boat. The cure of lung disease by Alpine air and sun and cold was hardly known in England at that time. When I found my health improve beyond all expectation, the desire to remain where I was, to let well alone, and to avoid that fatiguing journey to Cairo, came over me. Slung in my hammock among the fir trees of the forest, watching the August sunlight slant athwart their branches, the squirrels leap from bough to bough above my head, it seemed to me that life itself would not be worth living at the price of perpetual travelling in search of health. I was thirty-six years of age; and, reviewing the twenty-three years which had elapsed since I went to Hanover as a boy of thirteen, I found that I had never spent more than three months in one place. At all hazards I resolved to put an end to these peregrinations, looked the future calmly in the face, and wrote twenty-two sonnets on "The Thought of Death." Then I informed my good and famous physician in London that I meant to disobey his orders and to shut myself up for the next seven months in this snow-bound valley. He replied that "if I liked to leave my vile body to the Davos doctors that was my affair; he had warned me." In the following spring I wrote an article on my experience, which was printed in a number of the Fortnightly Review, and which contributed something perhaps to the foundation of the English Colony at Davos Platz.

Since then, Davos has been my principal place of residence. I have worked incessantly at literature—publishing twenty volumes, besides writing a large amount of miscellaneous matter, and three volumes which still remain inedited. The conditions under which these tasks have been performed were not altogether favourable. Every book I needed for study and reference had to be dragged to the height of 5,200 feet above the sea. A renowned Oxford scholar was paying me a visit once, when, looking round my modest shelves, he

exclaimed, with the sardonic grin peculiar to him: "Nobody can write a book here!" I knew that it was very difficult to write a good book in Davos; that I could not hope to attain perfection or fullness of erudition in the absence from great libraries, in the deprivation of that intellectual stimulus which comes from the clash of mind with mind. But my desire has always been to make the best of a bad business, and to turn drawbacks, so far as in me lay, into advantages. Therefore I would not allow myself to be discouraged at the outset. I reflected that the long leisure afforded by Davos, my seclusion from the petty affairs of society and business, and the marvellous brain tonic of the mountain air would be in themselves some compensation for the privileges enjoyed by more fortunately situated students. Moreover, I have never been able to take literature very seriously. Life seems so much graver, more important, more permanently interesting than books. Literature is what Aristotle called διαγωγή—an honest, healthful, harmless pastime. Then, too, as Sir Thomas Browne remarked, "it is too late to be ambitious." Occupation, that indispensable condition of mental and physical health, was ready to my hand in literary works; and I determined to write for my own satisfaction without scrupulous anxiety regarding the result.

The inhabitants of the valley soon attracted my attention. I resolved to throw myself as far as possible into their friendship and their life. These people of Graubünden are in many ways remarkable and different from the other Swiss. It is not generally known that they first joined the Confederation in the year 1803, having previously, for nearly four centuries, constituted a separate and independent state—highly democratic in the forms of government, but aristocratic in feeling and social customs, proud of their ancient nobility, accustomed to rule subject Italian territories and to deal with sovereigns as ambassadors or generals. These peculiarities in the past history of the Canton have left their traces on the present generation. Good breeding, a high average of intelligence, active political instincts, manliness and sense of personal freedom are conspicuous even among the poorest peasants. Nowhere, I take it, upon the face of the earth, have republican institutions and republican virtues developed more favourably. Nowhere is the social atmosphere of a democracy more agreeable at the present moment. What I have learned from my Graubünden comrades, and what I owe to them, cannot be here described in full. But their companionship has become an essential ingredient in my life—a healthy and refreshing relief from solitary studies and incessant quill-driving.

So much about my existence as a man of letters at Davos had to be premised in order that the "Page of My Life" which I have promised, should be made intelligible. And now I really do not

know what page to tear out and present here. Chance must decide. My desk-diary for this year (1889) happens to lie open at the date, February 28. That page will do as well as any other.

Friends are kind enough to come and stay with us sometimes, even in the winter. We had been enjoying visits from one of the British Museum librarians, from an eminent English man of letters and his more than beautiful wife, and also from a Secretary of Legation to one of the German Courts. During the first two months of the year sleighing-parties, toboggan-races, and the other amusements of the season had been going forward. I was further occupied with founding a gymnasium for the young men of Davos, which occasioned endless colloquies at night in the dusky rooms of the old *Rathaus*, followed by homeward walks across the noiseless snow, beneath the sharp and scintillating stars. All this while I had been correcting the proofs of my book on *Carlo Gozzi*, and composing four laborious essays on that puzzling phenomenon which we call "Style." I was fairly tired and wanted a change of scene. So I proposed to one of my daughters that we should pay a long-contemplated visit to some Swiss friends living at Ilanz in the Vorder Rheinthal, or, as it is also called, Bündner Oberland.

Behold us starting then for our thirteen hours' sleighing journey, wrapped from head to foot in furs! It is about half-past six on a cold grey morning, the thermometer standing at 3° F., a sombre canopy of mist threatening snow, and the blue-nosed servants of the watering-place torpidly shivering back to their daily labours like congealed snakes. Davos Platz does not look attractive at this hour of a winter morning, when the chimneys of the big hotels and bake-houses are pouring forth spirals of tawny smoke, which the frozen air repels and forces back to blend with vapours lying low along the stream. Tearing through the main street on such occasions, I always wonder how long what boasts to be a "Luft-kur-ort," or health-resort, depending on the purity of air for its existence, will bear the strain of popularity and rapid increase.

As we break away into the open country these gloomy thoughts are dispelled. For now the sun, rising behind the mountains of Sestig in gold and crimson, scatters the mist and gives the promise of a glorious day. Spires and pinnacles of burnished silver smite the flawless blue of heaven. The vapour round their flanks and forests melts imperceptibly into amber haze; and here and there broad stripes of dazzling sunlight turn the undulating snow-fields round our path to sheets of argent mail thickly studded with diamonds—crystals of the night. Every leafless larch or alder by the stream-bed is encrusted with sparkling frost-jewels, and the torrents, hurrying to the Rhine, chafe and foam against gigantic masses of grey-green ice, lipped with fantastically curving snow-wreaths. We are launched

on the intoxication of a day-long sleigh-drive. Hour after hour passes with no change but the change of postilions and horses, occasional halts at wayside inns, and the ever-varying pageant of the frozen landscape unrolled around us. Ravines and gorges, to which the sunlight never pierces, but walks with feet of fire along the cliffs above, turning those bristling pines against the sky-line into burning bushes, and sleeping for miles upon white ridges whence the avalanche descends. Slow climbings up warm slopes between the red trunks of larches, where squirrels flirt upon the russet needles shed through unstirred air. Break-neck gallopings down steep snow-covered hills, through sleepy villages, past waggons laden with enormous tree-stems, under the awful icicles suspended like shining swords of Damocles from cliffs a hundred feet above our heads. How so many tons of ice, apparently defying the law of gravitation, keep their place upon those precipices through a winter, increasing imperceptibly in volume, yet never altering their shape, nor showing the least sign of moisture at their extremities, has always been a mystery to me. The phenomenon of the growth of ice cataracts from little springs hidden in the crannies of black drizzling rocks ought to be investigated by a competent scientific authority. It is a standing wonder to the layman.

I have said that there is a kind of intoxication in such a journey. But a better word for the effect would perhaps be hypnotism. You resent any disturbance or alteration of the main conditions, except to eat or drink at intervals, you do not want to stop. You are annoyed to think that it will ever end. And all the while you go on dreaming, meditating inconsecutively, smoking, exchanging somnolent remarks with your companion or your driver, turning over in your mind the work which you have quitted or the work you have begun. This day my thoughts were occupied with the national hero of Graubünden, Georg Jenatsch—a personage like some one in the Book of Judges—the Samson who delivered his oppressed tribesmen from the hands of their Amalekites, Moabites, and Philistines (French and Spanish and Austrian armies), during the Thirty Years' War. Georg Jenatsch accompanied me through the hypnotism of that drive. We passed some of the scenes of his great exploits—the frightful cliffs of the Schyn-pass, over which he brought his Engadine troops one winter night by a forced march, losing several heavy-armed men among their murderous ravines—the meadows of Valendàs, where he defeated the population of the Oberland in a pitched battle at night, fighting up to the waist in snow and staining it with blood—the castle of Ortenstein, where he murdered Pompey Planta with his own hands among the tyrant's armed allies one Sunday morning—the church of Scharàus, where, to use his own words, he "lied so much," before he exchanged the pastor's gown and ruff for

casque of steel and harquebuss—the village of Rusis, in which he held his Reign of Terror, torturing and beheading the partisans of the Spanish Crown.[1]

It would be tedious to relate all the details of this journey. Following the Landwasser and the Albula, we reached the Rhine at Thusis, and drove along its banks to the point where the solitary Castle of Rhäznus, frowns above melancholy precipices, crested with enormous Scotch firs, surveying the gloomy eddies of the river. Then we turned suddenly aside, and began to ascend the valley of the Vorder-Rhein, among the weird earth-chasms of Versâmen. That is a really hideous place, unlike anything but the sinister Balze, which break away below Volterra. But here, six hundred feet beneath the road, the inaccessible Rhine chafes, throttled in its stony gorge, and the earth-slopes above, for ever crumbling away and shooting stones down on the traveller, rise to an equal height, dismal, forlorn, abandoned by the beautifying veil of snow, which slides away from them in avalanches, rent and ploughed into ravines as by the malice of some evil spirit. Day was well-nigh spent when we emerged from these dangerous chasms into the woods which close the entrance to the Safien-thal. The unearthly ethereal lucidity which winter skies assume at sunset in our mountains sheds soft lights of amber and of rose upon the distant range of Tödi, and bathed the ridges of Calanda and the Alps of Steins in violet glory. Our horses toiled slowly upward through the forest, whose sombre trunks and sable plumage made the distant glow more luminous—crunching with their hoofs a snow-path hard as Carrara marble, and grinding the runners of the sleigh into the track, which shrieked at every turning. That is the only noise—this short, sharp shriek of the frozen snow, that, and the driver's whip, and the jingling bells upon the harness—you hear upon a sleigh-drive. And these noises have much to do with its hypnotism.

It was nearly dark when we left the wood, and broke away again at a full gallop for Ilanz. In a broad, golden space of sky hung the young moon and the planet Venus, lustrous as pearl illuminated by some inner fire, and the whole open valley lay still and white beneath the heavens.

Ilanz is a little walled town—proud of its right to be called *Stadt* and not *Dorf*, in spite of the paucity of its inhabitants. It is almost wholly composed of large houses, built in the seventeenth century by noble families with wealth acquired in foreign service. Their steep gabled roofs, towers, and portals, charged with heraldic emblazony, cluster together in a labyrinth of alleys. Orchards stretch on every side around the town-walls, which are pierced with old gateways, where the arms of Schmid von Grüneck, Salis, Planta,

(1) I hope to write a book on Georg Jenatsch and his part in the Thirty Years' War this winter.

and Capoul shine out in ancient carvings, richly-gilt and highly-coloured. The sleepy little town is picturesque in every detail, and rapidly falling into decay. From being a nest of swashbucklers and captains of adventure, it has become the centre of an agricultural district, where Swiss provincial history is languidly carried on by the descendants of the aristocratic folk who built the brave old mansions. One narrow and tortuous street runs through the town from main gate to gate. On the further side, among the orchards, stands the house of our Swiss friends, under whose hospitable roof I left my daughter. At the other side is the principal inn, close to the covered wooden bridge across the Rhine; and here I took up my own quarters. The street between offered a variety of dangers during the night-hours. It was innocent of lamps, and traffic had turned it into a glassy sheet of treacherous, discoloured ice.

There was a concert and a ball in the hotel that evening. A singing-club for male voices, renowned throughout the Canton under its name of "Ligia Grischa," assembles once a year at Ilanz, gives a musical entertainment; sups in state, dances till dawn, and disperses in the morning to homes among the hills. I always wished to be present at one of this club's meetings, and had timed my visit to Ilanz accordingly. I ought to say that the old State of Graubünden was composed of three Leagues, the eldest of which was called, *par excellence*, the Grey League; and the folk who formed it for their freedom in the first years of the fifteenth century had their hold in Ilanz and the neighbourhood. They spoke then, and the people still speak, a dialect of rustic Latin, which we call Romansch. In this dialect the Grey League is *Ligia Grischa*. Hence the designation of the singing-club.

It was a splendid opportunity for seeing the natives of the Bündner Oberland. Not only were the rank and fashion of Ilanz present in full force, but men and women from remote valleys hidden in the folds of the surrounding hills—the hills whose glories roll down the fountains of the Rhine—had trooped into the town. The concert-room was crammed to overflowing. Its low roof did but little justice to those masculine and ringing voices, which throbbed and vibrated and beat against the walls above the densely packed heads of the audience. What a striking sea of faces and of forms! I wished that my good friend, Dr. John Beddoe, the illustrious ethnologist, had been there to note them; for the people reckon, I believe, among the purest aboriginals of Central Europe. They are for the most part dark-complexioned, with very black hair and eyebrows; a low, narrow, rounded forehead, curving upwards to a small oval skull; deep-set brilliant eyes, placed close together, blazing sometimes like coals. The face is narrow, like the forehead, with a great length of nose and firmly-formed prominent jaws. Set upon shoulders of athletic breadth and a sinewy throat, this small head,

with its packed and prominent features, gives the impression of colossal and plastic strength. In old men and women the type is wonderfully picturesque, when the wrinkles and experience of a life-time have ploughed their record deep. But, as is usual with Swiss mountaineers, the young women are deficient in comeliness, not to say in grace and beauty: and the young men, though more attractive, from their limber muscularity and free, disdainful carriage, do themselves no credit by their dress. They wear the coarsest, ill-made home-spun. It is only when their superb forms are stripped for athletic exercise that you discern in them models fit for Donatello and Michel Angelo—those lovers of long-limbed, ponderous-shouldered, firmly-articulated, large-handed specimens of humanity, with powerful necks and small heads.

The faces of these young men make me pause and wonder. They are less like human faces than masks. Sometimes boldly carved, with ardent eyes, lips red as blood, and a transparent olive skin, these faces yield no index to the character within by any changes of expression. The speech that comes from them is simple, well-bred, unimaginative, destitute of ideas and emotions. And yet I know that these same men are capable of the most tenacious passions, the suddenest self-abandonment to overmastering impulse. It seems as though their concentrated life in village homes had made them all of one piece, which, when it breaks or yields, splits irretrievably to fragments.

I will tell some stories which prove that the Swiss peasants, though they look so stolid, have in them the stuff of tragedy. There was a lad in a valley called Schaufigg, not long ago, who loved and was betrothed to a girl in the Hinter Rheinthal below Splügen. She jilted him, having transferred her affections to another; and he went to take a formal farewell of his sweetheart in her home. Everything passed decorously: so much so the girl's brother put his horse into the cart and drove the rejected lover with his own sister down to Thusis. The three had reached that passage of the Via Mala where the Rhine loses itself in a very deep, narrow gorge. It is called the "Verlosene Loch," and is spanned by a slender bridge thrown at right angles over the river. Here, as they were spinning merrily down-hill, the lad stood up in the cart, sprang to the parapet of the bridge, and dashed himself at one bound into the grim death of jagged rocks and churning waves below them. It was a stroke of imaginative fancy to commit suicide for love just at this spot. And now a second tale of desperate passion. A rich man in the Prättigau had two children, a daughter and a son. The daughter wheedled him into allowing her to marry some peasant, who was poor and an unequal match in social station. Then his son set his affections upon a girl equally ineligible. The father stormed; but the youth was true to his plighted troth. During a temporary

absence of the son, his father contrived to send the girl off to America with a round sum of money. On his return, after hearing what had happened, the lad said nothing, but went down to the Landquart water in the evening and drowned himself there. And now a third tale. Last spring, in a village not three hours distant from Davos, lived a young man who was an orphan. He had inherited a considerable estate, and expected more from two uncles. Life, could he have managed it prudently, would probably have made him the wealthiest farmer in the neighbourhood; and he was, to boot, a stalwart fellow on whom nature had lavished all her gifts of health and comeliness. Unluckily, he loved a girl of whom his uncles disapproved as a match for such a youth of consequence. One Saturday evening, as the custom is here, he went to pay his addresses by stealth to this maiden of his choice, and returning early next morning, he was upbraided by his interfering uncles. I do not know what he replied; but certainly he made no scene to speak of. When the uncles left him, he unhooked his gun from the wooden panelling of the house-room, went out alone into the copse hard by, and put a bullet through his brain.

That is the sort of things of which these youngsters, with their heavy gait and scornful carriage, are capable of doing. The masks they wear for their faces are no index to the life that throbs within.

Well, I am digressing from Ilanz and the Ligia Grischia. After the concert there came the banquet, and after the banquet came the ball. About three in the morning, having smoked many pipes with friends in homespun, I retired to my well-earned rest and slept soundly, although the whole inn was resonant with fifes and violins, and stamping, shouting burschen. You should have seen the last dregs of the orgy, the *petits crevés* of Ilanz, when I came down to breakfast at eight. Some of them were still dancing.

Next day we took a sleigh and drove up the valley of Lungnez. Such a silent snow scene under the steady flooding sunshine! The track between wood and precipice was just broad enough for our runners till we came close to Villa. There the valley expands, yielding a vast prospect over the mountain-passes which lead to Splügen and to Olivone—a wilderness of craggy peaks and billowy snow-fields, all smoothed and softened with clear sunshine and blue shadows. No one can paint, no words can describe, that landscape. It must be seen and then it will never be forgotten. A baronial family, De Mont, were lords of Villa in old days, and now they keep an inn there in one of their ancestral houses. Portraits of generals and ladies look down upon the casual guest, among emblazoned scutcheons with famous quarterings—Scharenstein, Castelberg, Toggenburg—discernible by specialists who (like myself) love to trace a nation's history in its heraldries. Photographs of more recent De Monts, abroad in the world, have a modest place beneath these can-

vases upon the planks of Cembra-pine which form the panelling. It is by no means uncommon in this country to find the homes of people whose ancestors were counts or barons of the Empire, nobles of Spain and France, and whose descendants could bear such titles if they chose, turned into hostelries. I sometimes wonder what they think of American and English tourists. When I make inquiries about their former state, and show some knowledge of their family, it is always appreciated in the grave, dignified way these people of Graubünden have with them.

The chief attraction of Villa — letting alone the annals of Lungnez, of which I have not here the time to speak—is an old church, at Pleif, built on a buttress of the hills far up above the torrent. It occupies a station which would be singular in any land; and it commands a view of peaks, passes, glaciers, and precipices which even in Switzerland is rare. Once it was the only church in the vast upland region it surveys. The tolling of its bell brought stalwart Catholics from far and near, trooping under arms to join their forces with the men of Ilanz, Trons, and Dissentis, and then to march with flying flags on Chur. That was in the times when Graubünden struggled in religious strife between Catholics and Protestants, partizans of the French and Spanish sides. The building is large and of venerable antiquity. On its walls hangs a huge oil-painting—surprising to find in such a place—a picture, clearly by some Venetian artist, of the battle at Lepanto, just such a canvas as one sees in the Ducal Palace on the Lagoons. The history of this picture, and why it came to Pleif, seems to be forgotten; but we know that the Grisons in the sixteenth century were stout allies and servants of St. Mark's.

It was not the inside of the church at Pleif which attracted my notice, but the grave-yard round it, irregularly shaped to suit the rocky station, girt with fern-plumed walls, within which were planted ancient ash-trees. A circuit of gnarled, bent, twisted, broken ash-trees. In Westmoreland or Yorkshire they would not have had *the same significance; but here, where all deciduous trees are scarce, where the very pine-woods have been swept away by avalanches and the violence of armies*, each massive bole told a peculiar story. I thought of the young men, whose athletic forms and faces like masks impressed my fancy, and something breathing from the leafless ashes spoke to me about them. Here was the source of their life's poetry; a poetry collected from deep daily communings with Nature in her shyest, most impressive moods; a poetry infused into their sense unconsciously; brought to a point and gathered into some supreme emotion by meetings with a girl in such a place as this —the hours of summer twilight, when the ash-trees are laden with leaves, and the mountains shrink away before the rising moon, and the torrent clamours in the gorge below, and the vast divine world

expressed its meaning in one simple ineffaceable word of love. I seemed, as I sat upon the wall there in the snowy, sunny silence, to understand a little more about the force of passion and the external impassiveness of this folk, whom I dearly love. I felt why those three lads of whom I spoke had thrown their lives away for an emotion, breaking to pieces because the mainspring of their life was broken—that which moved them, for which they had grown up to manhood, through which the dominant influences of nature on their sensitive humanity had become manifest in an outburst of irreversible passion. Then I remembered how a friend of mine from Trius talked to me once about the first thoughts of love evoked in him, just in a place like this. It was on the top of a hill called Canaschàl, where there is a ruined castle and a prospect over both the valleys of the Rhine, and the blending of that mighty river's fountains as it flows towards Chur. He was a boy of fifteen, my friend, when he saw the simple thing of which he told me at the age of twenty-three. A pair of lovers were seated on the cliffs of Canaschàl—the lad and the girl both known to him—and he was lying in the bushes. It was the sight of their kisses which informed him what love was; and the way in which my carpenter-friend spoke of the experience seven years afterwards made me conceive how the sublime scenery and solitudes of these mountains may enter into the soul of lads who have nothing to show the world but masks for faces.

I give this here for what it is worth. We have heard much of the Swiss in foreign service dying of home-sickness at the sound of the "Ranz des Vaches." We have also learned the proverb, "Pas d'argent, pas de Suisse." I think that the education of young men in these Siren mountains—far more Siren than the mermaids of Sorrento or Baiae, to anyone who once has felt the spirit of the Alps—combined with their poverty, their need of making money to set up house with, accounts for the peculiar impression which they make on town-bred foreigners, and for their otherwise inexplicable habit of wedding the uncomely daughters of the land.

I will not linger over our drive back from Ilanz. One sleigh-journey is like another, except for the places one stops at, the postilions one talks to, the old wooden rooms one drinks in, the friends one visits on the way, and the varieties of the grand scenery one sweeps through.

It has been my constant habit for many years to do a considerable amount of hard study while travelling. It would be difficult to say how many heavy German and Italian books on history, biography, and criticism, how many volumes of Greek poets, and what a library of French and English authors, have been slowly perused by me in railway stations, trains, steamers, wayside inns, and Alpine châlets. I enjoy nothing more than to sit in a bar-room among peasants, carters, and postilions, smoking, with a glass of wine beside me, and

a stiff work on one of the subjects I am bound to get up. The contrast between the surroundings and the study adds zest to the latter, and when I am tired of reading I can lay my book down and chat with folk whom I have been half-consciously observing.

On this short trip I had taken a remarkable essay, entitled *La Critique scientifique*, by a young and promising French author—now, alas! no more—M. Emile Hennequin. The writer tries to establish a new method of criticism upon a scientific basis, distinguished from the æsthetical and literary methods. He does not aim at appreciating the merit of works of art, or of the means employed in their production, or of the work itself in its essence, but always in its relations. He regards art as the index to the psychological characteristics of those who produce it, and of those whom it interests and attracts. His method of criticism may be defined as the science of the work of art regarded as a sign. The development of these ideas in a lengthy and patient analytical investigation taxes the reader's attention pretty severely, for some of Hennequin's views are decidedly audacious, and require to be examined with caution. Well, I had reached Chur on my homeward route, and was spending the evening in the little hotel I frequent there. It has a long, low, narrow room with five latticed windows, and an old stove of green tiles, for its *stube*, or place of public resort. Here I went to smoke and read M. Hennequin's book on criticism. Three diligencé conductors and a postilion, excellent people and my very good friends, were in a corner by the stove, playing a game of yass; and after exchanging the usual questions with these acquaintances, I took my seat near them and began to study. About ten o'clock they left, and I was alone. I had reached the point in Hennequin's exposition of what he somewhat awkwardly termed *esthopsychologie*, which is concerned with the theory of national literature taken as a sign of national character. This absorbed my attention, and nearly an hour must have passed when I was suddenly disturbed by the noisy entrance of seven hulking fellows in heavy great-coats, with, strange to say, eight bright green crowns upon their heads instead of hats. I write eight advisedly, for one of them wore two wreaths, of oak and bay respectively.

In a moment I perceived that a gymnastic performance, or *Turnfest*, must have taken place; for I recognised two of the men whom I knew to be famous athletes. They came up, shook hands, introduced to me their comrades, and invited me to drink a double-litre of Valtelline wine. I accepted with alacrity, shut up my treatise upon criticism, and sat down to the long central table. Meanwhile, the gymnasts had thrown off their great-coats, and stood displayed in a costume not very far removed from nudity. They had gained their crowns, they told me, that evening at an extraordinary meeting of the associated *Turnvereins*, or gymnastic clubs of the canton. It was the oddest

thing in the world to sit smoking in a dimly-lighted, panelled tap-room with seven such companions. They were all of them strapping bachelors between twenty and twenty-five years of age; colossally broad in the chest and shoulders, tight in the reins, set massily upon huge thighs and swelling calves; wrestlers, boxers, stone-lifters and quoit-throwers. Their short, bull-throats supported small heads, closely clipped, with bruised ears and great big-featured faces, over which the wreaths of bright, green, artificial foliage bristled. I have said that the most striking thing, to my mind, about the majority of young faces in Graubünden is that they resemble masks, upon which character and experience have delved no lines, and which stare out in stolid inscrutability. These men illustrated the observation. Two of them had masks of wax, smooth, freshly-coloured, joining on to dark, cropped hair. The masks of three seemed to be moulded out of grey putty, which had hardened without cracking. The sixth mask was of sculptured sandstone, and the seventh of exquisitely chiselled alabaster. I seemed to be sitting in a dream among vitalised statues of the later emperors, executed in the decadence of art, with no grasp on individual character, but with a certain reminiscence of the grand style of portraiture. Commodus, Caracalla, Alexander Severus, the three Gordians, and Pertinax might have been drinking there beside me in the pothouse. The attitudes assumed by these big fellows, stripped to their sleeveless jerseys and tight-fitting flannel breeches, strengthened the illusion. I felt as though we were waiting there for slaves, who should anoint their hair with unguents, gild their wreaths, enwrap them in the paludament, and attend them to receive the shouts of "Ave Imperator" from a band of gladiators or the legionaries of the Gallic army. When they rose to seek another tavern, I turned, half-asleep, into my bed. There the anarchy of dreams continued that impression of resuscitated statues—vivified effigies of emperors, who long ago perished by the dagger or in battle, and whose lineaments the craft of a declining civilisation has preserved for us in forms which caricature the grace and strength of classic sculpture.

Next day I found myself at Davos Platz, beginning my work again upon accumulated proofs of Gozzi and the impossible problem of style.

This is literally a page of my life, a page extracted and expanded from my desk-diary. I have done what I promised the Editor of the Fortnightly Review. In conclusion, however, I must remark that I do not altogether like this novel idea of making a man interview himself.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

If you were to ask almost any intelligent and unsophisticated child, who hadn't read *Robert Elsmere*, "What is religion?" he would answer offhand, with the clear vision of youth, "Oh, it's saying your prayers, and reading your Bible, and singing hymns, and going to church, don't you know, on Sundays." If you were to ask any intelligent and unsophisticated Hindu peasant the same question, he would answer in almost the self-same spirit, "Oh, it's doing poojah regularly, and paying your dues every day to Mahadeo." If you were to ask any simple-minded African savage, he would similarly reply, "It's giving the gods flour, and oil, and native beer, and goat-mutton." And finally, if you were to ask a devout Italian contadino, he would instantly say, "It's offering up candles and prayers to the Madonna, attending mass, and remembering the saints on every festa."

And they would all be quite right. This, in its essence, is precisely what we call religion. Apart from the special refinements of the higher minds in particular cults or creeds, which strive to import into it all, according to their special tastes or fancies, a larger or smaller dose of philosophy, or of metaphysics, or of ethics, or of mysticism, this is just what religion means and has always meant to the vast majority of the human species. What is common to it throughout is Custom or Practice: a certain set of more or less similar Observances: propitiation, prayer, praise, offerings: the request for divine favours, the deprecation of divine anger or other misfortunes: and as the outward and visible adjuncts of all these, the altar, the sacrifice, the temple, the church, priesthood, services, vestments, ceremonial.

What is not at all essential to religion in its wider aspect—taking the world round, both past and present, Pagan, Buddhist, Mohammadan, Christian, savage, and civilized—is the ethical element, properly so-called. And what is very little essential indeed is the philosophical element, theology or mythology, the abstract theory of spiritual existences. This theory, to be sure, is in each country or race closely related with religion under certain aspects; and the stories told about the gods or God are much mixed up with the cult in the minds of worshippers; but they are no proper part of religion, strictly so called. In a single word, I contend that religion, as such, is essentially practical: theology or mythology, as such, is essentially theoretical.

Moreover, I also believe, and shall attempt to show, that the two

have to a large extent distinct origins and roots: that the union between them is in great part adventitious: and that, therefore, to account for or explain the one is by no means equivalent to accounting for and explaining the other.

Frank recognition of this difference of origin between religion and mythology would, I imagine, largely reconcile the two conflicting schools of thought which at present divide opinion between them on this interesting problem in the evolution of human ideas. On the one side, we have the mythological school of interpreters, whether narrowly linguistic, like Professor Max Müller, or broadly anthropological, like Mr. Andrew Lang, attacking the problem from the point of view of myth or theory alone. On the other side, we have the truly religious school of interpreters, like Mr. Herbert Spencer, and to some extent Mr. Tylor, attacking the problem from the point of view of practice or real religion. The former school, it seems to me, have failed to perceive that what it is accounting for is not the origin of religion at all—of worship, which is the central-root idea of all religious observance, or of the temple, the altar, the priest, and the offering, which are its outer expression—but merely the origin of myth or fable, the mass of story and legend about various beings, real or imaginary, human or divine, which naturally grows up in every primitive community. The latter school, on the other hand, while correctly interpreting the origin of all that is essential and central in religion, have perhaps underestimated the value of their opponents' work through regarding it as really opposed to their own, instead of accepting what part of it may be true in the light of a contribution to an independent but allied branch of the same inquiry.

In short, if the view here suggested be correct, Spencer and Tylor have paved the way to a true theory of the Origin of Religion: Max Müller, Lang, and the other mythologists have thrown out hints of varying value towards a true theory of the Origin of Mythology, or of its more modern equivalent and successor, Theology.

A brief outline of facts will serve to bring into clearer relief this view of religion as essentially practical—a set of observances, rendered inevitable by the primitive data of human psychology. It will then be seen that what is fundamental and essential in religion is the body of practices, remaining throughout all stages of human development the same, or nearly the same, in spite of changes of mythological or theological theory; and that what is accidental and variable is the particular verbal explanation or philosophical reason assigned for the diverse rites and ceremonies.

In its simplest surviving savage type, religion consists wholly and solely in certain acts of deference paid by the living to the

ghosts of the dead. I shall try to show in the sequel that down to its most highly evolved modern type in the most cultivated societies, precisely similar acts of deference, either directly to ghosts as such, or indirectly to gods who were once ghosts, or were developed from ghosts, form its essence still. But to begin with I will try to bring a few simple instances of the precise nature of religion in its lowest existing savage mode.

I might if I chose take my little collection of illustrative facts from some theoretical writer, like Mr. Herbert Spencer, who has collected enough instances in all conscience to prove this point; but I prefer to go straight to an original observer of savage life and habit, a Presbyterian missionary in Central Africa—the Rev. Duff Macdonald, author of *Africana*—who had abundant opportunities at the Blantyre Mission for learning the ideas and practice of the natives, and who certainly had no theoretic predisposition towards ultimately resolving all religious notions into the primitive respect and reverence for the worship of ancestors.

Here, in outline, but in Mr. Macdonald's own words, are the ideas and observances which this careful and accurate investigator found current among the tribes of the heart of Africa. "I do not think," he says, "I have admitted any point of importance without having heard at least four natives on the subject. The statements are translations, as far as possible, from the *ipsissima verba* of the negroes."

The tribes he lived among "are unanimous in saying that there is something beyond the body which they call spirit. Every human body at death is forsaken by this spirit." That is the universal primitive belief, whose necessary genesis has been so well traced out by Mr. Herbert Spencer, and more recently in America with great vigour and clearness by Mr. Lester Ward.

"Do these spirits ever die?" Mr. Macdonald asks. "Some," he answers, "I have heard affirm that it is possible for a troublesome spirit to be killed. Others give this a direct denial. Many, like Kumpama, of Cherasulo, say 'You ask me whether a man's spirit ever dies. I cannot tell. I have never been in the spirit world, but this I am certain of, that spirits live for a very long time.'"

On the question, "Who the gods are?" Mr. Macdonald says,—

"In all our translations of Scripture where we found the word GOD we used *Mulungu*, but this word is chiefly used by the natives as a general name for spirit. The spirit of a deceased man is called his Mulungu, and all the prayers and offerings of the living are presented to such spirits of the dead. It is here that we find the great centre of the native religion. The spirits of the dead are the gods of the living.

"Where are these gods found? At the grave? No. The villagers shrink from yonder gloomy place that lies far beyond their fields on the bleak mountain side. It is only when they have to lay another sleeper beside his forefathers that they will go there. Their god is not the body in the grave, but

the spirit, and they seek this spirit at the place where their departed kinsman last lived among them. It is the great tree at the verandah of the dead man's house that is their temple, and if no tree grow here they erect a little shade, and there perform their simple rites. If this spot become too public the offerings may be defiled, and the sanctuary will be removed to a carefully-selected spot under some beautiful tree. Very frequently a man presents an offering at the top of his own bed beside his head. He wishes his god to come to him and whisper in his ear as he sleeps."

And here, again, we get the origin of nature-worship:—

"The spirit of an old chief may have a whole mountain for his residence, but he dwells chiefly on the cloudy summit. There he sits to receive the worship of his votaries, and to send down the refreshing showers in answer to their prayers."

Almost as essential to religion as these prime factors in its evolution—the god, worship, offerings, presents, holy places, temples—is the existence of a priesthood. Here is how the Central Africans arrive at that special function:—

"A certain amount of etiquette is observed in approaching the gods. In no case can a little boy or girl approach these deities, neither can any one that has not been at the mysteries. The common qualification is that a person has attained a certain age, about twelve or fourteen years, and has a house of his own. Slaves seldom pray, except when they have had a dream. Children that have had a dream tell their mother, who approaches the deity on their behalf. (A present for the god is necessary, and the slave or child may not have it.)

"Apart from the case of dreams and a few such private matters, it is not usual for anyone to approach the gods except the chief of the village. He is the recognised high priest who presents prayers and offerings on behalf of all that live in his village. If the chief is from home his wife will act, and if both are absent, his younger brother. The natives worship not so much individually as in villages or communities. Their religion is more a public than a private matter."

But there are also further reasons why priests are necessary. Relationship forms always a good ground for intercession. A mediator is needed.

"The chief of a village," says Mr. Macdonald, "has another title to the priesthood. It is his relatives that are the village gods. Everyone that lives in the village recognises these gods; but if anyone remove to another village he changes his gods. He recognises now the gods of his new chief. One wishing to pray to the god (or gods) of any village naturally desires to have his prayers presented through the village chief, because the latter is nearly related to the village god, and may be expected to be better listened to than a stranger."

A little further on Mr. Macdonald says,—

"On the subject of the village gods opinions differ. Some say that every one in the village, whether a relative of the chief or not, must worship the forefathers of the chief. Others say that a person not related to the chief must worship his own forefathers, otherwise their spirits will bring trouble upon him. To reconcile these authorities we may mention that nearly every one in the village is related to its chief, or if not related is, in courtesy, considered so.

Any person not related to the village chief would be polite enough on all public occasions to recognise the village god: on occasions of private prayer (which are not so numerous as in Christendom) he would approach the spirits of his own forefathers.

"Besides, there might be a god of the land. The chief Kapeni prays to his own relatives, and also to the old gods of the place. His own relatives he approaches himself, the other deities he may also approach himself, but he often finds people more closely related and consequently more acceptable to the old gods of the land."

The African pantheon is thus widely peopled. Elimination and natural selection next give one the transition from the ghost to the god, properly so called.

"The gods of the natives then are nearly as numerous as their dead. It is impossible to worship all; a selection must be made, and, as we have indicated, each worshipper turns most naturally to the spirits of his own departed relatives; but his gods are too many still, and in farther selecting he turns to those that have lived nearest his own time. Thus the chief of a village will not trouble himself about his great-great-grandfather: he will present his offering to his own immediate predecessor, and say, 'O father, I do not know all your relatives, you know them all, invite them to feast with you.' The offering is not simply for himself, but for himself and all his relatives."

Ordinary ghosts are soon forgotten with the generation that knew them. Not so a few select spirits, the Cæsars and Napoleons, the Charlemagnes and Timurs of savage empires.

"A great chief that has been successful in his wars does not pass out of memory so soon. He may become the god of a mountain or a lake, and may receive homage as a local deity long after his own descendants have been driven from the spot. When there is a supplication for rain the inhabitants of the country pray, not so much to their own forefathers as to the god of yonder mountain on whose shoulders the great rain clouds repose. (Smaller hills are seldom honoured with a deity.)"

Well, in all this we get, it seems to me, the very essentials and universals of religion generally,—the things without which no religion could exist—the vital part, without the ever-varying and changeable additions of mere gossipping mythology. In the presents brought to the dead man's grave to appease the ghost, we have the central element of all worship, the practical key of all cults, past or present. On the other hand, I have just re-read carefully for the purpose of comparison, my friend Mr. Andrew Lang's *Myth, Ritual, and Religion*, in order to see if I could find in it anywhere any light thrown by mythology on these, the eternal and immutable factors of religious practice. I found in it none. There is much learning, many strange myths, great comparison of stories spread all the world over, a profusion of knowledge about the tales which Greeks told of Halcyon or Deucalion, and which Maoris tell of Maui and Tani, but not one word from beginning to end that helps one to explain the origin of worship, prayer, sacrifices, altars, temples, churches, praise, adoration. In short, in spite of its name, that able

work appears to me to contain a great deal about myth, very little about ritual, and hardly anything at all about true religion.[1]

Now, mythology is a very interesting study in its own way, and Mr. Lang has done excellent work in rescuing it from the clutches of the solar faddists: but to treat as religion a mass of stories and legends about gods or saints, with hardly a single living element of practice or sacrifice, seems to me simply to confuse two totally distinct branches of human enquiry. The origin of tales has nothing at all to do with the origin of worship.

When we come to read Mr. Macdonald's account of a native funeral, on the other hand, we are at once on a totally different tack; we can understand, as by the aid of an electric flash, the genesis of the primitive acts of sacrifice and religion.

"Along with the deceased is buried a considerable part of his property. We have already seen that his bed is buried with him, so also are all his clothes. If he possesses several tusks of ivory one tusk or more is ground to a powder between two stones and put beside him. Beads are also ground down in the same way. These precautions are taken to prevent the witch [who is supposed to be answerable for his death] from making any use of the ivory or beads.

"If the deceased owned several slaves an enormous hole is dug for a grave. The slaves are now brought forward. They may be either cast into the pit alive, or the undertakers may cut all their throats. The body of their master or their mistress is then laid down to rest above theirs, and the grave is covered in.

"After this the women come forward with the offerings of food, and place them at the head of the grave. The dishes in which the food was brought are left behind. The pot that held the drinking water of the deceased and his drinking cup are also left with him. These, too, might be coveted by the witch, but a hole is pierced in the pot, and the drinking calabash is broken.

"The man has now gone from the society of the living, and he is expected to share the meal thus left at his grave with those that have gone before him. The funeral party breaks up; they do not want to visit the grave of their friend again without a very good reason. Any one found among the graves may be taken for a cannibal. Their friend has become a citizen of a different village. He is with all his relatives of the past. He is entitled to offerings or presents which may come to him individually or through his chief. These offerings in most cases he will share with others, just as he used to do when alive."

Sometimes the man may be buried in his own hut.

"In this case the house is not taken down, but is generally covered with cloth, and the verandah becomes the place for presenting offerings. His old house thus becomes a kind of temple The deceased is now in the spirit world, and receives offerings and adoration. He is addressed as 'Our great spirit that has gone before.' If anyone dream of him, it is at once concluded that the spirit is 'up to something.' Very likely he wants to have some of the survivors for his companions. The dreamer hastens to appease the spirit by an offering."

(1) Exception may be made in favour of a few scattered passages about the worship of unhewn stones (i. 234), and about human sacrifices and other really religious exercises. I should add in justice that Mr. Lang disclaims all enquiry into the origin of the idea of a god (i. 327), which he considers to be "beyond the ken of history and of speculation."

So real is this society of the dead that Mr. Macdonald says,—

"The practice of sending messengers to the world beyond the grave is found on the West Coast. A chief summons a slave, delivers to him a message, and then cuts off his head. If the chief forget anything that he wanted to say, he sends another slave as a postscript."

I have quoted at such length from this recent and extremely able work because I want to bring into strong relief the fact that we have here going on under our very eyes, from day to day, *de novo*, the entire genesis of new gods and goddesses, and of all that is most central and essential to religion—worship, the temple, the altar, sacrifice. Nothing that the mythologists can tell us about the Dawn, or the Storm-cloud, or Little Red Riding Hood, or Cinderella and the Glass Slipper, comes anywhere near the Origin of Religion in these its central and universal elements. Those stories or guesses may be of immense interest and importance as contributions to the history of ideas in our race; but nothing we can learn about the savage survival in the myth of Cupid and Psyche, or about the primitive cosmology in the myth of the children of Kronos, helps us to get one inch nearer the origin of prayer, of worship, of religious ceremonial, of the temple, the church, the sacrifice, the mass, or any other component part of what we really know as religion in its essence. These myths may be sometimes philosophic guesses, sometimes primitive folk-tales, but they certainly are not the truths of religion. On the other hand, the living facts, here so simply detailed by a careful, accurate, and unassuming observer, strengthened by the hundreds of other similar facts collected by Tylor, Spencer, and others, do help us at once to understand the origin of the central core and kernel of religion as universally practised all the world over.

For, omitting for the present the mythological and cosmological factor, which so often comes in to obscure the plain religious facts in missionary narrative or highly-coloured European accounts of native religions, what do we really find as the underlying truths of religion? That all the world over practices essentially similar to those of these savage Central Africans prevail among mankind; practices whose affiliation upon the same primitive ideas has been abundantly proved by Mr. Herbert Spencer; practices which have for their essence the propitiation or adulation of a spiritual being or beings, derived from ghosts, and conceived of as similar, in all except the greatness of the connoted attributes, to the souls of men. "Whenever the [Indian] villagers are questioned about their creed," says Sir William Hunter, "the same answer is invariably given: 'The common people have no idea of religion, but to do right [ceremonially] and to worship the village god.'"

In short, I maintain that religion is not mainly, as the mistaken analogy of Christian usage makes us erroneously call it, Faith or Creed, but simply and solely Ceremony, Custom, or Practice.

If one looks at the vast mass of the world, ancient and modern, it is quite clear that religion consists, and has always consisted, of observances essentially similar to those just described among the Central African tribes. Its core is worship. The religion of China is to this day almost entirely one of pure ancestor cult. The making of offerings and burning of joss-paper before the family dead form its principal ceremonies. In India, while the three great gods of the mystical Brahmanist philosophy are hardly worshipped in actual practice at all, every community and every house has its own particular gods and its own special cult of its little domestic altar.

"The first Englishman," says Sir William Hunter, "who tried to study the natives as they actually are, and not as the Brahmans described them, was struck by the universal prevalence of a worship quite distinct from that of the Hindu deities. A Bengal village has usually its local god, which it adores either in the form of a rude unhewn stone, or a stump, or a tree marked with red-lead. Sometimes a lump of clay placed under a tree does duty for a deity, and the attendant priest, when there is one, generally belongs to one of the half-Hinduized low-castes. The rude stone represents the non-Aryan fetish; and the tree seems to owe its sanctity to the non-Aryan belief that it forms the abode of the ghosts, or gods, of the village."

Omitting the mere guess-work about the fetish and the gratuitous supposition, made out of deference to the dying creed of Max Müllerism, that ancestor-worship must necessarily be a "non-Aryan" feature, this simple description shows us the prevalence all over India of customs essentially similar to those in Central Africa and in the Chinese provinces.

The Roman religion, in somewhat the same way, separates itself at once into a civic or national and a private or family cult. There were the great gods, native or adopted, whom the State worshipped publicly, as the Central African tribes worship the chief's ancestors; and there were the Lares and Penates, whom the family worshipped at its own hearth, and whose very name shows them to have been in origin and essence ancestral spirits. And as the real or practical Hindu religion consists mainly of offering up rice, millet, and ghee to the little local and family deities or to the chosen patron god in the Brahmanist pantheon, so, too, the real or practical Roman religion consisted mainly of sacrifice done at the domestic altar to the special Penates, *farre pio et saliente mica*.

I will not go on to point out in detail how Professor Sayce similarly finds ancestor-worship and Shamanism (a low form of ghost-propitiation) at the root of the religion of the ancient Accadians; how other observers have performed the same task for the Egyptians and Japanese; and how like customs have been traced among Greeks

and Amazulu, among Hebrews and Nicaraguans, among early English and Digger Indians, among our Aryan ancestors themselves and Andaman Islanders. Every recent narrative of travel abounds with examples. Of Netherland Island I read, "The skulls of their ancestors were treasured for gods;" of the New Hebrides, "The people worshipped the spirits of their ancestors. They prayed to them, over the kava-bowl, for health and prosperity." In New Caledonia, "Their gods were their ancestors, whose relics they kept up and idolised." At Tana, "The general name for gods seemed to be *aremha;* that means a *dead man,* and hints," says the Rev. George Turner, with refreshing frankness, "alike at the origin and nature of their religious worship." When the chief prayed, he offered up yam and fruits, saying, "Compassionate father, here is some food for you; eat it. Be kind to us on account of it." Those who wish to see the whole of the evidence marshalled in battle array have only to turn to the first volume of Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Principles of Sociology,* where they will find abundant examples from all times and places gathered together in a vast and overwhelming phalanx.

What concerns me here a little more is to call attention to the fact that even in Christianity itself the same primitive element survives as the centre of all that is most distinctively religious, as opposed to theological, in the Christian religion.

It is the universal Catholic custom to place the relics of saints or martyrs under the altars in churches. Thus the body of St. Mark the Evangelist lies under the high altar of St. Mark's, at Venice; and in every other Italian cathedral, or chapel, a reliquary is deposited within the altar itself. So well understood is this principle in the Latin Church, that it has hardened into the saying, "No relic, no altar." The sacrifice of the mass takes place at such an altar, and is performed by a priest in sacrificial robes. The entire Roman Catholic ritual is a ritual derived from the earlier sacerdotal ideas of ministry at an altar, and its connection with the primitive form is still kept up by the necessary presence of human remains in its holy places.

Furthermore, the very idea of a church itself is descended from the early Christian meeting-places in the catacombs or at the tombs of the martyrs, which are universally allowed to have been the primitive Christian altars. We know now that the cruciform dome-covered plan of Christian churches is derived from these early meeting-places at the junction of lanes or alleys in the catacombs; that the nave, chancel, and transepts indicate the crossing of the *alleys, while the dome represents the hollowed-out portion* or rudely circular vault where the two lines of archway intersect. The earliest dome-covered churches were attempts, as it were, to construct a catacomb above ground for the reception of the altar-tomb of a

saint or martyr. Similarly with the chapels that open out at the side from the aisles or transepts. Etymologically, the word chapel is the modernised form of *capella*, the arched sepulchre excavated in the walls of the catacombs, before the tomb in which it was usual to offer up prayer and praise. The chapels built out from the aisles in Roman churches, each with its own altar and its own saintly relics, are attempts to reproduce above ground in the same way the original sacred places in the early Christian excavated cemeteries.

Thus Christianity itself is linked on to the very antique custom of worship at tombs, and the habit of ancestor-worship by altars, relics, and invocation of saints, even revolutionary Protestantism still retaining some last faint marks of its origin in the dedication of churches to particular evangelists or martyrs, and in the more or less disguised survival of altar, priesthood, sacrifice and vestments.

Now, I don't say ancestor-worship gives us the whole origin of everything that is included in Christian English minds in the idea of religion. I don't say it accounts for all the cosmologies and cosmogonies of savage, barbaric, or civilized tribes. Those, for the most part, are pure mythological products, explicable mainly, I believe, by means of the key with which Mr. Andrew Lang supplies us; and one of them, adopted into Genesis from an alien source, has come to be accepted by modern Christendom as part of that organised body of belief which forms the Christian creed, though not in any true sense the Christian religion. Nor do I say that ancestor-worship gives us the origin of those ontological, metaphysical, or mystical conceptions which form part of the philosophy or theology of many priesthoods. Religions as we generally get them envisaged for us nowadays, are held to include the mythology, the cosmogony, the ontology, and even the ethics of the race that practises them. These extraneous developments, however, I hold to spring from different roots and to have nothing necessarily in common with religion proper. If we have once accounted for the origin of ghosts, gods, tombs, altars, temples, churches, worship, sacrifice, priesthoods, and ceremonies, then we have accounted for all that is essential and central in religion, and may hand over all the rest—the tales, stories, and pious legends—to the account of comparative mythology or of the yet unfounded science of comparative idealogy.

Once more, I don't wish to insist, either, that every particular individual god, national or naturalistic, must necessarily represent a particular ghost—the dead spirit of a single definite once-living person. It is enough to show, as Mr. Spencer has shown, that the idea of the god, and the worship paid to a god, are directly derived from the idea of the ghost, and the offerings made to the ghost, without necessarily holding, as Mr. Spencer seems to hold, that every god is and must be in ultimate analysis the ghost of a particular

human being. Once the conception of gods had been evolved by humanity, and had become a common part of every man's imagined universe—of the world as it presented itself to the mind of the percipient—then it was natural enough that new gods should be made from time to time out of abstractions or special aspects and powers of nature, and that the same worship should be paid to such new-made and purely imaginary gods as had previously been paid to the whole host of gods evolved from personal and tribal ancestors. It is the first step that costs: once you have got the idea of a god fairly evolved, any number of extra-gods may be invented or introduced from all quarters. A great pantheon readily admits new members from many strange sources. Familiar instances in the best-known pantheon are those of Concordia, Pecunia, Aius, Locutius, Rediculus Tutanus. The Romans, indeed, deified every conceivable operation of nature or of human life; they had gods or goddesses for the minutest details of agriculture, of social relations, of the first years of childhood, of marriage and domestic arrangements generally. Many of their deities were obviously manufactured to meet a special demand on special occasions. But at the same time, none of these gods, so far as we can see, could ever have come to exist at all if the ghost-theory and ancestor-worship had not already made familiar to the human mind the principles and practice of religion generally. The very idea of a god would not otherwise have been evolved; though, when once evolved, any number of new beings could readily be affiliated upon it by the human imagination.

Still, to admit that other elements have afterwards come in to confuse religion, is quite a different thing from admitting that religion itself has more than one origin. Whatever gives us the key to the practice of worship gives us the key to real religion. Now, one may read through almost any books of the mythological school without ever coming upon a single word that throws one ray of light upon the origin of religion itself thus properly called. To trace the development of this, that, or the other story or episode is in itself a very valuable study in human evolution: but no amount of tracing such stories ever gives us the faintest clue to the question why men worshipped Osiris, Zeus, Siva, or Venus; why they offered up prayer and praise to Isis, or to Artemis; why they made sacrifices to Capitolian Jove at Rome, or slew turtle-doves on the altar of Jahweh, god of Israel, at Jerusalem. The ghost-theory and the practice of ancestor-worship show us a natural basis and genesis for all these customs, and explain them in a way to which no mythological enquiry can add a single item of fundamental interest.

It may be well to attempt some slight provisional disentanglement of the various extraneous elements which interweave themselves at last with the simple primitive fabric of practical religion.

In the first place, there is the mythological element. The mythopœic faculty is a reality in mankind. Stories arise, grow, gather episodes with movement, transform and transmute themselves, wander far in space, get corrupted by time, in ten thousand ways suffer change and modification. Now, such stories connect themselves sometimes with living men and women. Everybody knows how many myths exist even in our own day about every prominent or peculiar person. They also gather more particularly round the memory of the dead, and especially of any very distinguished dead man or woman. Sometimes they take their rise in genuine tradition, sometimes they are pure fetches of fancy or of the romancing faculty. The ghosts or the gods are no less exempt from these mythopœic freaks than other people; and as gods go on living indefinitely, they have time for plenty of myths to gather about them. In some cases, myths demonstrably older than a particular human being—say Cæsar, Virgil, Arthur, Charlemagne—get fitted by later ages to those special personalities. The same thing may often happen with gods. Myth comes, at last, in short, to be the history of the gods; and a personage about whom many myths exist, whether real or imaginary, a personification of nature or an abstract quality, may grow in time to be practically a divine being, and to receive worship, the final test of divinity.

Again, myths about the gods come in the long run, in many cases, to be written down, especially by the priests, and themselves acquire a considerable degree of adventitious holiness. Thus we get Sacred Books; and in most advanced races, the sacred books tend to become an important integral part of religion, and a test of the purity of tenets or ceremonial. But sacred books almost always contain rude cosmological guesses and a supernatural cosmogony, as well as tales about the doings, relationships, and prerogatives of the gods. Such early philosophical conjectures come then to be intimately bound up with the idea of religion, and in many cases even to supersede in certain minds its true, practical, central kernel. The extreme of this tendency is seen in English Protestant Dissenting Bibliolatry.

Rationalistic and reconciliatory glosses tend to arise with advancing culture. Attempts are made to trace the pedigree and mutual relations of the gods, and to get rid of discrepancies in earlier legends. The Theogony of Hesiod is a definite effort undertaken in this direction for the Greek pantheon. Often the attempt is made by the most learned and philosophically-minded among the priests, and results in a quasi-philosophical mythology like that of the Brahmans. In the monotheistic or half-monotheistic religions, this becomes theology. In proportion as it grows more and more laboured and definite, the attention of the learned and the priestly class is more and more directed to dogma, creed, faith, abstract formulæ of

philosophical or intellectual belief, and less and less to ritual or practice. But the popular religion remains usually, as in India, a religion of practical custom and observances, having very little relation to the highly abstract theological ideas of the learned or the priestly.

Lastly, in the highest religions, a large element of ethics, of sentiment, of broad humanitarianism, of perverted emotion, is allowed to come in, often to the extent of obscuring the original factors of practice and observance. We are constantly taught that "real religion" means many things which have nothing on earth to do with religion proper, in any sense, but are merely high morality, tinctured by emotional devotion towards a spiritual being or set of beings.

Owing to all these causes, modern investigators, in searching for the origin of religion, are apt to mix up with it, even when dealing with savage tribes, many extraneous questions of cosmology, cosmogony, philosophy, metaphysics, ethics, and mythology. They do not sufficiently see that the true question narrows itself down at last to two prime factors—worship and sacrifice. In all early religions, the practice is at a maximum, and the creed at a minimum. We, nowadays, look back upon these early cults, which were cults and little else, with minds warped by modern theological prejudices—by constant wrangling over dogmas, clauses, definitions, and formularies. We talk glibly of the Hindu faith or the Chinese belief, when we ought rather to talk of the Hindu practice or the Chinese observances. By thus wrongly conceiving the nature of religion, we go astray as to its origin. We shall only get right again when we learn to separate mythology entirely from religion, and when we recognize that the growth and development of the myth have nothing at all to do with the beginnings of worship. The science of comparative mythology and folk-lore is a valuable and light-bearing study in its own way: but it has no more to do with the origin of religion than the science of ethics or the science of geology. There are ethical rules in most advanced cults: there are geological surmises in most sacred books: but neither one nor the other are on that account religion, any more than the history of Jehoshaphat or the legend of Samson.

These are only, I admit, very brief and hasty hints on a great subject. If I were a Giffard Reader, or a Hibbert Lecturer, I would work them out in detail with illustrative examples. As I am not, I can only write a review article about them. But what I want to suggest sums itself up in one sentence thus: Religion is practice, mythology is talk.

GRANT ALLEN.

THE UNMAKING OF ENGLAND.

ANYTHING written by Professor E. A. Freeman on the so-called parallels to Irish Home Rule, I should certainly not "throw aside unread," as he thinks I might do. No difference of opinion has ever hindered me from bestowing careful attention, in accordance with the well-worn Latin saying, upon the arguments of an adversary. In the present case, it is, at any rate, a relief to meet with one who has mastered the main facts, who clearly distinguishes between Home Rule as in Canada, Federalism, and dynastic Personal Union—three systems which Mr. Gladstone and those who follow him have mixed up in hopeless confusion; indiscriminately applying the name of Home Rule to the most diverse constitutional arrangements, so that only a "charm of powerful trouble" may be produced, wherewith to harry the Union.

The object of my essay in August last was, to unmix these various systems from the witches' cauldron into which they had been thrown pell-mell by the propounders of impossible analogies. I am pleased to find—and I avow it is only what I had expected—that Dr. Freeman virtually acknowledges the correctness of the matter-of-fact statements contained in that article. "I have nothing," he says, "or next to nothing, to argue with Mr. Karl Blind. There are very few of his facts that I have any wish to dispute." In reality, he does not dispute any. On the other hand, he fully admits that "many false analogies have been quoted in the matter of Home Rule, and that *many of them have been quoted by Mr. Gladstone.*" This is rather hard as coming from one who stands in the Home Rule camp. Mr. Gladstone and his party have often laid stress on Sweden-Norway and Austria-Hungary as excellent examples of Home Rule. Professor Freeman, however, remarks in reference to what I have written:—"He easily shows that the relation between Hungary and Austria *has nothing to do with Home Rule.*"

Meanwhile, let it be well remembered that not only have the leaders of the Parnellite party been in the habit of treating England as a "foreign country," ay, even as "the enemy's country," but that Mr. Gladstone himself asserted that the laws came to Ireland "in a *foreign* garb."

The manifest tendency of all this talk is, to accustom the mind of the English masses to false analogies which, if they were practically worked out one day, would really make Ireland as much a foreign country to England as Hungary is to Austria, or Norway to Sweden.

"Why"—it would then be said by these preachers of the union of hearts—"have we not all along openly maintained that the Irish case is the same as that of the countries we so often quoted? Are we not consistent now in asking even for separate military and naval organisation? Did not Mr. Parnell himself once tell you that he would put no restriction upon the future of Ireland?" So England, if ever she yielded to the charmer's voice, would drift into total disruption. Honeyed words used during a time of strategic transition can as little prevent the consequences of a fatal step as the pleasant smell of a piece of roasted cheese helps the mouse which has been allured into the trap.

In August last I mentioned that Hungary, though composed of various nationalities with different languages, firmly maintains a strict Legislative Union by means of a single Parliament. I added:—"To her Magyar patriots it is quite a sufficient tribulation that the adjoining territories of Transylvania (itself composed of a medley of races) and of Croatia are gifted with special diets." Since these words appeared, there have been some striking occurrences which point a moral for the Irish case. A Pan-Croatian movement has suddenly arisen in Dalmatia, which has a very threatening aspect for the Magyar realm.

A few facts—rather Irish in their aspect—may here be brought to recollection. At the time of the Hungarian War of Independence, and of the German popular rising at Vienna, the Croats, in collusion with the Court *camarilla*, played a reactionary part, comparable to the one played by Irishmen during Parliamentary and Commonwealth struggles in England. To the Croats and their confederates, upon whose counter-revolutionary intrigues Russian intervention was based, the downfall of freedom in Hungary and Austria was mainly owing in 1848-49. Now, in 1867, when the Magyars strove for the resumption of their ancient liberties, the Croats were invited by Deak to note down their desires on what was called a "blank sheet of white paper." So the Croats did. They thereupon obtained a special Diet, a special Executive, a special Minister in the Hungarian Cabinet, a number of seats in the Hungarian Parliament, and an assurance as to a certain number of official positions being assigned to Croats in affairs common to both countries. They further were allowed to devote the greater part of their country's revenues to their own wants. One might have expected that everything had thus been settled, if not to mutual, at least to Croatian, satisfaction. Instead of this, two or three years seldom pass ere some new demand is preferred by the Croats, and a new compromise has to be resorted to. If Hungary hesitates, the Russian register is usually opened by the worshippers of the Panslavist music of the future. Threats are then held out, in the Shan Van Voght style, to the melody of "The Cossacks are on the way."

A well-known object of the Pan-Croat party is, to establish a separate Slav Power at the side of Hungary, by means of the junction of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia—with the addition, if possible, of Bosnia and Herzegovina. However, in the Diet of Dalmatia, there was an Italian majority when Count Taaffe, some ten years ago, came to the helm of Austrian affairs. Thanks to the favour he has shown to the Home Rule, Federalist, and disruptionist parties among the Slav section of the population, the Croats have succeeded at last in converting the Italian majority of the Dalmatian Diet into a Slav one, which now demands the junction with Croatia and Slavonia. The ulterior aim is, to bring about the dismemberment of Hungary herself, the establishment of a Federalism verging upon political dissolution, and the erection of a Slav Power equally dangerous to Magyars and to Germans. So heated have the leaders of this new movement already grown that, in their programme, they openly declare:—"Under the protection of the Croatian State-law, Croats and Serbs enjoy equal rights, even as they form one nation, *outside of which no other nationality is recognised in Dalmatia.*" With a single stroke of the pen the Italian population is thus set aside. The administration and the schools of Dalmatia are "to be purged of Italian and German influence." Both the Catholic and the Orthodox Church are to receive the Old-Slavonian liturgy. No wonder the moderate Liberal *Naplo*, of Pesth, as well as the *Egyetertes*, the organ of the advanced Left in Hungary, declare in the strongest language against these Pan-Croatian tendencies, which would upset the existing dualism, and throw all the countries between the Carpathians and the Adriatic into the "melting pot"—to use Mr. John Morley's graphic term.

It is not to be expected that Mr. Gladstone will study these intricate matters. Yet they form a strange commentary upon his favourite stock quotations. This much, I think, may be foretold with certainty. If ever the evil day should come when the men were in power at Dublin who wanted to "break the neck" of English rule in Ireland, and to "chase from the country the usurpation which has long had its heel upon our necks,"[1] the Protestant population of Ulster would soon not only share the destiny reserved for the Italian population of Dalmatia by their new Croat masters, but meet with even a worse fate.

Whilst the Croats thus pull at one end of Austria-Hungary, the Czechs—unmindful of their ancient connection with the old German Empire and the subsequent Bund; unmindful also of the fact of their being surrounded by a German population in Austria, of whom there are 2,000,000 in Bohemia itself—have come up with renewed demands for the "autonomous independence of the Bohemian

(1) Mr. Parnell at Waterford, as reported by the *Freeman's Journal*.

Crown." They want Francis Joseph to be crowned at Prague. The persecution practised even now by Czechs against the German part of the population again calls up a comparison with Ireland. Are these very encouraging examples for England to hand over Ulster to the tender mercies of the League?

We live in times when things move fast. Since the article on "Mr. Gladstone and the Civilised World" was published, there have been fresh characteristic occurrences also in Norway-Sweden, where "the system we recommend." has had an "almost magical working" in the way of making two peoples "one in heart and affection." The two nations have separate Parliaments, separate Governments, separate armies and navies. But Sweden, according to the Treaty of 1815, reserved to herself the decision over the common diplomatic and consular concerns of the two countries. Even to this slight privilege, however, the advanced party in Norway now demurs. I will not pronounce a judgment. I simply state facts. At Stockholm the answer given is, that, being the larger Power, and having taken upon herself the more onerous duties, Sweden may well claim to retain her few and small rights. There are Swedes who would rather dissolve the existing compact altogether than renounce them. Other Swedes give to understand that the Treaty of 1815 might be abolished outright for the sake of returning to the Treaty of Kiel, by which Norway was simply adjudged to Sweden. This latter party thus holds out a threat of downright incorporation of Norway, as a means of cutting short all further demands. 'It is a pretty quarrel as it stands. What does Mr. Gladstone say to it?

He has been at Paris of late. Even there he might have seen the deep disunion which exists between Norway and Sweden. Whilst the Swedish Government and Parliament refused all official participation in the Exhibition, the Norwegian Storthing, or People's Representation, resolved upon an opposite course by granting a considerable sum for the encouragement of the participation of native exhibitors. Being one of those who wish well to the maintenance of the French Republic, I simply mention the fact as a further evidence how Norway and Sweden more and more incline towards going wholly separate ways. The union of hearts is nowhere.

Dr. Freeman once wrote:—"Federalism is out of place if it attempts either to break asunder what is already more closely united, or to unite what is wholly incapable of union. In short, I have always held that a Federal system is the right thing when it is a step in advance, but that it is a wrong thing when it is a step backwards. In a word, the business of a Federal union is to bind together, and not to part asunder." Now, can there be the slightest doubt that all the Home Rule and loose Federal proposi-

tions, as well as the dangerous analogies drawn by Gladstonians from countries merely connected by a common dynasty, are calculated to part asunder what is already more closely united within the four seas by which these islands are surrounded? Are Englishmen, with their eyes open, and with the lessons of the various much-vaunted foreign examples staring them in the face, to frivolously unlock the flood-gates of political dissolution?

The Making of England has cost a great deal of blood. It is not even yet quite complete—or else there would be no difficulty in a portion of Ireland. The Unmaking of England is the manifest aim of men who formerly threatened her with war, and who now would fain obtain from her, by wile, the means of fatally hurting her, later on. What did Mr. Parnell say, but a few years since, at Cincinnati, at Cleveland, and at Waterford? He expressed hopes that "some day or other they should carry arms for Ireland," in order to "destroy the last link." He exclaimed:—

"We declare that it is the duty of every Irishman to free his country if he can. (Cheers.) We will work by constitutional means *as long as it suits us*. (Great cheering.) We refuse to plunge this country into the horrors of civil war *when she has not a chance;* but I ask any man at this board, I ask any true Irishman, be he priest or be he layman, whether he would not consider it the first duty of an Irishman to do what he could to enable his country to take her place among the nations of the world. (Cheers.) If it could be shown to him that *there was a fair prospect of success* from the sacrifice, I ask my reverend and lay friends whether they would not consider it their highest duty to give their lives for the country that gave them birth. (Cheers.) Our present path is within the lines of the Constitution. England has given us that Constitution for her purposes. *We will use it for ours.* (Loud cheers.)"

There could be no clearer indication of a full resolve to turn the sword against England as soon as there was a fair prospect of success—say, during a war, or a series of wars, in which this country might be engaged. It strikes Liberal observers abroad, who hold England to be a progressive Power, that it would be madness to present men who avowed such designs, with a separate Parliament and a separate Executive, so that they might become what in German is called *bündnissfähig;* that is, capable of alliances with foreign Governments. For, let it be well noted, there is a great difference between a mere would-be rebel minority in a great national Parliament such as this country at present possesses, and an efficiently organised Secessionism, having legal hold over an island by means of a Legislature and a Government of its own. With a would-be rebel minority, to whose obstructionist tactics the closure may be applied at any moment—and parliamentary government would become impossible without such a right—a foreign Power would be loth to conclude an alliance. It would be different with a legally constituted Irish State. Such a State would be able, in a time

of turmoil, to send its accredited ambassadors abroad, and to conclude formal treaties.

Mr. Parnell, under the spur of those beyond the Atlantic, on whose pecuniary contributions the maintenance of the League depended, had to avow, off and on, what his real aim was. Not only had he to make speeches which, if read properly, contain fair warning to England, but he had also to listen approvingly to similar harangues of his priestly allies. At a Land League banquet at Cork, Father Greene, introduced to those assembled by Mr. Parnell himself, said amidst enthusiastic applause :—

"What we do for England we only do under compulsion. I here declare openly that, as the Pope at Rome denied the right of Victor Emanuel to rob him of his dominions, and was ready to throw him out by armed force—(great cheering)—so every Irishmen have the same right to kick out John Bull from Ireland, even as the Pope of Rome had the right to kick out Victor Emanuel. (Cheers.) And if the succes or of St. Peter made a declaration in that sense, I say that the Irish people have the right to do the same here."

Frantic applause greeted these words of the priest who denied to Italy the right of being a united nation, but who would fain have Ireland erected into a stronghold of theocratic Romanism, the fierce enemy of both Protestant heretics and of philosophical thinkers. Mr. Parnell, the Protestant, did not dare to utter a word against Father Greene's ravings. The "revolutionists and the assassins," "the infamous, the most contemptible, characters in history:" these are the usual epithets applied to Italian patriots by the associates of the League, as well as by leaders like Mr. William O'Brien, M.P. At the death of Ricasoli, the most widely circulating Home Rule organ at Dublin said :—

"The gang of intriguers and free lances who created a bankrupt Italy from unscrupulous confiscations, is rapidly thinning. After the other associates of Ricasoli had been dragged before the judgment seat of God, he himself fell down dead, by an apoplectic fit, in the midst of the town whose rightful king is a prisoner in the Vatican, whilst the puppet of the Revolution bears a crown weighing on his brow in the Quirinal."

To a party of this character, Gladstonians would hand over Government in Ireland! In the abused name of freedom and nationality, loyal Ulster men are asked to bow their necks under the yoke of this Secessionist and Ultramontane conspiracy. To Continental Progressists the counsel reads like a sneer. It would be ridiculous, they say, were it not so disgraceful. "Oddly enough" —the *Pall Mall Gazette* observed some years ago, under the editorship of Mr. John Morley—"the country where the spirit of nationality gives us most trouble is the only portion of the realm where Garibaldi is regarded, in the language of a Catholic newspaper, 'as a notorious malefactor, whose accumulated crimes render his memory

infamous.' But then the Irish popular party, though led by a Protestant, is not only Catholic but Papal."

Under the agrarian mask, the anti-English movement in Ireland is largely clericalist, reactionary as regards intellectual enlightenment, opposed therefore to true progress; thus partaking of the old Vendéean character. France has had the most sanguinary troubles with her western provinces, from the first Revolution down to Louis Philippe—from 1790 to 1832. It so happened that, in the Breton part of the Vendée, the people even spoke (and still largely speak) a Keltic, non-French tongue, and scarcely regarded themselves as Frenchmen. All this did not prevent France from "fighting it out on that line" in the interest of national cohesion. Alone in the time until 1804, about 150,000 persons lost their lives on the side of the rebellion during harrowing struggles full of atrocities. Yet, will it be contended by Liberals that the Vendée ought to have been allowed her own will, even though a fine peasantry furnished stout champions for the clericalist and royalist reaction?

Now let us return to the Vendéean clericalists of the British West. About the time of the tragedy in the Phœnix Park, an Irish paper, glorying in the name of *The Catholic Progress*, wrote:—

"The woes of Ireland are all due to one single cause—the existence of Protestantism in Ireland. The remedy could only be found in the removal of that which caused the evil, which still continues. Why were the Irish not content? Because, being Irish and Catholic, they are governed by a public opinion which is English and Protestant. Unless Ireland is governed as a Catholic nation, and full scope given to the development of the Catholic Church in Ireland by appropriating to the Catholic religion the funds given to religion, a recurrence of such events as are now taking place cannot be prevented. *Would that every Protestant meeting-house were swept from the land!* Then would Ireland recover herself, and outrages would be unknown; for there would be no admixture of misbelievers with her champions."

This is in the spirit of the night of St. Bartholomew. Drive out the misbelievers; the necessity for outrages will then cease. Speakers and writers in the League interest carefully refrain from rebuking these atrocious sentiments. They cannot afford to quarrel with the material upon which they work for their Separatist purposes.

In the Dublin *Nation*, Mr. Windthorst, the leader of the Ultramontane party in the German Parliament, has been extolled as the true advocate of right and freedom. That party agitates for the restoration of the temporal power of the Papacy, for the recall of the Jesuit Order to Germany, and for the reappointment of those bishops who brand civil marriage as "concubinage." What would be the prospects for civil and religious freedom in Ireland, if men who look to Windthorst as their model, were to rule at Dublin? Or let us take a glance at the *Freeman's Journal*. That paper has been in the habit of denouncing a university which is free to all denominations as a "Godless fabric." Speaking of Count Taaffe, the

present reactionary minister in Austria, it once had, in an article dealing with "the most cheery chapter in Irish history, the brilliant fortunes of the Irish race in foreign lands," the following remark: "The Taaffes—Viscounts Taaffe and Earls of Carlingford—were of the oldest Irish noblesse, and being both good Catholics and good Irishmen, they did manful service to the House of Stuart in the Jacobite wars." Manful service to the House of Stuart! May those Radicals over here who are to be allured into the Home Rule net by the bait of "the two Democracies," reflect upon these sympathies of the so-called *Freeman*.

The present French Republic, whatever may be its shortcomings, has at any rate earnestly set about redressing, in matters of popular instruction, a deplorable state of things which had been a disgrace to the country. It has founded an efficient non-denominational school system untrammelled by *Frères Ignorantins* ("Ignorant Brothers," as the monkish congregation calls itself), and by equally ignorant Sisters. In the struggle for the intellectual deliverance of the masses, the French Republic has had to deal with recalcitrant monks, who insolently declare themselves above the law. What had the *Freeman's Journal* to say? Here is its Pontifical utterance:—

"While the eldest daughter of the grand old Celtic mother, she who was once also the eldest daughter of the Church, reels frenzied in some strange madness, lifts the right hand against the altar, tramples on the Cross, and hunts down the priest as men once hunted down the wolf—while Catholic France, we say, thus rages, possessed by some wild insanity, her sister in race and faith, Catholic Ireland, not only kneels in shame and tears and sorrow for the sons of France, but hastens to make such poor reparation as she can for the foul deeds at which Christendom stands aghast, while history will brand them in words of fire."

This is as good as anything the Holy Father is in the habit of saying every year in his anathema against heretics. The same Home Rule paper approvingly quoted the hope expressed by one of the Congregationalist Fathers, that the Christian manhood of France would spring to its feet and avenge itself by hurling the Republican statesmen from power. These Romish, these Popish sentiments (I think it is right to use the good old words when the "bad old enemy" has to be fought) pervade the mass of the party which aims at the Unmaking of England.

Some of the spokesmen of the League, with the caution forced upon them by the necessity of not prematurely disturbing their sleep-walking English friends, may keep the worst designs, for the nonce, in the background. Yet in *United Ireland*, at its very foundation, the parole was given out, that "*all English literature should be boycotted out of Ireland.*" Evidently, the men of the Pontifical connection, who pull the wires of the Home Rule organization, have become afraid of the freer philosophical spirit which is growing up

in England, and this makes them all the more violent in their endeavour to set up a separate Irish State, as a means of stopping the intellectual contamination?

Almost every branch of the Irish League has for years had a priest as its chairman or secretary. The Archbishops of Dublin and Cashel are its open protectors. "But how is it then"—many have asked—"that the Plan of Campaign has been condemned by the Holy Inquisition? Is this not clear proof of Home Rule being far from meaning Rome Rule?"

Only those who do not understand the inner workings of the Papal hierarchy can be puzzled by the apparent contradiction. Irish Home Rule has the hearty approval of the Jesuit Fraternity. A correspondence between its superiors at Rome, in England and Ireland, which by chance came to light some years back, afforded the fullest evidence. Now, the Jesuit Order practically controls the Pope. In the declaration of the Holy Inquisition, there is not a word in condemnation of Home Rule. On this point the Papacy keeps to its traditional policy. An Ireland with a political organisation of her own might be used as an instrument, under favourable circumstances, to help to bring down to her knees heretical and freethinking England. The Roman Church, still aiming at the re-Catholization of the English nation, and wishing not to lose the footing she has within the Catholic portion of the English aristocracy, has to play a difficult part. She has to show sympathy with Irish farmers; yet she must avoid giving too great offence to Catholic land-owners of influence on this side of the United Kingdom, whose interests extend into Ireland. That is the whole meaning of the decree of the Holy Office. Those Irish Leaguers who twit Liberal Unionists with the pronouncement from the Vatican, know full well how things really stand. They only have their fun with puzzled John Bull.

There is reason to think that the intricate policy of the Papacy is little understood even by many Gladstonians who profess to be guides on Irish affairs. Mr. Gladstone himself certainly understands it perfectly well, though perhaps he does not wish to be reminded just now of what he wrote on "The Vatican Decrees," when he said:—"The Rome of the Middle Ages claimed universal monarchy. The modern Church of Rome has abandoned nothing, retracted nothing." In the same way, Mr. Gladstone once knew full well what the League aims at in the way of the dismemberment of this country. He knew, and he knows, the aims of that foreign Theocracy whose head his present Irish allies support in the endeavour to subvert Italian unity. If, nevertheless, for the purpose of re-attaining power, he joins hands with these former enemies of his and of the Liberal cause, that is his personal affair. But the idea of pro-

claiming his new policy—his sudden desertion from the banner of Progress—as the true Liberalism, has been rejected indignantly as a preposterous one in a thousand utterances of the Liberal press abroad.

Even as the secret by-ways of Papal policy are little known in England at large, so, I am afraid, the case stands also with the Home Rule literature of Ireland—or else the extraordinary attempt could not be made to mislead the masses over here into believing that that is a progressive "Democracy" which, in reality, irrespective of the land question, is mostly a priest-led reactionary element. It is curious how little one half of the world knows the other. In conversation with many otherwise well-instructed English politicians, writers, members of Parliament, whose very calling seemed to compel them to go to the sources of information, I have found to my astonishment that scarcely any of them had ever seen anything of the League press. For my part I may truly claim to have always looked upon a statesman's or a political writer's duty in a different light. Of the Fenian, Repeal, Home Rule, Land League, and National League press I have been for many years a regular, and, I may assert, painstaking reader. Unsought, a great deal of knowledge has, moreover, come to me concerning the doings of Irish associations which for more than a generation have succeeded each other—from the time of the Phœnix Society and the subsequent Fenian brotherhood down to the present. With every real Irish grievance, I need scarcely say, I have invariably felt the warmest sympathies. These sympathies are recorded in a good many writings, German, English, French, and Italian, not only since, but something like thirty years or more before, the establishment of the Land League. I avow that I have uniformly held the land-law question to be not an exclusively Irish grievance, but also a grievance of the corresponding class in England. Hence it always seemed to me a mistake to saddle upon England as a nation the wrong done by an oppressive feudalism to the tillers of the soil in all parts of the United Kingdom. With dear Irish friends I have had many an animated discussion; and who is there among Continental men that does not appreciate the characteristic liveliness, the kindliness, and the conversational wit of Irishmen? Perhaps all these facts together, which I mention but reluctantly, may form some extenuating circumstances, even a bill of indemnity, in regard to the opinions I venture to express; showing, at least, that I do not speak without proper preparation, nor with any foregone bias.

However, as I do not think Liberalism consists of handing over to the enemy of Progress the weapons wherewith he may cut its throat, I feel it impossible to sympathise with the maxim of governing a Vendée in accordance with Vendéean ideas. For instance, the

proposal to "boycott all English literature" appears to me to lie somewhat outside the Liberal programme. It reminds one rather of the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*. It has a distant flavour or smell of the burning pile on which Giordano Bruno perished—that "criminal," that "rascal," that "enemy of mankind," as the Pope and the Pope's men here and abroad call the martyred philosopher. Now, the boycotting, nay, the formal exclusion of literature calculated to deliver the minds of men from absurd superstitions, might really become a fact some day, if Ireland were once under a hierarchically-ed, separate, Parliament and Executive.

No free-trade in ideas; and, let it not be forgotten, also no free-trade in commerce. In the same "Words of Cheer from the West," in which the boycotting of all English literature was advocated in *United Ireland*, Mr. Parnell's proposal to boycott English manufactures was extolled. The significant hint was added:—"We mean to stop at nothing." A glance at the protectionist articles in Land League papers, or at Mr. William Dillon's (the brother of John Dillon) *Dismal Science*, may furnish the materials for a forecast. "Should the Irish people," says that writer, "ultimately decide to give up their dream of nationhood, and to enter into a more intimate union with their ancient enemy, as being at worst a necessary evil, they must also make up their minds to accept for their country the portion of a draw-farm for England." But, "if Ireland ever succeeds in obtaining the right of making her own laws and regulating her own tariffs, the expediency of protecting her native industries will be one of the most important questions which her legislators will have to consider." Home Rule thus means both the political and the commercial *capitis deminutio* of England.

Mr. Gladstone, who but recently declared himself once more "a thorough Free Trader," is certainly aware of the existence of the Protectionist tendency in the Irish Home Rule quarter. It is, therefore rather a striking fact that Mr. Gladstone, in explaining his Bill, should have said:—

"I sometimes see it argued that, in giving up this fiscal unity of the Empire, we should give up the unity of the Empire. *To that argument I do not subscribe.* (Hear, hear.) The unity of the Empire rests upon the supremacy of Parliament, and upon something very much higher than there is in considerations merely fiscal. But I must admit that *while I cannot stand upon the high ground of principle*, I do upon the very substantial ground of practice."

Mr. Gladstone, in those ever-memorable debates, gave a hint that the maintenance of the fiscal unity between Great Britain and Ireland is "not a vital principle," but mainly a practical consideration for the nonce. "Upon the high ground of principle" matters looked different to him. Let the reader observe, in the foregoing, how the speaker puts the "unity of the Empire" at large, by a rhetorical

sleight of hand, in the place of the United Kingdom. Mr. Gladstone is in the habit of thus quietly sowing the seeds, by the way, for a coming policy of his, which some day he means to announce with startling suddenness. When that happens, he usually declares that the question has become "ripe;" and he then is apt to refer to such a previous casual remark, which, when it was uttered, had scarcely attracted any attention. In the words above quoted, he prospectively advocated, as it were, "Home Rule as in Canada," in a political as well as in a commercial sense.

Once, in a much-forgotten letter, Mr. Gladstone even went beyond Repeal lines. He appeared to question the right of this country in the sister-isle altogether, on the ground of the so-called Papal gift of Ireland to England by Pope Adrian being "an abnormal and arbitrary proceeding!" This might one day become a fine and fruitful theme to dilate upon in the style of what Mr. Gladstone has written in more recent letters and articles against the "blackguardly" establishment of the Legislative Union. If the history of constituted countries is to be treated in this way, all the slumbering race-hatreds and evil remembrances of events long past might be fanned into renewed flames, until a perfect Pandemonium were let loose all over Europe. Why, reasoning in the way Mr. Gladstone now does, after having, during his whole long life, pursued exactly the contrary line, might not the claim of the English to England itself be disputed? Perhaps this question might "become ripe" when the English Quadrilateral is taken by a combination of foreign Powers. But patriotic Englishmen will probably see to it that Ireland is not converted into a political bastion for a possible foreign enemy's use. In the meanwhile, well-wishers of England abroad simply stand aghast at the strange doctrines and the violent language[1] of the ex-Premier. By way of seeking for an explanation of the phenomenon, the Continental Press has often referred to the curious boast Mr. Gladstone has repeatedly uttered of "not having a single drop of English blood in his veins," though born at Liverpool. All those who respect whatever good has now and then been done during the time he was in office, are unpleasantly exercised in their minds by these vagaries.

Like John Bright, whose Liberal record is certainly an older and a better one than that of Mr. Gladstone, Richard Cobden was a firm opponent of all attempts at undoing the Legislative Union. "That country (Ireland)," he said, "will soon be brought within a short day's journey of London, and need not be treated in any respect in future *but as a province.*" He would not hear of the cry for the Repeal of the Union. Whilst denouncing "those unthinking persons who view tithes as religion," and whilst free from all proselytising tendency, Cobden confessed that he considered "the Roman Catholic

(1) See Lord Bramwell's letter in *The Liberal Unionist* of August 1.

religion to be a great operating cause against the amelioration of the state of Ireland," believing it to be "a primary cause of the retrograde position, as compared with England and Scotland, in which we find Ireland at the present day."

The wise words Macaulay wrote against the Repeal of the Union would merit being reprinted at this day. "But was he not a Whig?" some of those Neo-Radicals will ask, who, in their democratic zeal, worship the "Uncrowned King." It is a strange Democracy that hangs about one fondly extolled as a pretender to royal position. "MacMahon our King!" was once the cry during Fenian troubles in Ireland, whilst on English soil Radicals and Democrats were lured with an Irish-Republican programme. Is this covert Royalism, mixed up with Ultramontanism, and with leanings towards foreign Powers, perhaps the "Conservative" strain which Mr. Gladstone once said was contained in the Irish movement? To foreign Liberals and Democrats it seems that neither English Radicals nor English Conservatives ought to rise at such bait.

If Macaulay was a Whig, John Stuart Mill was certainly not. One of the best friends of the working classes; a supporter of the candidature of the late Mr. George Odgers, whose Republican principles are sufficiently known; an ardent land reformer, who in principle even preferred the extreme theory of the Nationalisation of the Land, which had been proposed under that very name by a Chartist Convention nearly forty years ago, Mill was an out-and-out adversary of Secession, of Repeal, and of Home Rule. He wrote his pamphlet on *England and Ireland* during the worst Fenian troubles. The treatise, I have always found, is very little known. Often Mill's views have been shamefully misrepresented by speakers and writers in the Gladstonian interest, whom we will charitably assume to be ignorant of that pamphlet. "Let it not be supposed," Mill said, "that I should regard either an absolute or a qualified separation of the two countries otherwise than as a dishonour to one, and a serious misfortune to both. The mere geographical situation of the two countries makes them far more fit to exist as *one* nation than as two."

If ever wholly separated from England, Mill, the supporter of the French Republican cause, the personal friend of the exiled leader, Louis Blanc, thought Ireland "might become a province of France. This is not the least likely thing to befall her, if her independence of England should be followed by protracted disorders, such as to make peaceably disposed persons welcome an armed pacificator capable of imposing on the conflicting parties a common servitude." In any case, England and Ireland, if politically disconnected, "would be a standing menace to each other. . . . The burden of the necessity of being always prepared for war was no unimportant part of the motive which made the Northern States of America prefer a war

at once to allowing the South to secede from the Union." An Irish alliance, with a view of using Ireland "as a basis of attack against Britain," would, in Mill's opinion, be the natural aim of foreign Powers as soon as the Union was dissolved. The comparison with Canada or Austria-Hungary he looked upon as utterly untenable. His firm and literal declaration was:—"Ireland is marked out for union with England."

In the name of true mercy to Ireland herself, it is certainly not desirable to open up large sources of bloodshed, such as Mill has indicated here as the consequence of either an absolute or a qualified separation. In Mr. John Morley's words it would be "a squalid and reduced version of the Thirty Years' War." Englishmen are told by Gladstonians that so many more soldiers have to be kept, so many more shillings to be spent, for the maintenance of law and public security in Ireland than in England, and that therefore they should hand over the government of that isle to a party which is answerable for the disorder, with its attendant atrocities, and whose leaders have openly avowed their Secessionist aims. The new arrangements would be called the Union of Hearts. But in Mill's opinion, if England and Ireland were once constitutionally sundered, the people of this country would soon see how many more soldiers they would have to keep, how many more shillings to spend, in order to secure themselves against a growing danger from abroad. This would tell most heavily upon the working classes. The militarisation of England would be the unavoidable result; and, together with it, the increase of taxation.

What a prospect, too, for the hard-won Parliamentary power of the English nation! Let there be a mainly Romanist Parliament at Dublin, and another Parliament at London, or, according to the newest Gladstonian programmes, a series of Parliaments in England, Scotland, and Wales, and it will only depend upon a future ambitious and arbitrary monarch or statesman to use these divisions for the furtherance of his evil designs. Wherever the means of doing evil deeds are at hand, the man to use them seldom fails to make his appearance in history. When Lord Hartington stood up, in the House of Commons, for the "sovereignty of the Imperial Parliament" against Repeal and Home Rule, a Parnellite member quickly rose and sneeringly took him to task for his disloyalty to the Crown. Parliamentary sovereignty: what a treason! It was like a flash from the history of English movements for freedom against Stuart tyranny, traversed by Irish reactionists. Truly, English Neo-Radicals, if they do not politically live from hand to mouth, might here look into a possible future—as through a glass, darkly.

Moderate Liberal Constitutionalists, Democrats, and Republicans on the Continent, friends of England—men like Cavour, Garibaldi,

and Mazzini—have always held Irish Secessionism, Repeal, or Home Rule to be a danger to this country and to the cause of progress. Of Garibaldi and Mazzini I can speak from personal intercourse. I have discussed the subject with Mazzini during Fenian times, and he never swerved from that which he had written in the days of "Young Ireland," when he spoke approvingly of the maintenance of the "*unità collettiva Britannica.*" In a memorandum by Mazzini—published a short time ago by his life-long friend, Mr. P. A. Taylor, the former Radical member for Leicester—the famed Italian patriot who was pre-eminently the advocate of the principle of nationalities, utterly rejected all would-be analogy between the Irish Question and the case of real nationalities. He distinctly declared that it does "*not* appear to us that the characteristics of what in political philosophy is termed a nationality, were prominent in Ireland." He contended that the Liberal and progressive party in England and Scotland would be weakened if this country were "separated, partitioned as it were," into several Powers, "each weak, each of secondary or third-rate importance in the world." The general tendency of all populations in Europe, he said, is that of concentrating into large, nearly equal masses; and was it wise to break up into fractions the large amount of beneficial power which England possesses, and to "inscribe a *retrograde* aim on her flag"?

So Mazzini. I have seen the Liberal Unionists, the men who hold the views to which he gave his full assent, denounced by a former Cabinet Minister, a whilom friend of his, as "political Jesuits." From old remembrance it is specially painful to me to allude to this; but I may ask: was Mazzini a political Jesuit? Every man is free to change his views, however suddenly, and however much for the worse; but even then a statesman might be expected to show some consideration for his own past. If Liberal Unionists, who have remained true to the policy pursued during fifty years by Mr. Gladstone himself, are to be insulted as "political Jesuits," what then was Mr. Gladstone himself up to the age of seventy-seven? "You are governed by what is practically a foreign government:" these are the words addressed by that ex-Cabinet Minister to a party which has often enough drawn the consequences from this doctrine. What did Mr. Patrick Egan, the treasurer of the Land League, once say at an Irish commemoration banquet at Versailles? These were his words, according to the Dublin Nationalist papers:—

"To-day the struggle is against landlordism; to-morrow it will be for national independence; and when the fight for Ireland's liberty arrives, let us hope that another Hoche will arrive to invade Ireland with an army, not of fifteen thousand, but one hundred thousand Irishmen sworn not to turn back. (Enthusiastic applause)."

This toast was followed by the toast of "Ireland's Independence

by the Sword," a toast "amply done justice to by General Adarras," as the Nationalist papers said at the time. Mr. Egan's speech was but in accordance with a series of articles contained in *United Ireland*, and with the circulars of the Fenian Brotherhood in 1881 and 1885. These circulars dwell on the means of forming alliances with foreign Powers. In the document of December 18, 1885, we read:—

"Brothers! The coming Convention of the Irish National League to be held at Chicago in January will be the most important, and, it is to be hoped, the most representative assembly of Irishmen ever gathered together in this country. It is to be hoped that the Convention will be able to *make the demand of Mr. Parnell for an Irish Parliament irresistible* The achievement of a National Parliament gives us a footing upon Irish soil; it gives us the agencies and instrumentalities of a Government *de facto* at the very commencement of the Irish struggle. It places the Government of the land in the hands of friends and brothers. It removes the Castle rings, and gives us *what we may well express as the plant of an armed Revolution*. From this standpoint the restoration of a Parliament is part of our programme."

It is only those that have not read the League press for years, who can doubt that the gradual unfolding of exactly the same programme has been the aim of many so-called Home Rulers. "National Independence" has been often the parole given out by *United Ireland*. With jubilant expectation of a coming victory, the Irish constituencies were told that—"it is they who pocket the millions of abolished rack-rents; who see their ancient enemy, landlordism, prostrated at their feet; who see the evil legacy of arrears taken from their necks; who see county government all but in their grasp; who behold the vision of NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE so near that their pulses are already invigorated with its life-current, and their faces already lit with its sheen." At the Dungarvan Convention, where Mr. Parnell appeared, it was promised that the opening of an Irish Parliament would soon take place amidst the thunders of artillery. At a subsequent banquet, Mr. Parnell added that he must remind his hearers that "Ireland would be worse before she was better," and that "before long they would have National Independence, which was the ultimate object of the Land League."

It is childish to assume that a party avowing such aims would not make use of the political organization placed in its hand for working out the original design, as soon as England's difficulties afforded that party the desired opportunity. If the present leaders of the movement were to hesitate, they would either be made to do it at the risk of their lives, or be rapidly superseded by others more recklessly inclined. In times of war and insurrection, that is often done in a quarter of an hour which could not be dreamt of in a quarter of a century. The whole question as regards Ireland now is, whether England is to present her antagonists with the Parliamentary and Governmental power which would enable them to organize the country for the final *coup*, or whether England means to retain that

power in her own hands through the maintenance of a strict Legislative Union. If she were to resolve on the former course, she would find to her cost, when too late, that the restrictions with which she might surround her concession, are, like so many brittle withes, easily snapped during a period of turmoil.

"Ours are a bad people to run away from:" this is a description, by an Irishman, of his own race. That saying merits full attention. Thanks to combined firmness and useful measures of reform, there is a prospect of that section of the Irish population upon which the League counts, becoming somewhat more accessible to peaceful counsels. The conviction among sympathetic foreign observers is, that the continuance of this firmness will have the most salutary effect, and that Ireland herself will benefit thereby in the end.

On the other hand, any attempt at getting an advantage over the League by playing into the hands of the Ultramontanes through the grant of a Catholic University or College, and so converting them into friends, will prove an endeavour too clever by half. The readiness with which the League leaders in Parliament accepted the proposal, might in itself serve as a warning. Even the opposition offered by a few of the Separatists should not act as an encouragement to persist in the dangerous proposal, however limited in its scope. The *Freeman's Journal* wrote:—

"Mr. Parnell's intentions are not yet all fully developed. His tactics are such that he would naturally encourage Ministers to take up so thorny a question as that of a Roman Catholic University for Ireland. It does not follow that he will accept Mr. Balfour's Bill when it has been tabled. He has always welcomed in advance Irish bills of this character; but he has not generally shown much disposition to co-operate in their passing after they have been tabled. This is a side of the case which ought not to be overlooked."

Here we have, what a Home Rule paper once admiringly called "Mr. Parnell's refined Jesuitry," in its full bloom. Let Liberal and Conservative Unionists take a lesson from what occurred in regard to an Irish Catholic University Bill, in 1873—74. Mr. Balfour's letter to the Scottish Protestant Alliance is not enough. Better by far, to drop the proposal altogether. A united front—that is the decided opinion of friends abroad—ought to be presented to the common and wily enemy. Only such straightforward policy can prevent the Unmaking of England; and only by refusing to act in the interest of an obscurantist party can this country maintain her title in Ireland and truly complete the Making of England.

KARL BLIND.

THE SENTINEL OF THE BALKANS.

Of the two great questions which may at any moment shatter the peace of Europe—that of Alsace-Lorraine and that of Bulgaria—the latter is by far the most complicated and the most interesting. In the impending European war the former may be settled for an indefinite time by the result of a few weeks' campaign; the latter may, indeed, be advanced a stage; but it cannot be brought to its final solution until the vast movement, of which it forms a mere episode, arrives at its full development. The struggle for freedom in South-Eastern Europe has been partly contemporaneous with the steady onward march of Russia, a Power which has gradually been adding to her territory the lands she has conquered from the Turk. With an unwavering eye to her onward movement she has encouraged or repressed the struggling nationalities; at one time she excites Bosnians or Bulgarians to revolt; at another she resists the emancipation of Servia under Milosh or that of Southern Bulgaria under Prince Alexander. Her progress of conquest and annexation has now reached a point beyond which it cannot go without endangering the existence of another great Power. Austria-Hungary stands on the defensive. A Russian general recognised this truth when he said that "the way from Moscow to Constantinople lies through Vienna." Russia, if she never added another acre to her territory, even if another great Power possessed the Bosphorus, would be still one of the greatest of European states. But she is pledged to a programme of advance. Austria-Hungary, on the other hand, only seeks to preserve her existence. And in order to preserve her existence she is also bound to protect the liberty and independence of the rising nations of South-Eastern Europe. She is, in fact, as she has often been named, the Sentinel of the Balkans.

It was during a sojourn of many months in the East that my attention was first drawn to an article by Professor E. A. Freeman in the Fortnightly Review for June, headed, "The House of Hapsburg in South-Eastern Europe." That article contains a number of criticisms, favourable and unfavourable, upon the views which I expressed in the Fortnightly Review of last March, when, writing immediately after the death of the late Archduke Rudolph, I endeavoured to give some account of the present family of the Hapsburgs and their polyglot realm, and to sketch out in a few words the possible destiny which awaits the dynasty in the East. But Professor Freeman deals not only with my views, but with the views of many other persons besides; if he had only drawn a distinct line between what I have said and what I

have not said, my task in replying to him would have been a very simple one. With regard to the subject which supplies a heading for his article Professor Freeman tells us next to nothing. He makes no attempt to explain the relations of the Hapsburg dynasty in South-Eastern Europe; he says nothing of Roumania, nothing of Bulgaria, nothing of Greece; he only alludes to Servia when he tells us that, but for the arrangements of the Berlin Treaty, Prince Nicholas of Montenegro might have been regarded as the successor of "the Austrian puppet Milan." He only mentions Austria's great rival in the Balkans in order to say that she is a less dangerous enemy of the rising nations than Austria, and to remind us that she can, on occasion, be both just and generous. On the other hand, we have something about Spizza, Crivoscia, or Cattaro on more than every other page. The people of Spizza may contend that the axis of the earth sticks out visibly in their town; but their fate, an unjust one I admit, will hardly decide the fortunes of the Hapsburgs. I have every sympathy with the Crivoscian mountaineers in their resistance to the conscription; but they would have done better not to have murdered and mutilated four unfortunate gendarmes who were not even Austrians. Cattaro, no doubt, is the natural port of Montenegro, though the Montenegrin pretensions to possession by right of conquest seem somewhat dubious. But these interesting localities can hardly claim to form the sum-total of South-Eastern Europe.

With regard to the main point of my contention—that Austria-Hungary, if she is to avoid destruction, must hasten to conciliate her Slav races—I am happy to find myself in sympathy with Professor Freeman. To be sure, he looks a little askance at me as a "companion of archdukes." For he hates archdukes with a perfect hatred; he hates them right sore, even as though they were his enemies. But he hates them at a distance; for he admits that he knows little of them or their opinions. He hates them on *a priori* principles. Can any good come out of the Hapsburg Nazareth? Can any archduke, can any companion of archdukes, hold a saving faith? Is not every archduke, by reason of his being, a foe to the rights of nationalities? And yet, strange as it may seem, the late Archduke Rudolph was a warm friend of the Slavs. Other archdukes may conceivably think as he did. And as it seems that "to know the mind of archdukes is worth something," Professor Freeman, if he thinks it worth while to inquire, may make some surprising discoveries on this head. There might be risks in such an investigation. Archdukes exist in a tainted "atmosphere;" contact with archdukes is perilous, for evil communications corrupt good manners; and Professor Freeman admits that he might be led astray, as he says I have been, by these unknown but dangerous persons. *Omne*

ignotum pro maleficio. But until Professor Freeman knows something of archdukes and the minds of archdukes, he would do wisely not to make assumptions concerning the one or the other; and as he also observes that he is unacquainted with the writer whom he criticizes, one can only recommend him to follow a simple rule of ordinary life, which teaches us not to warn persons whom we do not know against persons of whom we know nothing.

The Emperor Francis Joseph does not meet with better treatment from Professor Freeman than his archducal relatives. All are Hapsburgs, all are born in original sin. They love "base gains," and are prone to "paltry stealing;" they "filch" wretched villages; they possess an "insatiable land hunger;" they "ravish the poor" like the lion in the Psalms; they indulge in "petty larceny" because they lack the courage for "highway robbery." The place where they congregate must assuredly be a den of thieves, and Professor Freeman girds at me no less than six times because of resorting thereto. It is a little hard to take all this seriously; and yet Professor Freeman, writing shortly after Archduke Rudolph's death, can hardly have been jesting. Francis Joseph is "not other than a Hapsburg;" he can even be guilty of "unkingly impertinence." Whether this is a hereditary failing of the Hapsburgs we are not told; those who know anything of Francis Joseph's disposition will be a little surprised to hear of its existence. Yet Professor Freeman, by a single anecdote, gives us a better insight into Francis Joseph's character than by all his invectives. He tells us how, when the people of Ragusa allowed "their foreign master" to pass through their town in silence, Francis Joseph at the end burst into tears. One would have expected the fury of the tyrant or the indifference of the foreigner; here we have the grief of a kind-hearted man, who loves his people and feels deeply any mark of their estrangement. We are told that the emperor "has made enemies of those (the Croats) who were once his friends . . . the thing is at least ugly," says Professor Freeman, "we wish to know how it came about." The answer is that it has not come about. Jellachich and his Croats, it is true, helped Francis Joseph against the Hungarians in 1848-9; but Professor Freeman forgets to tell us how the Croats were only prevented from joining the Hungarians by the foolish intolerance of Kossuth. To-day Croatia is dissatisfied with her relations with Hungary, that is all. Croatian patriots differ much in their ideals. Some of them only demand a fair interpretation of the existing *Ausgleich*, or compromise with Hungary. Others ask for an *Ausgleich* with Hungary similar to that which exists between Hungary and Austria; others for a severance of the connection with Hungary and a more simple and direct relation with their king. This does not look as though they regarded Francis Joseph as an "enemy."

A certain number of Pan-Servian enthusiasts may fix their hopes on Belgrade; but Catholic Croatia, as a whole, does not wish to renounce her allegiance to the Apostolic throne. "Pour notre chère vieille Autriche," says Bishop Strossmayer, the greatest of Croatian patriots, "je donnerai ma vie à l'instant. C'est dans son sein que nous devons, nous Slaves occidentaux, vivre, grandir, arriver à l'accomplissement de nos destinées." When therefore Professor Freeman talks of the Croats as "enemies" of Francis Joseph he merely attributes to them his own antipathy to the House of Hapsburg. They only object to Magyar interference and the process of "Magyarization."

Professor Freeman goes on to throw doubt upon the universality of the rejoicings on the occasion of Francis Joseph's jubilee, and of the public mourning for the late Crown Prince. He wants to know whether jubilee trees were planted at Cattaro and Spizza? Very likely not; trees are conspicuous by their absence on the Dalmatian coast. I cannot say from personal observation how the jubilee was celebrated by Slavs or Roumans, as I was not in a Slavonic or Rouman district at the time. I remember reading accounts of festivities in Galicia, Transylvania, and Croatia; so that it seems there are persons in those countries "who find it very hard not to cheer a king." But as I share Professor Freeman's distrust of what the newspapers call "ovations," I will not enter into particulars. The other day I witnessed the Lord Lieutenant's departure from Dublin. Some persons who stood by me cheered for the outgoing Viceroy; others for Mr. Parnell and the Grand Old Man. Next morning, anyone who derived his information from a single Dublin newspaper would imagine that all the cheers were given one way or the other. Yet all the same I regret, for Professor Freeman's sake, that I have no specific information concerning tree-planting at Spizza. If a tree was not planted there, it certainly follows that the rejoicings in the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy were not universal. There were jubilee celebrations in Ireland some years ago, and thousands of Irishmen took part in them who have very decided views respecting the rights of the Irish nation. But Professor Freeman would question the reality of these celebrations unless he were credibly informed that there were torchlight processions in Tory Island and showers of sky-rockets at Skibbereen.

But it is no wonder that Professor Freeman should regard so many of Francis Joseph's subjects as his "enemies" when we find him consistently denying the title of "Emperor" to that monarch —whom he sometimes describes as the "Austrian Duke," sometimes as "the prince who calls himself King of Croatia as well as of Hungary;" when he talks of "the stolen eagle of Vienna," and thinks it right on all occasions to surround the words "Empire of Austria"

with inverted commas. When, therefore, he charges me with confusion in the use of the word "empire" it is a little hard to meet him on common ground. For if Francis Joseph is neither Emperor of Austria nor King of Hungary, of course I am in error, and I am quite ready to be told that I "talk like the newspapers," and that I am "a little confused about empires." The correct style of Francis Joseph's dominions is, no doubt, the "Austro-Hungarian Monarchy;" it may soon be the "Austro-Hungaro-Bohemian Monarchy;" but newspaper writers and most other people, whether they are confused or not, use the words "Dual Empire," "Austrian Empire," or "Austria" alone, as a convenient abbreviation, just as they use the words "British Empire," or "England" alone, for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and its dependencies, although the Sovereign of these dominions is Queen in the greater part of them, Empress in one part, and Suzerain—whatever that may be—in what I suppose must be called another part. There is no analogy from a constitutional point of view; but it is nevertheless as incorrect to speak of "the Queen" at Calcutta as it is to speak of "the Emperor" at Pest. It may be that anyone who talks of the "British Empire" is "confused;" he seems to be equally guilty with the culprit, if any there be, who would use the words "Hungarian Empire" to denote the whole of Francis Joseph's dominions. He is more guilty than the culprit who uses the words "Austrian Empire" in that sense. He may plead, however, that no single word has been devised to include the whole of Queen Victoria's dominions, as the "Monarchy" denotes those of Francis Joseph. And I should have used the word "Monarchy" invariably, if it had not seemed to me, perhaps wrongly, that the word in this territorial sense is not familiar to most Englishmen. But if anyone is confused by the conventional use of the word "empire" I am willing to abandon it, more especially as it has led Professor Freeman to some singular misapprehensions of my meaning.

But Professor Freeman is not content with imputing to me confusion "about empires generally." He assumes me to say that an "Empire of Austria" existed in the days of Maria Theresa, of which that sovereign was Empress when she fled into Hungary. It is true that, writing with the utmost brevity, I gave Maria Theresa her future title of Empress (of the Roman or German Empire, of course) when speaking of her father's death and her sojourn in Hungary, just as one might say that "Queen" Victoria, or "the Queen," lived at Kensington when she was a child, or that "Professor" Freeman took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in a certain year. No doubt it would be more exact to say, "The Queen, then Princess Victoria, lived at Kensington;" and if Professor Freeman had confined his criticism to pointing out this I should not complain. But he is wholly unjustified when he assumes me to say that Maria Theresa

was "Empress of Austria," that an "Empire of Austria" existed in her time, and that the Pragmatic Sanction referred to it. In a phrase which pleasantly reminds me of undergraduate days, he tells me to "go and get up Bryce." Now, if Professor Freeman had read my words with a little more care, and, indeed, had gone and got up Bryce himself, he would have seen that I expressly alluded to the institution of the Austrian Empire in 1806, when I stated that "the House of Hapsburg . . . at the beginning of this century exchanged the *Deutsche Reich* for the *Oesterreich*," and that I had followed Bryce so closely as to describe the Holy Roman Empire not as the *Römische Reich*, but as the *Deutsche Reich*, inasmuch as it is so described in the proclamation of August 6th, 1806, which announces the retirement of the Hapsburg monarch to his hereditary dominions. If, therefore, Professor Freeman had not been so hasty to criticise he might have spared himself much righteous indignation; he is "wearied and ashamed," he says, "that this very simple matter needs to be explained for the ten thousandth time." It is not my fault if nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine other persons have made a mistake which I certainly have not made.

Once we pass from the disturbing "atmosphere" of the Hapsburgs we sail into smoother water, and there is little more in Professor Freeman's criticism that calls for reply on my part. He seems to agree with my statement as to the loyal spirit of the Austro-Hungarian army, and what he says with regard to the instinct of military obedience—how it makes men soldiers first and citizens afterwards—is interesting and instructive. To the instances which he gives of this tendency he might have added that of a semi-military body in these Islands—the Irish constabulary. At the same time his remarks are more applicable to the army as it existed before Königgrätz than to the army of the present day. Before Königgrätz Austria had what may be called a professional or long-service army, which formed a separate military caste, and was practically the only bond of union in the monarchy. It represented the existing political system, and its function was to repress the various nationalities at home, even more than to combat the enemies of Austria abroad. It was with this army that Austria opposed a nation in arms, or at least a portion of a nation in arms, at Königgrätz. After the *Ausgleich* or compromise with Hungary in the following year, the German system of universal liability to military service was adopted—it could not have been introduced while Austria was forcibly holding down Hungary as well as the Italian provinces—and with it the short term of service. The soldiers now serve three years, some only one year, with the colours; and thousands of the officers are not military men by profession. With such an army the process of denationalization and the formation of a military caste becomes impossible; but on the other hand officers and soldiers return to civil

life more fully impressed with the duty of loyalty they still owe to the Monarch whom they have sworn to obey as their *Kriegsherr*. And this loyalty is not incompatible with the fullest patriotism, as Professor Freeman seems to think. As Count Andrassy said in the course of the recent discussions at Pest, "The army is no longer intended to isolate itself from the other factors of political life: its task is rather to infuse into them the military spirit."

With regard to Professor Freeman's statement that "No Pole wishes to be joined to Russia," I may mention that though the Poles of Galicia have been estranged from that Power by the barbarities she has perpetrated on their kindred, a certain number of them, apparently deluded by the promises of Russian agents, and, perhaps, despairing of Austria-Hungary's future, are agitating for a union with Russia in the hope of reconstituting the Kingdom of Poland. But if, in the course of the impending war, Russia should be driven out of Poland, it is conceivable that the Poles may wish to renew their kingdom under the dynasty which has shown that it can rule them more successfully than Hohenzollerns or Romanoffs. German strategists insist that Russia, if defeated, cannot be permitted to retain Poland; but it would remain to be seen whether the Hohenzollern would be willing to see the Hapsburg in possession of so great a prize. The German strategists say that in such a case Prussian Poland, at least, must remain as it is.

Speaking of the Southern Slavs of the monarchy, Professor Freeman points out a difference between them and their northern brethren, namely, that the latter have nothing to tempt them to separation from Austria-Hungary, while the former incline to the adjoining Powers of their own race. But this distinction is somewhat invalidated by the existence of a Russian propaganda amongst the Poles and Ruthenians (as Professor Freeman admits), as well as by the fact that, generally speaking, the Croatians, Istrians, and Northern Dalmatians do not wish for separation from the monarchy. As for Dalmatia and Istria, Professor Freeman does not seem quite to understand the existing political situation in those countries. He is perhaps led astray by his special acquaintance with a certain district in the extreme south, to which he is constantly alluding. He says that, at least in Southern Dalmatia, the Slavs are not "treated with disdain" by the Italians. True, if he is referring to the narrow strip of coast-line south of the river Cettina, which includes Ragusa, Cattaro, and Spizza. Here the Serbs are ninety per cent. of the whole population, and seem likely to absorb the Italian element even in the towns. Such being the proportion, it is a little hard to understand why Professor Freeman rebukes the friends of Italy who "rejoiced at the deliverance of Venice and Milan" because they don't seem "to care for the abiding

bondage of Ragusa and Cattaro," but it is easy to see that here the Italians cannot treat the Serbs with disdain, and also that there can be no question of *Italia irredenta*. The point of contention between the races in this district is a purely educational one; the Serbs wish to suppress all the Italian schools; the Italians reasonably ask that in places where the Italian tongue prevails it should be the language of the schools. Furthermore, in this district, the Serbs, who are largely Orthodox, are united with the Italians in their opposition to the Catholic Croats of Northern Dalmatia, who seek for union with Croatia. The Croat majority in the Dalmatian diet not long ago passed a resolution demanding this union—a fact which should be noted, as showing that in this country there is no general desire for separation from the monarchy. But north of the Cettina, in the Quarnero, in Istria (where the two nations almost counterbalance each other), the attitude of the Italians towards the Slavs is very different. They represent the upper and middle classes in opposition to the rising democracy; they despise the Slav peasants, the *forestieri*, once oppressed by Venice; they inherit the lordly traditions of the Serene Republic, and look back to the time when, under Venetian supremacy, they belonged to the ruling race. When I spoke of "descendants of lordly Venetians," I was not unaware of the original Roman element in the cities of the land of Diocletian. There was a large English and Scotch element in Ulster before the days of William III., and yet the Orangemen of to-day regard themselves as the descendants of the men who created the Ascendancy; they talk of their "ancestors" and "forefathers" who fought at the Boyne, though most of them might find it hard to prove a lineal descent from those heroes. They associate themselves with the triumph of their fellow-countrymen and co-religionists. But if the word "descendants" must be taken literally, I may mention that I have received hospitality from descendants of Venetian families in the Quarnero, who have shown me heirlooms that their forefathers had brought from the city of St. Mark. This does not necessarily prove anything. But it is impossible to deny that the Dalmatian cities received a considerable infusion of Venetian blood during the long centuries of Venetian rule, when we note the extraordinary way in which Venice has everywhere stamped her type upon them. Everywhere we find Venetian art, Venetian domestic architecture, Venetian ideas of government, and, what is most to be observed, the Venetian dialect, in remarkable purity; everywhere we are confronted with the Lion of St. Mark. Before the fifteenth century the Venetian form of Italian was not spoken in these cities, and political subjection alone is not sufficient to account for the change of speech. Ragusa, which Professor Freeman quotes against me, is altogether exceptional. Except Segna, which never was Venetian at all, no Dalmatian city

has been so untouched by Venetian influence as Ragusa. With her wonderfully independent position she preserved her own culture, her Slavonic and Latin literature, and her pure Italian speech. The *lingua Toscana* is still heard in her streets. This is not the place to speak of her peculiar history and her friendship with the Turk. But nothing can be proved by instancing Ragusa, whether as regards the attitude of Italians towards Slavs, or the connection of Italian sentiment in Dalmatia with Venetian descent and tradition. Of course Trieste and Trent prove that Irredentism has no necessary connection with memories of Venice. My only allusion to Venice was the words above quoted. I am therefore somewhat surprised when Professor Freeman goes on to say, "But Mr. Bourchier's mistake lies deeper than that," and says that I take all these cities for "Venetian colonies." I see that Yriarte calls them "colonies vénétiennes," and perhaps other writers do so too. They may have some reason for doing so, but I am not concerned to defend them. Professor Freeman is obviously thinking of what some one else has said.

But it is time to say a few words with regard to the position and prospects of the Hapsburgs in South-Eastern Europe. On this subject Professor Freeman throws little light, as he contents himself with that peculiarly negative attitude which foreigners tell us is characteristic of English criticism. He has nothing to suggest, whether as regards the future of the Balkan Peninsula or the destiny of the Hapsburgs. All we are told is that any link between the two is impossible, inasmuch as "the Austrian is the most dangerous" of all the enemies of the rising nationalities, while Russia, on the other hand, having proved that she "can on occasion be both just and generous," is presumably not excluded from assisting in their future development. I do not deny Russia's capacity for generosity; she is eminently prone to generosity of a certain kind. She was generous when she offered half Bulgaria to the Roumanian prince if he would allow her to enslave his Rouman subjects in Bessarabia without protest; in the distribution of money she is generous to a fault, and her partisans live sumptuously in Belgrade and elsewhere without "visible means of subsistence." Her sovereign is generous when he decorates kidnappers, and her envoys are generous when they support filibusters, and console unsuccessful assassins with gold watches. In this kind of generosity Austria cannot compete with her rival; even if she were willing to use them, she has not the means to her hand whereby Russia works upon the cupidity and the fanaticism, the fears and the prejudices, of the poor, the superstitious, and the ignorant among peoples still new to liberty, unaccustomed to self-reliance, and untrained in the workings of free political institutions.

Any one who has carefully followed the course of events in

Bulgaria and Roumania during the last few years will understand what I mean. It would be easy to fill pages with the evil deeds of the Romanoffs in South-Eastern Europe since the beginning of the century, just as Professor Freeman fills pages with the evil deeds of the Hapsburgs; but I am no enemy to Russia and her rulers except in so far as they are hostile to liberty in the Balkans; and it would never occur to me to reproach Professor Freeman, either once or six times, if he happened to be acquainted with a Russian Grand Duke. The Romanoffs, like the Hapsburgs, have a "family estate" which includes a good many nations in Europe and Asia; they have been tolerably busy enlarging that estate in recent years, and they rule over the greater part of it in a decidedly patriarchal fashion. And if they proceed to enlarge that estate still further in South-Eastern Europe, it is not likely that they will alter their methods of government to suit the freshly-whetted taste for liberty that exists in the Balkan lands. How Russia can act towards these young nations when she gets the upper hand has been shown plainly enough by the way in which she harassed Bulgaria from 1879 to 1887, when by a persistent course of persecution she wholly estranged the affections of a people, which at first was not only deeply grateful to her, but profoundly impressed by her overwhelming power. That course of persecution was designed to show the Bulgarians that their independent existence was impossible, but it failed in its object, partly owing to the attitude of Austria and the other Powers, mainly owing to the admirable spirit shown by the Bulgarians in their cruel adversity. Bulgaria, under Prince Ferdinand, is standing at bay. Tyranny such as that of Skobeleff and Kaulbars might have been carried on successfully in a Russian province, where the people have never known what freedom is. But the Bulgarians had tasted of the sweets of liberty. It is impossible to contend that reactionary Russia, with its increasing tendency to centralisation and absolutism, is a less dangerous enemy to freedom in the Balkans than constitutional Austria-Hungary, in which the principles of nationality, of self-government, and of popular representation are daily obtaining a wider recognition and a more general application.

It is well to understand clearly the difference between the aims of Russia and Austria in South-Eastern Europe. From one point of view the aims of Russia are offensive, those of Austria defensive; from another the aims of Russia are military and political, those of Austria commercial. No Russian denies that Russia aims at conquest in the Balkan Peninsula, and that she means to have Constantinople. Her statesmen aim at naval development in the Black Sea and free access to the Mediterranean, while every pious Muscovite in a lower rank of life turns his eyes to the New Rome, and prays that Holy Russia may yet rule in the great city of the Orthodox faith. When the

camp broke up at San Stephano Russian officers and men shed tears as they turned away from the city of which they had dreamed from childhood. The possession of Constantinople implies the absolute subjection, in fact the annexation, of Roumania and Bulgaria; for Russia could not allow her communication by land to be interrupted. The hypothesis which I once heard M. Zankoff suggest—that Russia may go to Constantinople by sea and maintain her communication by sea alone—need hardly be discussed. Russia's military designs are not confined to Roumania and Bulgaria; not long ago it was said at Belgrade that she had proposed a military convention with Servia, but that the proposal, being somewhat premature, had fallen through; and it may be noted that the "Seventh Commandment" of the Moscow Committee ordains that the armies of all the states in the Peninsula shall swear obedience to the Czar. Russia would at least find it necessary to control the military organization and the foreign policy of the two states which lie between her and Constantinople; and it is in these two states especially that her designs are watched with the deepest apprehension, while Servia, Greece, and Montenegro, being less immediately threatened, maintain more cordial relations with St. Petersburg. Montenegro, especially, is secure in her eagle's nest, and can safely accept any number of Russian favours without the prospect of a *quid pro quo* being exacted in the future. This is a point on which I remember the late M. Sacharia Stoianoff—a true Bulgarian patriot—was wont to insist strongly at the time when the Czar described Prince Nicholas as "the only sincere friend of Russia." The attitude of Montenegro as an outpost of Russia has not always been of unmixed advantage to her, and her partial exclusion from the sea is in reality due to the alarm with which Europe looked forward to the establishment of a Russian port in the Mediterranean.

The purely defensive attitude of Austria is in marked contrast with the aggressive designs of her rival. Her struggle is a struggle for existence. She has hitherto closed her ears to Russian suggestions for a partition of the Peninsula, for she perceives the insidious character of these proposals. She has been invited to occupy Servia and to advance to Salonica, if she would permit Russia to occupy Roumania and Bulgaria, and to advance to Constantinople. But she knows that her position would become untenable with a gigantic and aggressive neighbour on her left, and a presumably hostile Montenegro on her right. Her two ruling races, the German and the Magyar, are opposed to further annexation, and none of her statesmen are likely to provoke a renewal of the scenes which followed the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and brought about the fall of Count Andrassy. The Magyars, however hostile they may be to the Slavs within the monarchy, have been in fact the best friends of the Balkan Slavs, because of their determination that

neither Russia nor Austria shall advance in the Peninsula. We have heard the words "Hands off" addressed to Austria; but in reality these words express the sum total of her policy in the Balkans. She will not, she cannot, advance herself; but she is determined to prevent Russia's advance also. Reasons of every kind, strategic, economical, political, impel her to resist the formation of a huge Slav empire, which would hold her as in a vice, stop her great waterway, and eventually absorb her Slav populations. Her object is to foster the growth of the young nationalities of the Balkans, to strengthen their position, and to encourage them to join in a federation which will serve as a barrier against aggression from the north. She must act as the guardian, the "sentinel"—not merely self-constituted, but appointed by Europe—of their infant liberties. She must occupy the position which would naturally have belonged to Russia, but which Russia has forfeited by her unworthy treatment of the people she had liberated. Russia's programme is incompatible with their freedom. They are continually being loaded with professions of disinterestedness on either hand; but what they have to consider is, which of the two great rivals has the greatest interest in being disinterested?

The occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina may be quoted against this view of Austria's defensive attitude. But the occupation was a necessity, and a necessity of a kind that is hardly likely to occur again. The population of these lands consisted of half-a-million Christians of the Orthodox Church, half a million Mahometans, and a quarter of a million Catholics; Catholic and Orthodox hating the Mahometan, but hating each other more; while the Mahometan not being a Turk, would not simplify the problem by withdrawing, as the Turks have done elsewhere. It was impossible to restore the revolted provinces to Turkey; it was equally impossible to give them to Russia; it was out of the question to hand them over then to Servia, for the beys, who gave eighty thousand Austrians enough to do, would have made short work of the Servian army. No one in his senses would think of entrusting them to a handful of Montenegrin mountaineers. The intervention of a strong Power was necessary, and Austria was the only Power fitted to restore order and to hold an even hand over the forces of discord and anarchy. The difficulties she had to encounter were immense: race-hatred, religious bigotry, oppression sanctioned by ages of tyranny, all the hideous legacy of Turkish rule. Count Kállay, the Minister for Bosnia, is one of the ablest administrators in Europe; but I must not describe here the results he has attained. Everywhere justice is fairly administered, and without delay; law reforms have been introduced, but with the utmost deference to existing ideas and usages; religious susceptibilities are respected; education is rapidly

spreading; communal self-government is encouraged; roads and railways are being constructed; and the commercial outlets which the Dalmatian coast supplies are again, after a long lapse of centuries, being turned to their proper and natural use. Such, in brief, is the "bondage" of which Professor Freeman speaks. The severance of these lands from Austria implies their exclusion from the sea-coast; but Austria, once she has adopted the principle of federation, may possibly restore the Bosnian Kingdom with an outlet through Southern Dalmatia, while Northern Dalmatia would gratify its desire for union with Croatia. Or, perhaps, as I have already suggested, she may yet give up the occupied provinces to a friendly and well-governed Servia: it would be impossible to hand them over to the Servia of to-day. The Catholics of Herzegovina, and Herzegovina according to some authorities is more Catholic than Bosnia, might object to this; at any rate they would hardly thank Professor Freeman for his suggestion to put them in subjection to the Orthodox warriors of the Black Mountain. Meanwhile these countries are at least under enlightened rule, and brought into contact with the Western civilisation which Russia is so anxious to exclude from the Peninsula.

The commercial supremacy which Austria has partially succeeded in establishing over the Balkan States has done much to cause and increase her unpopularity. The Vienna Jew finds a happy hunting ground in the Peninsula. At best he is not a prepossessing individual, and the fact that he is an Austrian or a Hungarian does not specially recommend him; while on the other hand it is nothing short of a misfortune for Austria that she should be so largely represented in these countries by a race to which the ignorant and bigoted Christians are implacably hostile. Not many months ago a Roumanian farmer who had flogged and otherwise ill-treated a Hebrew creditor was brought before a local court. He pleaded that he had only performed a public service by chastising an unbelieving miscreant; and the defence was held good by the judge, who directed an acquittal. In Roumania the rigorous protective system of Austria provoked resistance, even while an Austrophil ministry was in power; and a war of tariffs has been raging between the two countries. But it is in Servia that the evil effects of Austrian commercial policy have been felt most keenly. The commercial treaty of 1881 offered special privileges to Austrian imports and practically extinguished Servian manufactures. Since then Austria has almost wholly absorbed the trade of Servia. The total value of imports into that country last year was £1,325,089; that of Austrian imports alone was £869,914; in the previous year it was £1,103,945 against a total of £1,466,047. But this is not all. The treaty, one-sided as it is, has not been fairly carried out. A zone ten kilometers wide on either side of the frontier has been established for the inter-

change of raw material on specially favourable terms. But the Austrian zone appears to be prodigiously productive; in other words, it would seem that goods from all parts of the monarchy are sent into Servia as "frontier produce," and the Servian revenue suffers serious loss in consequence. Again, "Austrian" goods from Trieste and Fiume are admitted into Servia with a reduction of 5 per cent. duty; but agents at these ports seem to regard much foreign merchandise as "Austrian," and are said to charge considerable sums for making the necessary declaration as to its "Austrian" origin. These facts are not creditable to Austrian good faith, and I make Professor Freeman a present of them. But Austria cannot look forward to an undisputed commercial supremacy in these countries; already the completion of the railways to Constantinople and Salonica has given new inlets for the trade of other countries; the line to Bourgas will soon open up Bulgaria; the demand for British goods increases, notwithstanding the shameless piracy of British trade-marks by German and Austrian manufacturers, who now flood the market with cheap and worthless merchandise. Our national incapacity for falling into the ways and ideas of other people has prevented English firms from adopting the long-credit system customary in these lands, and from supplying goods of the pattern to which the people are accustomed; but English trade is nevertheless increasing considerably, and will increase still more as the peasant begins to see that it is worth while to give a good price for a good article. Austria has not been acting wisely in endeavouring to drive hard bargains with the nations of the Peninsula. If in the future a confederation of south-eastern countries should associate itself with a federalized Austria, a customs union might be established, and the Balkan States, by acting in concert, ought to be able to make an arrangement on reasonably favourable terms.

It is only with an Austria which has fully accepted the principle of federalism that the States of the Balkans can possibly form a combination. While Austria is paralyzed by the discontent of her Slavonic populations at home she is not only fatally weakened abroad, but she has hardly a right to claim the position of protectress of the Balkan Slavs. With Russia at her elbow, ever ready to work upon the race-hatred, the fanaticism, and the abject admiration of military power which characterizes Eastern peoples, Austria cannot afford to disregard the aspirations of her own Slav subjects if she means to extend her influence over the Slavs beyond her borders. The institution of Dualism has undoubtedly increased Slav discontent in Austria, but it has nevertheless been a step in advance; if it has sharpened the animosity between the Slav and the Magyar, it has on the other hand made a breach in the stronghold of centralization, through which the Slav will pass, as the Magyar has passed

before him. The Magyars, who have gained all, and more than all, that they could expect, must be wise in time. It is more than unjust, it is folly for them to refuse to their Slav fellow-subjects what they have won for themselves. Their words have been fiercer than the words of the Slavs, even as the words of the men of Judah were fiercer than the words of the men of Israel, who had ten parts in their king. But they cannot have everything their own way. If Austria goes to pieces they will be left, a small Turanian nation of five million souls, in the midst of hostile Aryans. It is better for them to make their peace with the Southern Slav and the Rouman than to be crushed again by the Northern Slav—the next time perhaps for ever.

In the *Fortnightly Review* of last March, I attempted to give a brief sketch of the progress which the Slav movement in Austria-Hungary had made up to the time of the death of the Archduke Rudolph. Since then that movement has certainly not lost ground, and the recent appointment of Count Thun to the Governorship of Bohemia may possibly indicate that the day is not far distant when Francis Joseph will be crowned lawful King of that country at Prague. I suggested that once the Hapsburg dynasty has given content to its Slav subjects by the adoption of federalism, it may look forward to presiding over a still greater confederation embracing the newly liberated states of South-Eastern Europe. Such a confederation might perhaps accomplish the final liberation of the Peninsula; there is at least no other arrangement conceivable under which the just claims of each of the young nations could receive due satisfaction, and the Southern Slavs realise their dream of union. Once united with Austria by a scheme of confederation, Roumania might welcome back her Transylvanian children, and become a Power of considerable magnitude; she can never hope to regain Bessarabia from a friendly Russia, for it was a friendly and allied Russia that took it from her, and means to take the Dobrudsha as well, in order to keep open her road to Constantinople. Russia is now striving to arrest the progress of the Fochshani-Galatz fortifications, and to upset the dynasty which has deserved so well of Roumania, in order to make room for a ruler of the Orthodox faith who will do her bidding; and her aims are so clear to King Charles that he persistently refuses to entrust the portfolios of War and Foreign Affairs to any member of the present Russophil Ministry. A Servia in federation might receive Bosnia and Herzegovina, together with Old Servia; it might even reach the Adriatic—and Ragusa might revive her ancient friendship with a Servian King. The Albanians, who easily assimilate with Greeks, would join the Hellenic Kingdom, to which a portion of Southern Macedonia would be added; but the greater part of Macedonia, which, despite all controversy, is distinctly Bulgarian, would be added, together with

Salonica, to the realm of Prince Ferdinand. The remainder of the Peninsula, the lands which lie between the Black Sea and the Ægean, would also fall to Bulgaria, a State which I cannot help thinking has a great future before it. As the capital of the great Confederation of the New World does not belong to any of the component States, so Constantinople might conceivably stand by itself with a small adjacent territory and furnish a home to the imperial dynasty. Of course no analogy can be insisted on in this case. It is hard to imagine Montenegro abandoning her long-standing connection with Russia; but a Montenegro in federation would at least receive her natural littoral and her natural port at Cattaro.

Under Russian auspices, on the other hand, the realisation of this dream is impossible: the Southern Slavs must lose their individuality and submit to be absorbed into the vast mass of their Northern kinsfolk, while the non-Slav races, the aborigines of the Peninsula, who form a large majority—there are ten and a half million Roumans, Greeks, and Albanians, against seven and a half million Bulgars and Serbs—must be brought into a degrading subjection to an alien military despotism. I am neither a Russophobe nor, I hope, a Jingo; I care little in this matter for "Britsh interests;" I am only concerned for the welfare of these young nations, whose earnest struggle for liberty compels the sympathy of every lover of freedom. It is enough to know something of the outrages which Russia has perpetrated upon hapless Bulgaria to see clearly the nature of her designs. These designs are palpable to all thoughtful and honest statesmen in the Peninsula; only they are compelled to temporise, as the weak must ever temporise before the strong; they have to recognise the power which Russia wields over the ignorant and bigoted masses by her religion and the terror of her arms; and they play off Russia against Austria, and Austria against Russia, as the occasion requires. No wonder Russia complains of the "ingratitude" of Balkan statesmen; sooner or later they all find her out; even M. Zankoff, who now heads the Russian conspiracy for the enslavement of Bulgaria, once in a fit of patriotism, told his countrymen that he wanted "neither Russia's honey nor her sting." If it were possible, it would be best for these young nations to work out their own salvation without external aid; to combine their forces in order to free the Peninsula, and to divide the inheritance of the Turk among them with due regard to existing conditions of race and language. But, unhappily, Serb, Bulgar, and Greek, hate each other more than they hate their former master: unhappily, too, Europe is still governed by big battalions. And if it is inevitable that one or other of the two great rivals must predominate, it is to Austria and not to Russia that the Balkan peoples, and more especially the Southern Slavs, should look for the attainment of their hopes. They must disregard Professor Freeman and his suggestions of Russian generosity, and follow the great and

noble patriot who has spent his life in their cause. They must listen to Bishop Strossmayer when he tells them that it is in the bosom of Austria they will arrive at the fulfilment of their destiny.

It may be that the ruler of the *Oesterreich* will be called to preside over a great Confederation of the East, vaster and more mighty than that over which his ancestors presided in the West; it may be that the dynasty which, for nearly four centuries, held the imperial title of the Old Rome may revive imperial greatness in the New. It is useless to suggest this to Professor Freeman; he looks to the Austria of the past; and he will not admit, as Professor Bryce admits, that contemporary Austria, taught by adversity, has turned over a new leaf. Vienna might, or might not, be the western capital of such an empire; the Germans of the monarchy, if they follow the fortunes of the Hapsburgs, would have to be content with a position of equality among the federated nations. For the present, at least, they do not wish to part from their ancient dynasty. I did not suggest, as Professor Freeman supposes, that they should form themselves into a German state; when I said that the Hapsburgs, at the time they laid down the *Deutsche Reich*, ought to have abandoned the affairs of Germany, I simply spoke of that interference in German affairs which came to a violent end at Königgrätz. It is precisely because the Hapsburg dynasty is attempting to harmonize discordant nations, and to rule them constitutionally according to their several desires, that it may yet be fitted to accept the leadership—I will not say "hegemony," lest Professor Freeman should go back to the age of Pericles—in South-Eastern Europe. Russia, on the other hand, representing the preponderance of a vast homogeneous nation and the reactionary tendencies of a centralised absolutism, will never honestly promote the growth of free nationalities in the lands to which her influence extends.

I reciprocate Professor Freeman's sentiments of kindness. I thank him for much of his criticism, and I only complain that he has made me say a great many things which I have not said. But I also ask for a little more light. He has told us much of the past, but nothing of the present or the future. His heart is in the right place, for he strives for the cause of freedom; but, if I may be allowed a paradox, he has not been in the right place himself. He will not find the solution of the Eastern Question at Spizza or on the sunny shores of Sicily. He must go to Bucharest, to Sophia, to Belgrade; he must familiarize himself with the countries of which these cities are the capitals. He may even learn something at Vienna and Budapest about the Austria of to-day, and find that archdukes are more human than he imagines. And when he has done all this, he will discourse with light and leading upon the prospects of the Hapsburgs in South-Eastern Europe.

J. D. Bourchier.

THE FACTORY HALF-TIMER.

To understand what is meant by "a factory half-timer" we must get a glimpse of him in his home, at his work in the factory, and at the school he attends.

Let us imagine ourselves on a bleak November morning by 5 A.M. on the outskirts of one of the large manufacturing towns in the north of England. We meet the full force and keenness of the blast as we climb the hill over whose broad bosom are scattered cottages and factories in profusion, each of the latter having its tall chimney, from which at intervals there belches forth in the good old way, in spite of patent smoke-consumers, rolling clouds of thick black smoke. The professional "knocker-up" is going his round hammering at cottage doors in order to fulfil his contract, which is to awaken the inmates at a stated time each morning. This system is some degrees better than the one it superseded, when some scores of steam factory whistles, each pitched in a different key, commenced screeching, howling, and bellowing their signals to the sleepy work-people at five o'clock in the morning, and kept up the unearthly rioting almost without intermission for an hour. Each whistle was guaranteed to carry two miles, through two deal doors, up a staircase, and they effectually wakened the soundest sleepers known, not to mention sick folk, little children, and old people.

Mothers are beginning to creep up-stairs to arouse their children for work, as many of them have long distances to go before reaching the factory. Perhaps in a good many cases this work falls to the rougher hand of the father, who, with the stale ale of last night's debauch rankling through his veins, bawls to the poor little trembling lad up-stairs. The boy has been shivering the night through on his hard bed with a doubtful covering of faded bedclothes and old rags; he now creeps forth in the dark, snatches up a scrap of food which must serve him for breakfast, and, with his can in his hand, hurries from the cold and darkness of his own chamber to face the cold and darkness outside; only one degree more severe.

But all, or even the majority of homes, are not of this description, else it would be a bad day for this land of ours. In another there lives a widow and her three children, a frail girl of some eighteen summers, a lad of sixteen, and a little school-girl of ten, who has "got on" with her sister and is to commence work this very day. The mother is up and has made a good fire, with the kettle singing on the bars before she awakes her eldest girl and boy. The little one, in her natural excitement at the prospect before her, scarcely requires rousing. This mother has made it one of the principles of her life that her children shall have the home comforts of a good fire and a cup of warm cocoa or tea every morning before they face the

cold world outside. And well is she repaid for her assiduous care and motherly love. Few words are spoken, but the slight attentions of the mother—"Come, Mary, lass, get this bit of bread and butter;" or "Now, Tom, lad, drink this nice warm cup of cocoa that I have made for thee"—insensibly go deep down to their hearts and bind mother and children in the strongest bonds of the heart's affection. For it is in the early morning that the mind and heart are most impressible and receptive, and whatever else these children may forget in after years, they will never cease to remember the quiet, steadfast heroism of that precious mother on those cold early mornings, when her cheery words and unselfish attentions made comparatively smooth a hard lot. Her faith goes back to her own youthful days, and forward into the future with steadfast trust, as she binds the whole sum and substance of her being and doing into one grand symmetrical whole of cheerful daily duty. Such mothers are the life-blood of the nation.

The little beginner we have pictured puts on her warm clothes. On the top of all comes the brand new harden mill skirt, reaching from her shoulders to her feet, which are encased in a pair of heavy wooden clogs, tipped with iron. These were her birthday presents of yesterday. As the mother opens the door her heart almost fails her. The two girls go hand-in-hand, and she watches them bending their heads to the driving sleet until they are lost in the darkness. On they plod over the rough road, into puddles and out again, glad if they reach the factory gates in time and pass the surly time-keeper. The sight of hundreds of mill-hands plodding through streets and lanes in the early morning is a remarkable one. The men and boys have a can in one hand, a red handkerchief of bread in the other, and as much as possible of both hands stowed in trousers' pockets. The women and girls wear thick heavy shawls, closely fitting the head, and leaving nothing visible but the eyes, nose, and mouth. They are like so many animated mummies. All have their heads cringing down on their shoulders, and the clattering of clogs resounds far and near.

Once inside the factory and the conditions of life are entirely changed. Instead of bearing frost and snow outside, many of the hands are in fireproof rooms, whose normal temperature for the day will be from ninety to a hundred degrees. Clothes are thrown off, breakfast cans set to warm, and the work begins. With half an hour allowed for breakfast the work is hard and continuous until the engine stops for dinner at half-past twelve. Surely these children are factory workers and nothing else. If any further proof be necessary it can be obtained by watching the half-time lad on his way home on a Friday evening—pay day—when his week's wage is jingling in his pocket. Three shillings and sixpence to add to the family income. It means the week's rent for the cottage. He will get a welcome home on that evening if on no other. He may have been treated

with scant courtesy, or have suffered sundry kicks and cuffs previously from irate parents, but at all events, for a few minutes before the wage is actually handed over, there is a silent acknowledgment on the part of many a bullying parent of the power of the purse. In some cases the redress of sundry grievances, maybe as to clothes or spending money, is demanded before the supplies earned are handed over. It is probable that there will be a comfortable tea, with a tasty bit of sausage prepared for him. The lad feels his importance. He is a wage-earner and no longer a schoolboy. He has put off so much of the child, and put on as much or more of the responsibility of manhood as his young shoulders will bear. The average mill-boy seems to take a delight in showing the change in every possible way. See a group of them standing at a street corner on an evening. They have their hands thrust deep into their trousers' pockets and they grunt at each other by way of conversation. "Es ta getten thi wage risen?" "That's wot I ave." "Es y'are owerlooker gi'en Jack o' Bobs th' seck?" "That's wot e as." Then ensues a long and serious silence. Perhaps some of them are boldly smoking cigarettes or short clay pipes, buoyed up in the nauseous struggle by the admiring glances of their small companions.

I think we may assume our first point fully proved. These half-timers, boys and girls, are not school children but factory workers. Let us make an effort to call things by their true names, and there will be some chance that our treatment of them and conduct with regard to them may possibly be to a certain degree just and true.

From this initial wrong-naming and consequent wrong-viewing come naturally the other two points in the charter, the second of which is that in school these half-timers show themselves to be jaded, sleepy, and weary both in body and mind. It would be exceedingly unnatural if they happened to be otherwise. Run over the morning's work again. Up by five o'clock; a mile walk in the cold, perhaps in a storm to the factory; hard, continuous, grinding work in a heated, vitiated atmosphere until half-past twelve; then the same walk home, a hasty dinner, and the afternoon school by half-past one or two o'clock.

Look at that little lad. He is over ten years of age, and yet he is neither so big nor so heavy as my own little boy of seven. He has bleary, bloodshot eyes, a heavy lower jaw which drops painfully whenever he is spoken to. He has on his greasy mill clothes and clogs. At the factory he follows the profession of a "piker up." For six mortal hours this very day has he been running about in the heated atmosphere of a factory, amid the rattle of machinery, the whirr of wheels, and the clapping of belts, "piking up" bits off the floor, and keeping the place free from litter. He comes to me in the afternoon as a "piker up" of different material. Bits of grammar, geography, arithmetic, &c., he is supposed to be stowing away in the waste basket of his brain. Poor sleepy brain! The

all-pervading sensation in his mind to which he refers all sensations from without is that of sleepiness. The desks are asleep, the maps hang sleepily on the walls. If the reading lesson happens to be about the old horse Dobbin lazily pulling the plough, and moralizing himself to sleep between every turn of the furrow, the boy rouses up sufficiently to think what a splendid time of it that creature had. The singing lesson is heavenly if he can sit quietly and unobserved in a corner.

Now for the third point. The ugly fact stands out in all its nakedness, that by the English educational system as applied to elementary schools, these factory half-timers, the majority of whom are in a condition of utter weariness and sleepiness when they reach school, are expected to do exactly the same amount of work as children who attend regularly whole days. At the end of the year their names are placed alongside those of their more fortunate companions on the examination schedule. They are mixed in the same class, and if the Inspector, out of the kindness of his heart when he sees their wan faces, would wish to make some allowance, his stern and rigorous instructions, drawn up by those who never saw a half-timer in their lives, and who have not the faintest idea as to what is meant by the term, would not allow him. He must keep to the letter of the Code, and the official instructions to Inspectors issued along with it.

Official folly and red tape when applied to cattle and other objects that come within the purview of the Circumlocution Office may be condoned, but when the choking tape is being yearly wound tighter and tighter around the throats of poor, little, half-fed, over-worked children until the young life of the nation is in danger of being strangled, the sight is one to make the gods weep from very pity.

Take a school containing a number of half-timers. The afternoon session lasts from 2 P.M. to 4.30 P.M., that is, two and a half hours. If from the morning session we deduct religious instruction and recess, the net time will be about the same. The half-timer is therefore at school, if he attends quite regularly, 12½ hours each week. Deduct sixteen minutes from each session as the time taken up in assembling, marking registers, change of lessons, and dismissal, and you have eleven hours left to be employed in the actual work laid down by the Code. In Standard V. the age of the children will average each a little over eleven years. I venture to give the syllabus of work these children have to grapple with in forty-six weeks, always assuming a perfectly regular attendance for a full year, and taking no account of children whose attendances will vary from twenty-two weeks onward to the maximum. I admit that the statement is not given in the actual words of the Code, where it is made to look meek and mild to a degree, but as it actually and ferociously expands itself to a teacher engaged in the work, and to the Inspector when he visits the school on the occasion of the "annual worry."

To the children, poor things, it has neither end nor beginning; they cannot see the end from the beginning, nor can they look from the end over the long stretch which they have somehow managed to cross, back to the beginning. The whole is to them one confused mass of dead vocables and dry bones. I have also roughly apportioned the time that can be devoted to each subject per week.

SYLLABUS FROM THE NEW CODE. STANDARD V.

Subject.	Time per Week allowed for Study.
(1.) *Arithmetic*:—	
(*a*) Simple practice (*b*) Compound practice (*c*) Bills of parcels (*d*) Single rule of three by the method of unity (*e*) Addition and subtraction of easy proper fractions (*f*) Miscellaneous problems (*g*) Mental arithmetic.	3 hours.
(2.) *Reading*:—	
(*a*) Geographical Reader (Europe), 200 pages (*b*) Historical Reader, 200 pages (*c*) General Reader, 200 pages (*d*) The reading to be fluent and expressive. The children to have a knowledge of the subject-matter read, with meanings of words and spellings	2 hours.
(3.) *Writing*:—	
(*a*) Dictation. Eight lines from either of the forementioned books. Handwriting to be clear, bold, and round; more than three mistakes in spelling ensuring failure (*b*) Composition. To reproduce, in the scholar's own words, a short story read out by the Inspector. Spelling and handwriting to be considered (*c*) Copybooks to be exhibited, showing correct style of writing, with the proper formation of letters	2 hours.
(4.) *Geography*:—	
(*a*) The physical and political geography of Europe (*b*) To draw from memory full maps of any three countries previously prepared (*c*) Mathematical geography. Latitude and longitude. To explain the phenomena of day and night, and the seasons	1 hour.
(5.) *Grammar*:—	
(*a*) To analyse involved simple sentences (*b*) To parse fully any word therein (*c*) To form English nouns, adjectives, and verbs from each other (*d*) To recite 100 lines from some standard poet, with a minute knowledge of the meanings of the words, passages, and allusions	¾ hour.

Subject.	Time per Week allowed for Study.
(6.) *Drawing* :—	
(*a*) Freehand drawing from the flat. Drawings to be enlarged or reduced from the example (*b*) Drawing from simple rectangular and circular models and easy common objects (*c*) Geometrical figures, with instruments	¾ hour.
(7.) *Music.* (Tonic Sol Fa) :—	
(*a*) Note test: To Sol Fa slowly any simple diatonic passage in the major key; also a passage containing a transition of one remove; also a passage in the minor key, at sight (*b*) Time test: two, three, four, and six pulse measures (*c*) Ear test: To name the tones of any simple diatonic phrase of four tones sung to laa (*d*) Song test: To sing in good time, tune, expression, and in a pleasing quality of tone, at least five songs in two or three parts	½ hour.
Music. Staff Notation as an alternative to the Tonic Sol Fa.—	
(*a*) Note test: To sing a simple diatonic passage in keys G, D, or F, with easy accidentals. Also a short passage in the key of A minor, at sight (*b*) Time test: To sing a series of notes in $\frac{2}{2}$, $\frac{4}{4}$, $\frac{3}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, or $\frac{6}{8}$ time, containing dotted minims, dotted crotchets, and rests (*c*) Ear test: As in Tonic Sol Fa (*d*) Song test: As in Tonic Sol Fa	½ hour.
(8.) *Systematic Instruction in Physical Exercises.*—	
Combination, free, dumb-bell, and stave exercises	½ hour.

In many mixed schools containing boys and girls as half-timers, the above syllabus is tackled in its entirety by the boys, whilst the girls omit the geography and drawing, and take as alternative the following syllabus of needlework, for which the teacher is bound by stern decree to allow two hours' instruction per week.

Needlework :—

(*a*) The work of the previous Standards, and the running of a tuck.
(*b*) A garment, plain night-shift, night-gown, or petticoat, to be made throughout by each girl and exhibited.
(*c*) Knitting. Four needles, a sock or stocking, ribbed or plain.
(*d*) Plain darning of a hole in stocking, web material.
(*e*) Patching in calico and flannel.
(*f*) To cut out a pinafore, shift, or apron.

The most obvious remark on the above syllabus will be that the time should read daily instead of weekly. It remains then that these poor hard-worked factory children with their jaded limbs and dulled senses, must be forced and crushed through such a syllabus or else, and here comes the pinch, not only are the reputations of teachers blasted (that is a small matter as things now go), but money is lost

by reduced grants to the school exchequer. It may be fairly asked, why should not the half-timers be allowed to take up part of this excellent syllabus whilst the whole-day scholars attempt the whole? Why, indeed! Ask school boards, managers of schools, and teachers who have this monstrous injustice to face. Here again the all-wise Education Department steps in to supply the pitiful, partial knowledge of local authorities, and decrees in its wisdom that the whole day scholars shall not be taught the extended syllabus unless it be equally applied to the half-timers. Or if it be taught to the one class to the exclusion of the other, the work shall not be paid for by any government grant. If that difficulty were removed there would still be the intensely practical one remaining, where a single teacher is engaged daily coping with a class of some ninety or a hundred children, sixty or seventy of whom are half-timers, about equally distributed between the morning and afternoon turn. Questions on school management are set yearly by the officers of the Education Department to be answered by candidates for the teaching profession, and young people who have been trained two years especially for the work; but I have never seen a single question bearing even in the most indirect way on the difficulties of schools containing half-timers, which difficulties have nevertheless to be met and faced daily in some sort of practical or unpractical way by thousands of teachers in the factory districts of the north and centre of England. The omission, to say the least of it, is significant.

Under such conditions as these it is utter folly to talk of an elementary school as a pleasant educative establishment where the youthful mind is drawn out and tastes developed for something better than ale and cakes. It is a crushing, cramming, grinding-according-to-the-code establishment. A father says to me, "It's no use your trying to make our Jack into a lawyer, because that's not going to be his trade; he is going full time as soon as he is old enough, and I don't want him to pass any more examinations." There he touches the sore point. Examinations are altogether out of place in the case of these half-timers. To inspect a class, note the methods of instruction in vogue, see the general intelligence and interest displayed in the work by both scholars and teachers, is quite a different matter to this thorough mechanical individual examination which the so-called system of "payment by results" entails on schools. Its effects on the minds of children can only be compared to a bitter easterly storm of hail and sleet sweeping across the abundant promise of fruit and flowers in spring. Desolation and destruction follow in its track. The same mechanical test is applied all round, and a single nervously-written figure or letter may turn the balance, and attach to a hard-working, conscientious boy or girl the stigma of failure, with perhaps loss of work at the factory for a year, and consequent scanty fare at home. The effect of these

examinations is plainly seen in the case of evening schools. There the same dull standard grind must perforce be gone through. Young men are driven away in shoals. And if any considerable number are brave enough to enter, they are soon driven off by the mere thought of the examination of which they have such unlovely memories.

On the face of it, it must be evident that either the day scholars have too little or the half-timers have too much to do. But this is what the Education Department has never taken the trouble to consider. It is certain that no amount of tinkering with the present system of payment by results and individual examination will touch the case. By the Factory Act a child who is ten years of age and has passed the Standard fixed by the local educational authority, can be employed half-days as a factory worker. Thenceforth, he is, to all intents and purposes, a factory worker and no longer a school-boy. That is the light in which he should be regarded, and by taking that view we shall get our vision cleared wonderfully. Whilst the Factory Act remains, parents have a perfect right to avail themselves of its provisions. Meantime the Education Department pursues its course in Code making, and resolutely refuses either to recognise the Factory Act, or the tens of thousands of poor weakly children that are being crushed and bruised between the nether millstone of hard toil, and the upper millstone of education according to the Code. If the present system of awarding grants to schools according to the attendances of children and their individual passes is to be kept up, then there should be no individual examination in the case of half-timers, and grants should be paid for them, child by child, as for day scholars.

We owe a supreme duty to these children, and that is to make the short time they daily spend in school as bright, pleasant, and educative as possible. By no effort of imagination can it be supposed that bushels of irritating practice sums, miles of spelling, bundles of extensions of the predicate, and such like lovely things, can in any way be interesting to a lad who comes to afternoon school after having spent six hours' hard work in the factory and walked perhaps a couple of miles to and fro. Then what shall a teacher do with these half-timers in school? Every teacher who is at all worth the name can answer that question out of his heart when he sees their pale faces ranged before him. Teach their hands to write and draw well. Let them have a little interesting and practical arithmetic to do, with short conversational lessons on geography, natural objects, and the various interesting phenomena of every-day life. In this way you will train up a race of intelligent artisans which all the grinding and crushing of the present system will never produce. In conclusion I venture to quote some lines which have been described as "unbearably pathetic," and in which Edwin Waugh in his latest volume of poems tells the tale of *The Factory Bell.*

"'Come, Billy, come; dost yer yon bell?
Thou'll ha' yon mill agate
Afore thou'rt up! Do stir thisel',
Or else thou'll be too late;
I know thou'rt tire't, my lad—I know;
What can a body do?
It's very cowd; but, frost or snow,
Thou knows thou'll ha' to goo!

"'An' th' norths woint's blowin' keen and shrill;
It's been a stormy neet;
Thou'll ha' to run o' th' gate to th' mill;
It's thick wi' drivin' sleet:
There's not a candle left i' th' house;
Thou'll don thisel' i' th' dark;
Come, come, my lad! jump up at once,
An' hio tho to thi wark!'

"'I can hardly keep upon my feet;
I'm full o' aches and pains;
An' I's ha' to wesh from morn to neet,
For very little gains.'
It looks hard fortin for us both
But it's what we han to dree;
We mun do as weal's we con, my lad;
There's nobbut thee an' me!

"'Come, come; I have thi stockin's here,
An' thi breeches, an' thi shoon;
Thou'll find thi jacket on yon cheer;
An' thi dinner's upo' th' oon.
I'll lock yon dur, an' I'll tak' th' keigh;
I think we's find o' reet;
So manage th' best thou con, my lad,
Till I come whoam at neet!'

"Then not another word wur said;
But Billy, like a mon,
Geet up out of his little bed,
An' poo'd his stockin's on;
An' off he went through sleet and snow,
With his dinner in a can;
He'd a bit o' oon-cake in his mouth,
An' he donned him as he ran.

"Some folk can lie till th' clock strikes eight;
Some folk may sleep till ten,
Then rub their e'en an' yawn a bit,
An' turn 'em o'er again;
Some folks can ring a bell i' bed,
Till th' sarvant brings some tay;
But, weet or dry, a factory lad
Mun jump at break o' day!"

T. P. SYKES.

Great Horton Board School, Bradford.

A NEW FRENCH NOVELIST.

When such "authorities" as Jules Lemaitre and Sarcey (and to Lemaitre and Sarcey may be added as of the same way of thinking, Bourget, Goncourt, Maupassant, and Daudet) decree that a newcomer is possessed of *style*, is deserving of being entitled an *écrivain*,[1] there is nothing more to say; the terms of eulogy are, amongst Frenchmen, exhausted, and no ordinary reader would venture to have an opinion of his own when in the *rez de chaussée*, as it is called, of his *Débats* (to which if he is not *abonné* he does not count) he peruses such a judgment as the following.

"Manchecourt," otherwise M. Henri Lavedan, proclaims Jules Lemaitre, "is a young writer gifted with extraordinary cunning of speech (*une extraordinaire roueric du style*). The passages I quote from his works are absolutely models of familiar narrative, made to be preserved in any future *anthologia* of the manners and customs of our age. . . . They are as racy and as typical as any page in Lesage's *Gil Blas*. . . . The construction of each phrase is without pretension always, but the movement is everywhere excellent. It is possible that the account of the *Battle of Rocroi*, in Bossuet's *Funeral Oration* on the Grand Condé, may be expressed with greater dignity (*d'une plus belle tenue*) than the episode recounted by M. d'Argentaye,[2] but it does *not* approach the variety and linguistic richness of the exuberant vivacity of colouring of the latter."

One of M. Lavedan's chief merits would seem to be (in the opinion of the general reader at all events) the curious mixture in nearly all his writings of irony and sentiment—not sentimentality, but true feeling, the pathos that springs from compassionate sympathy with his kind. Now this is by no means an ordinary feature in the works of contemporary Frenchmen. They generally systematize too much, either soaring through the extravagance of conventionality into the hardest abstractions of the unreal or sinking into the slough and mud of a realism concerned chiefly with immorality and vice. The power of standing aloof and judging the good and the evil of so-called civilised life with true and genuine impartiality is an exceedingly rare gift; and it is a "gift," not a *talent*, nor to be acquired by study or practice, and it is one which M. Lavedan appears preeminently to possess. He does not set out to treat "poetically" the events he describes, but the poetry that lies latent in the facts themselves shines through the words, and the poetry—bright or sad—that is inseparable from all *living life*, asserts itself as we read expressions of the simplest kind, intended neither to disgust nor to entrance.

(1) *Feuilleton* of the *Journal des Débats* of 24th June, 1889, upon some of Henri Lavedan's recent volumes, *La Haute* and *Inconsolables*.

(2) In the study called *Scènes de tous les Soirs*, in *La Haute*.

In the small volume entitled *La Haute* we have a heliograph—faithful as the outline printed by the sun upon the candid metal—of what French society at the present day literally is; but it is also made distinct and clear how and where it participates in the universal human element. There is no exaggeration of proportion in all this; no tragedy, no swelling of the human voice through the classic mask—no "flowers of decomposition," or "flowers of crime," or any of the brilliant monstrosities invented nowadays by some masters of the art; it is all very homely—given a social state which aspires to something quite the reverse—but it shows sincerely the good with the bad, the painful with the gay, and divested of all *parti-pris*, without one syllable of what could be styled preaching—it presents absolutely "as in a looking glass" the picture of those classes that more or less everywhere constitute "society" and appear to rest their last remaining prerogative upon their uselessness.

Though the book I allude to (and the other productions of the same author) contain no trace of perversity, mental or moral, nor any of the gratuitous coarseness of imagery or expression of the Zola school, still they are not works adapted for the habitual reading of young girls in a *pensionnat de demoiselles;* they portray the life in Paris of the men and women of our day without any purpose of extenuation, and certainly with no desire to "set down aught in malice." The book is, I repeat it, a photograph, not an essay or a treatise, above all not a sermon, and the very considerable service it renders is, in my mind, to give to the thoughtful reader a dispassionate notion of what the large majority of "Society" in contemporary France represents. It has nothing whatever to do with the "backbone" of the nation, with the middle and lower-middle classes, with those toilers of various kinds in whose hands lie the destinies of the country. It treats exclusively of the ornamental classes, of the thousands whose work is presumed to be the maintaining of all the refinements and all the elegancies of life.

As a matter of fact, and from a more philosophical standpoint, it explains the anomalies of actual French civilization, and makes palpable, for instance, the perfect compatibility of a total absence of all moral sense with the extremest kindness of heart, the largest amount of unselfishness, the readiest wish to oblige, and even to a certain degree the reliability of what is termed good nature. It treats of a psychology whose source is to be discovered in times far away behind our own, and whose amiable qualities have as yet been more confused than benefited by the uncomfortable attempts of foreign civilizations to import and graft upon them foreign virtues.

"Et vous! vous qui *êtes quelqu'un*. . . qui *existez* . . . " remarks a young woman of a certain (or rather a very *un*certain) world to a man ten years her senior, but who had once been her provisional lord and master—"vous! qui avez tout—qui êtes *du Jockey! ! !*"

. . . Let us rest for a moment here. I have purposely chosen the episode entitled *Seven Years After*, because, except perhaps some of Mérimée's short masterpieces of narration, I could instance few *nouvelles* in the French works of fiction of to-day, in which are so concisely, but at the same time so exhaustively, contained all the complicated details of the machinery which makes up French fashionable existence—all the movements of the delicate little springs, which, hidden beneath the timepiece's flat surface, combine to make it truly "mark the time." "*Ce n'est rien, mais c'est la vie*," is a common saying. The tale is nothing, but it is the real unvarnished tale of thousands, nay, tens of thousands in France. The Comte de Trainon, young, handsome, rich, in obedience to the Gallic law that a man shall always divide his life into two parts, one reckless, the other stiffly staid—one all pleasure, the other all prudence—has, in the earliest period of his emancipation from all (even from maternal) rule, given not quite a year to what he was told was unmitigated enjoyment, and brushed the bloom off youth by apparent irregularities, that after all know nothing more *entraînant* than to assume the outward aspects of a more regular existence! He has played at marriage and at home life with a pretty and by no means corrupt or vicious girl of seventeen; they have drifted asunder and meet after having been separated seven years.

And here we will let "Mademoiselle Lilette" speak for herself. After a pause of a minute or two, during which she seems absorbed in her reflections:—

"Ah! mon ami," says she, "when I think of what we two were when we parted, and what we have come to now, I can scarcely believe I could not have expected I was very unknowing a fairly good little girl, gaining her bread by posturing in painters' studios for the innocent-looking *minois chiffonnés* of the eighteenth century."

This of itself tells the story—we have Greuze before us, with his unconscious tempting innocents—*et tout ce qui s'en suit!*

". . . . Thanks to you I was soon made presentable, for you gave me the taste for what was correct (*le goût de la tenue*), the sense of *real* elegance—not what artists imagine to be refined, but what *is* so, the refinement *you* are used to—the refinement of the world—of your world, in which through you I lived familiarly, as though I had been born in it and then we were parted it had to be! you were to travel and to become what others of your kind were how long ago it seems! . . . How bitterly I wept Now here I am, I myself, plain Lilette, and nothing more—orderly, nay, demure, a good housewifely personage with no taint of Bohemianism! physically and morally in perfect health. Your friend Fernand has lived with me for years and years, four are already past, and I begin to feel *quite settled!* Still, if I think of it, I know all the same what I am: I am one of the lawless—*one of those whom* your poor mothers (how they hate us!) call a '*creature*' . . . but, spite of it all, I feel myself honest—nay, why should I not say it, *respectable* is it because I am provided for, and find my daily subsistence insured, after having been utterly destitute so long? Is it *only that* I think not I do believe *I am better than I was*, genuinely improved; I fancy myself worthy of esteem *I don't bore you, Roger?* "

"No! Lilette," replies Roger, who has also been pondering over the past, "No, you don't bore me at all . . ."

"And you!" she resumes—"you! what have you become? You, who had all that life could give, and *who have married a wife of your own class*—a girl endowed with all the world esteems: rich, beautiful, well born, well brought up, honest, honoured—*warranted!*—How am I now to picture you to myself? I, who assuredly loved you more than ever your wife could do; I, who have drifted out of your path, find you—born to such luck—alone in life and wretched, alone, but with a child! overloaded with responsibilities, and cares, and with a future before you full of gravity!" . . .

It is barely possible in half a page to paint more truly and with a more kindly philosophy the incidents of the everyday life of a French gentleman. And the *mode* in which the "partner" of his early youth conceives that "everyday life," is so perfectly simple and unaffected! She describes it as *she sees it*, for she is no *Dame aux Camellias* (none of them are), and her charm is, that she is not a *Marguerite Gautier*; there lies her naturalness. As the moral code of such a society goes, Lilette has found her lines laid not alone in pleasant, but in what would be termed "honourable" places.

She is the imitation-wife of a friend of her former lover, and thinks well of herself. But her appreciation of the "family life" of the real "world" is of a still deeper, keener kind, and merits reproduction. "You, Roger," she adds, continuing her study of their two lives, "you are unmistakably married! . . . *married for good!*" "Even so," sighs he; and it would be a pity not to translate the following dialogue:—

"You say you have one child—a girl—how old?"

"Nearly three."

"How happy you should have been!" (the words fall from her lips with all the regret of true womanhood reverting irrepressibly to the past when innocency was.)

"I am tolerably so now," answers he; "and have been for the last two years"

"Why so?" interrupts she

"Because *I'm separated!* "judicially separated, Liletto!"

The *irrégulière* is genuinely and with the utmost simplicity shocked at this revelation of the "accidents" that happen in the *Grand Monde*, and more than all by the final admission that the separation had been decreed at Roger's demand, owing to the abominable conduct of his "wedded" wife. "How can it be?" she exclaims, with an inimitably natural cry of self-delusion, "What *are those women* made of?" "Not much heart!" sighs the official head of the house. "And that is marriage!" reflects Lilette. This burst of indignation of the woman despised by the world, for the sinner who was possessed of all worldly goods *yet sinned*, is one of those touches of what one might almost call genius, and is certainly of extreme rarity.

The end of all is that the faithful Fernand, whom Lilette regards as "sacred," has come to Paris for the *entrevue* arranged by his reasonable relations with a rich young person whom it has been

settled he shall marry as quickly as may be. He having attained his thirty-fifth year, is in his "second half" of life, his "age of prudence," and is ripe for transplantation into those halcyon days which, according to *Eöthen*, are mostly, and in most lands, "kept stupid."

The intelligent reader foresees what the end will be, though Roger and Lilette apparently part again, her last word to him being, "Watch well over the little girl—let her be well brought up, that she *may not go to the bad*—LIKE HER MOTHER." There again, in the phrase "qu'elle ne tourne pas *mal comme sa mère!*" is a wealth of observation and a depth of philosophy such as is only to be found in the genuine masters of the French modern school of fiction.

Among those who have lavished the highest praise on M. Lavedan, of course, almost all have, as usual, given him ancestors, and after Jules Lemaitre's comparison with Bossuet no one will be astonished to find him celebrated as descended from Balzac. Now Balzac's is too grand a name to be invoked for any contemporary in any language, for as was eloquently but most justly said by Mr. George Moore, in the October number of this review, "Balzac *re*-created all things." As a matter of fact, Henri Lavedan descends directly from Mérimée, and it is a thousand pities for Mérimée's own sake that he died when Henri Lavedan was a baby in arms. His delight over this unconscious disciple would have been of a thoroughness, an intensity not to be described; and it may be asserted that, in certain respects, there has been no true descendant of Prosper Mérimée, save "Manchecourt! The arch-lapidary Mérimée cannot be imitated;" to resemble him you must be born with the same peculiarities of vision. He is an etcher, and has all the gifts of a literary Seymour Haden, all his delicacy, and his subtlety, all the exquisite irresistible truth of *la pointe sèche*. There is in Mérimée no *cruelty*, not even hardness; it is dry, that is all, never "splashes" like a "soft pencil"! If the simple fact doesn't tell the tale to be told, no words will help you—it will serve you just as well to be mute. Hence Mérimée's love for "short stories." This with him was a perfect passion, and concise as were his masterpieces, such as, for instance, *La Prise de la Redoute*, and many others of the same order, he was to the last trying to make them more so by striking out word after word. On one occasion a little *nouvelle*, by an utterly unknown writer, attracted his attention, and he judged it so favourably that he went off at once to M. Buloz, the founder of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to ask: "Who wrote that?" "I am not at liberty to tell you," was the reply. "Nor do I care," rejoined the author of *Carmen;* "only please beg that young man, in my name, to invent some incident of intense dramatic power, and embody *all* its interest in four pages." As he was leaving the famous editor, he turned round and added: "You understand, Buloz, not five pages—four."

The mandate was obeyed, with pride, and the "drama in four

pages" was produced and published with much success, remaining in its writer's memory as an unforgettable proof of its illustrious inspirer's kindly notice.

I am not aware of this curious mania of Mérimée's having had further consequences during the next twenty or five-and-twenty years, but within the last decade of our time, after the war of 1870, the branches whereof this was the stem suddenly shot forth, and "short stories" poured in from many quarters, short enough to have satisfied even Mérimée, but without any remarkable excellence. In this respect, the thread of Mérimée's predilection was first taken up by the clever director of the *Revue Bleue*, the much regretted M. Jung, who some five or six years ago founded in his successful periodical a special department for "short stories." It was not, however, in the pages of the *Revue Bleue* that the *nouvelletes* of the greatest distinction were forthcoming; but the taste for them was awakened, and they cropped up on all sides, often in the most unexpected places, in daily papers and weeklies, and even in provincial prints, and now and then in the *feuilleton* of some ancient journal typical of old Fogeydom, in which the unpretending little tale would sprout out like a golden gillyflower from amongst the bricks and stones of a heap of rubbish. There was but scant merit in most of these trifles, the species requiring total perfection to rise above the merest commonplace. Mérimée, a real Benvenuto of his art, knew what he wanted: he wanted the super-exquisite in which the sun's entire radiance should be condensed, as in a dewdrop—he never conceived of a gem that should have the dimensions of a soup plate. But the "Benvenutos" were rare of the rarest, and this explains the delight of so refined an artist as Jules Lemaitre at sight of the *intagli* of Henri Lavedan, who, without a doubt, is the one among all others who has best understood and achieved the aim of the *chef d'école* whom he himself never knew.

For the British reader there may be drawbacks to the admiring attention called forth by the works of a writer like Henri Lavedan: they unmistakably presuppose a condition of society that is not exemplary, but that *is*. It is a world in which few barriers exist, in which the ordinary episodes of life pass outside of any enclosures. It is the world of *La Dame aux Camellias*, of *Frou-Frou*, of *M. de Camors*."

Men like Alexandre Dumas *fils* have done their very utmost to castigate the civilization of the hour in France, and for their pains, they have been reproached that they "painted the evil-doers," and thus made them known! As though you could punish with any effect individuals or classes whose existence you attempted to hide!

Granted, then, the actual state of "good" society in France, M. Lavedan, who is very young be it remembered, does not aspire to be a reformer, but paints what he sees, and for the most part paints

it pitifully, betraying at almost every line how keenly he feels the "pity 'tis 'tis true!"

As there is generally in our modern society some particular feature by which a generation distinguishes itself, so the last few years in France have witnessed the birth of an entirely new school of feminine impropriety—the assumption, namely, of the externals and of the vulgarity of vice without the commission of downright sin, which entails risk, and may involve retribution.

A word in Sardou's *Famille Benoiton* labelled this sect long years before it sprang into actual life. When Champrosé overheard the talk of the *Demoiselles Benoiton*, and held up his hands in horror at the notion of two girls whose parlance was that of bookmakers, boulevardiers, stable-boys and *habitués* of the most disreputable places of resort, Mlle. Clotilde's rejoinder was: "And honest women withal!" ("Et avec cela, mon ami, *honnêtes* oui! mon pauvre ami, *honnêtes!*")

For years the word lay fallow; but it has been "lived up to" at last, and there are now a crowd of young women and girls—not, for that matter, so young either!—who ape every imaginable outrage on decorum from a mere desire to simulate a state of psychological decomposition they, in many cases, barely understand. This, too, is to be found in Manchecourt's *Jeune Fille* (in the chapter entitled "A Cheval"), and also prominently in "Jeanne" (in *Les Enfants à côté*) to such perfection indeed that one is almost tempted to complain of so much real innocence and bonâ-fide honesty being wasted on such effrontery, on so much affectation and "showing off" of corruption.

In mentioning Jeanne, I have alluded to one of the most touching of all Henri Lavedan's short tales, *Les Enfants à côté*, one of the most admired, most often quoted stories, unhappily illustrative of modern life in France. Jeanne is the daughter of Madame de Rainville and the Marquis du Glaive, and is altogether and avowedly a "stray" product. She is eighteen, is excellently well educated, endowed with every possible accomplishment, handsome into the bargain, of a kindly, easy disposition, and completely of her "period," as we shall soon see. Her mother one fine morning informs M. du Glaive that Jeanne is likely to give them trouble, and that he must lecture her soundly on the subject of a certain non-commissioned who is reported to be paying court to her. The Marquis rings, and to the *valet de chambre* says sharply,[1]

"Where is Mademoiselle Jeanne?"

"Taking her fencing lessons, Monsieur le Marquis."

"Tell her to come immediately," is the order, and for a wonder she is obedient, and comes.

(1) We must remember that in the French army the rank says nothing; a non-commissioned officer or a private may be a duke's son.

Showing a foil broken in two—"Look there!" she exclaims, "there's the fourth I've broken this morning! My hand is so hard that"

"Jeanne," interrupts her angry sire, "just take off your gloves, I have to speak seriously to you You probably guess what I have to say?"

"Not the ghost of a notion!"

"Try to be less impertinent, if you please."

"I'm all attention—*and respect*," says the girl mockingly.

"Silence!" commands the Marquis "*I know everything*—your mother has told me all, and I am shocked and grieved—how dare you laugh?"

"I'm not laughing at your grief, father, but at an idea that came into my head! "

"So that while I am talking to you of the gravest matters you are thinking of the Lord knows what! "

"Oh! Heaven! father!" is the snubbing rejoinder, "I know by heart every word you're going to utter!"

And in this tone the colloquy goes on, with natural irritation on the father's part, with good-humoured and witty insolence on that of the daughter. At last, when sufficiently provoked by what she refuses to think "just," Jeanne ends by taking her own part, and with an amusing mixture of rebellion and common sense, begs the Marquis to listen to *her* story in turn. She is absolutely frank about the whole situation, and admits that "Paul," as, to her father's horror, she calls her admirer (correcting the too familiar name into M. Guerand), has contrived frequent meetings with her, has written her many letters, and, above all, manages to join her in her rides in the Bois. "Good God, Jeanne!" cries M. du Glaive, "but doesn't a groom go with you?" "Certainly he does; only, you see, I contrive to lose him."

After this the unfortunate parent collapses, and listens to the extremely practical way in which his youthful offspring recounts what she has determined upon for her future existence.

She dwells much upon her own "prudence", and the care she has taken to know all necessary details of the young man's "prospects" and "expectations," and asserts that her marriage is by no means a bad one, and that her suitor is the son of parents who are more than "well off," and that his family is of a fairly good *commercial* origin, "highly respectable" in every sense. In short, she proves that all that a conscientious and indeed wily "family notary" could wish to discover she has taken thought of, and not having sufficiently vanquished her opponent, she comes at last to the grand irrefutable argument, which is handled most delicately and with extraordinary dexterity:—

"Father!" says she, becoming tender and caressing—"father! you must let me *say everything*"—the Marquis bows his head—"you do not seem," she says gently and with some hesitation—"you do not seem to take in the *realities* of the situation in which I, Jeanne de Rainville, find myself placed: it is a strange one—*have you never* reflected upon it? I, for my part, have thought of it constantly! The education you have given me, the society in which I live, fits me for a social position which is reputed brilliant Now all this

it is, which on the contrary complicates the whole matter You don't seem, as I say again, to understand! Here I am with no end of advantages, as you may think, speaking foreign languages, knowing how to dance and sing, and skate and ride, bringing down my pigeon neatly enough, and fencing to admiration not ugly withal—add to that, a father bearing one of the noblest names in France, and a mother who would certainly be the most indulgent and amiable of mothers-in-law! I am just over eighteen, and may say *j'ai tout pour moi*. How happy I shall be! supremely happy, *n'est-ce pas?* Everybody will be asking me for his wife, evidently I shall have but to show myself to be surrounded by suitors—in a word, I am essentially *marriageable!* that is probably your opinion? "

The Marquis, with unmistakable embarrassment and in a low tone, says: "Of course." . . . The girl shakes her head and, after considerable efforts to *imply, and not plainly state her case*, begins anew with the ominous phrase:—

"But, father, I know too much . . . know what makes it all impossible." The father starts and anxiously exclaims, "What can you mean, Jeanne?"

She looks down and whispers. . .

"You don't imagine how long I have known it all . . . since I was quite a little thing . . . children always knew everything that is sought to be hidden"

"What *do* you know?"

"That mamma and you were never mar—" . . . ! with sudden emotion she throws her arms round his neck, exclaiming, "but I love you dearly, *petit père*, and mamma too! *I don't* care a straw about it all! (*ça m'est bien égal ces choses là!*) I am, after all, your 'little Jeannette,' and nothing more, and I love you both, dearly, dearly! You are not angry with me?"

"No!" grunts Monsieur le Marquis with a grim expression of countenance.

In that phrase, "I don't care a straw for conventions!" an entire civilization stares you in the face.

Recognising how difficult she is to "place" (*i.e.* to marry), Mdlle. Jeanne has chosen for herself a young *sous-officier* of respectable family, who is ready to give her his name, and whose *bourgeois* parents will not "look down upon her," for, practical as she is, like all of her kind in our day, she argues that she must not turn up her nose at this modest suitor (who comes of his own accord), as such offers as this "won't come again" and she winds up her little "confidence" to the Marquis du Glaive with the artlessly condescending assurance, that "she is not at all angry with him, only he really must learn to see things as they are."

I am obliged to recur again to Jules Lemaitre's appreciation of this strange little drama, for he seems to me, amongst the many who have praised it, to strike more justly than all the others the real note of human sympathy it calls forth:—

"In the undeniable talent with which the whole episode is treated," he says, "it is the deep morality of it that most impresses me, and when I consider the situation as it is there painted, its pitiable truth, and the terrible lucidity with which this poor child looks straight into her destiny, and when I see the *gay*

resignation with which this *désenchantée de la vie* (who has no business to be so *cheated* of life's blessings) throws her arms round her father's neck, caressing him as tenderly as though he had defrauded her of nothing, I confess that instead of smiling I feel—stupid fool that I am!—far more inclined to weep."

In reading Henri Lavedan it is no question of approving what he depicts, nor of disputing the truth of it; it *is* the photograph of existing society in France, and if after a thoughtful perusal of his works (particularly *La Haute*) you are open to any "surprises" on the part of "well-bred people" in Paris it will be your own fault; you will have read lightly, or without the wish, or it may be the capacity, for being better informed. But this is not his sole characteristic; he has yet another, perhaps *the* rarest of any in modern continental, and most of all in French, writers, but one, which, by the aspirers to magniloquence and to the "high-flown" of any kind, will be called "inferior" and decried. If I were one of these, and desirous to "spare" M. Lavedan, I would shield his dignity by praising his humourous instincts ("humour" being admitted as *artistic* among these modern euphuists!), but this would be to present him in false colours:—that he is possessed of humour is undeniable, and that of the very finest description; but humour has an offshoot rare even beyond the rest, because only admissible when both exquisite and natural in a superlative degree; and this is the true, laughter-compelling, sparkling, utterly irresistible, but elegant and graceful fun of a Sidney Smith. As Horace Walpole observed over a century ago, real *fun* is not a plant of natural growth in France, where, he remarks, "Men seldom indulge in irrepressible fits of laughter." The reason appears to me not difficult to discover. If once encouraged it would go too far and cease to be harmless or innocent, whereas fun takes its playful grace from its very innocence, and, depending as it does on "le choc des choses entre elles," is, of its essence, impersonal.

M. Lavedan's little book entitled *Inconsolables* is, I am inclined to maintain, one of the only works in modern French literature in which this exhilarating element bursts forth triumphantly. It rises, it may be said, originally in the genuine comic vein of Molière; so it does; but the arch master resorts to it seldom, and no slight precaution is needed in tracking the flow of the stream while it remains limpid and pure.

The canvas of the *Inconsolables* is the simplest possible, once the principal situation is granted; which, in our present day, would trouble no professor of statistics, though its consequences and their treatment are so essentially and comically original.

The *Leit motiv* is merely this: M. Lemarchand, a typical *bourgeois* of the *Rue St. Denis*, has lost his wife, and is devoutly convinced that no circumstance in life can ever diminish the bitterness of his grief.

On the day of her funeral he lingers behind the sable company of mourners, who, dropping off one by one, leave him alone, crouching at the foot of the marble slab, at whose head rises a gigantic white cross, bearing *her* name who now lies there lost to him, for ever lost. "*Mon Amélie!*" is the only word he can utter, immersed as he is in the flood of his despair, and yet conscious as he shuts out the entire world from his view of how wretchedly complete is his misery, and of how the ruin of his affections, which he believes so irremediable, coincides with the bankruptcy of all his comforts! We are not led to imagine "*Amélie*" either startlingly beautiful or bewitchingly young, or to infer that the partnership was severed in the full heyday of recent union. No! rather the reverse, and a sign or two obviously points to the fact that the bereaved one had been "cared for" pending a tolerably protracted time, and that "long habit" might enter into the anguish of having henceforth to "care" for himself. Still she is *his* "Amélie," and she is gone! It is autumn, the day is waning, and the inconsolable widower is reminded that very shortly the gates of the cemetery will be closed, and that there is no "permission de dix heures" for the belated in the vineyards of the dead. Struggling up from his knees with a last agonized appeal upon his lips of "Amélie! tu m'entends Amélie! . . " he rises to his feet, and is preparing to perform the prosaic act of picking up his hat, when, even as he is taking a last farewell look at the fatal letters which chronicle the fact that "Berthe Eglantine, Amélie Lemarchand, deceased in her fifty-seventh year," lies beneath—(You see there had been room in a well-spent life for perhaps something more than Monsieur Lemarchand)—even in that moment a shadow falls upon the stone and the widower hears an echo of his wail, and sees, from behind the cross, another mourner stand forth confronting him—the shadow or the double of himself. "Long, lank, and limp, and exceeding spare," states the narrator, "clad all in black and shod in kid *bottines*, neatly tipped with varnished leather, the stranger was of unquestionable correctness, had a mien decidedly circumspect, with well-groomed moustache and beard, and a coat of unmistakable solemnity. He might be about forty-five; not more, although some stray white hairs were already mixing with the smooth but not too thin crop overshading his temples. His whole air was of one who listens officially to high mass, his arms crossed, and his brow devoutly bent towards the earth, where reposed the lady of whom it was statistically recorded that she had only been "taken" in her fifty-seventh year, and had, until the mellow age of fifty-six, endured as an ornament to a perhaps insufficiently grateful world. . . . As our original widower gazed in a kind of perplexed curiosity upon this fellow-sufferer who was probably in quest of some near relation too

long laid to rest, to be quickly discovered, the "intruder rose to a more erect attitude, and their eyes involuntarily met! . . *He is mistaken in the grave,* is the thought that darts through the brain of the worthy M. Lemarchand, interpreted in one of those inimitable phrases of which M. Lavedan has the secret *Il se trompe de défunte!* But no! . . . in the discreet and confused sympathy of the moment the more recent visitor attempts a bow of melancholy grace, which is responded to by his vis-à-vis with becoming civility. In that instant Lemarchand recognises who it is standing before him . . . and let us leave it to the author to tell the story, for seldom has he better shown than in the following lines his singular command of contradictory qualities:—

"Un regard, qu'à la dérobée il jeta sur l'énigmatique affligé, confirma Lemarchand . . . Oui! c'était Robin avec évidence! vieilli sans doute: (the other is ten or fifteen years his senior) parcheminé, l'orbit plus cave et le nez plus tranchant—mais c'était Edmond Robin, le premier mari d'Amélie! de la chère et tant regrettée qui deux ans après son divorce était devenue sa femme à lui Lemarchand. Il demeurait abîmé dans de philosophiques et lamentables considérations. C'était dramatique et touchant, ces deux *successifs époux*, terrassés à la fois par une même douleur conjugale, et il fut forcé de convenir que Robin avait agi avec une extrême délicatesse, car rien ne le contraignait à un pareil hommage, envers une femme, *à coup sûr aimée autrefois*, mais qui avait cessé de porter son nom, et lui était devenue étrangère."

But both men have now risen, and with only the funeral cross between them are reflecting on the best means of effecting their retreat. "Go" they must, but unlike the Thane of Cawdor's guests, they "stand upon the order of their going," so that their exit may be, in a rather embarrassing situation, irreproachably *convenable*. The end of it is that, as a matter of fact, Lemarchand, the elder of the two, takes precedence, and as he paces down the path leading to the gate, hears the footsteps of his "colleague" close behind him.

The mixture of irony conscious of the incongruity of things, and of the sense of poetry evoked by the beauty of the material surroundings is so very remarkable that I cannot resist quoting the following few lines:—

. . . . "Le soleil plongeait derrière la colline, empourprant de larges lueurs d'adieu le ciel d'or pale sur lequel se décalquaient avec des allures de minarets les innombrables clochetons et les dômes de la nécropole immense. Les ifs et les cyprès de bronze noir étaient peuplés de petits oiseaux qui s'interpellaient comme des âmes et le soir peu à peu s'*établissait sur les morts*, dégageant un tel repos, une telle béatitude crépusculaire qu'on avait presque envie de se coucher là, et d'y faire un *exquis dodo* jusqu'au lendemain dans *le prodigieux et doux silence d'une nuit larmée d'étoiles.*"

There is in that short passage for those who take delight in the real beauties of French style, such an intimate knowledge of the latent capacities of words, such an exquisite *marqueterie* of the comic element dovetailed into the serenest sense of nature, that nothing

further is required to explain the eulogies of the habitually disdainful Parisian critics, and even the, at first sight, excessive enthusiasm of M. Jules Lemaitre himself. There is in the "gradual settling down of evening over the dead" ("le soir s'établissant peu à peu sur les morts") a depth of tangible repose, and in the startling juxtaposition of "un exquis dodo" with the "prodigieux silence" of a "nuit larmée d'étoiles," such an unfailingly sure audacity of hand, that M. Lemaitre's admiration for *les roueries du style* in so young a writer ceases to astonish one; and when he declares that Manchecourt's easy, utterly natural harmony of *discordant images* is truly *du Sévigné—deux cents ans après*, and that, in his *outrance des mots*, he attains to a perfectly *inoyable* exuberance of effect, it is impossible not to agree with him.

Little is needed to tell the tale of the *Inconsolables;* it is a work of art as of observation, and its psychology is so inextricably interwoven with its philological cunning, that an essay might be devoted to nearly every line. The two survivors of the twice-wedded Amélie being in their different ways what in polite French parlance would be termed "deux fieffés égoïstes" find a sort of mutual compensation in their woe, and from having been obliged, at the gate of the cemetery, to share the same *fiacre*, they end by sharing the combined consolations of *la vie à deux* made pleasant (and *hygienic*) by a joint *cordon bleu!* "*Il n'y a que chez soi qu'on puisse avoir du bon tapioca!*" murmurs Robin, the third day after "Amélie's" demise, and from the hour of that avowal, opines the author, "la gêne qui les tenait auparavant fondit tout-à-fait." Comfort is everywhere around them; on a conveniently small table, snowy linen without a crease and femininely polished plate without a speck; not a lurking draught anywhere, and hot plates to boot wherefrom to feed! an ancient Norman clock ticks away sluggish hours that seemingly wish to linger, and in the mellow radiance of a carefully disposed lamp the countenance of the defunct Amélie shines equally on both. But this is a younger "Amélie," in whom, in his innermost soul, Lemarchand is forced to admit he has no part. This "Amélie" has long golden brown ringlets—whereas the wife of *la seconde manière*, as the successor well knows (for he also has his portrait which he keeps shut up!) has prim bandeaux of ashen grey. On this inequality of personal charm depends chiefly the finely drawn picture of the well-hidden retrospective jealousy on one side, and the disguised self-gratulation on the other, with the treasures of machiavellian diplomacy employed to avoid all idea of conflicting claims.

I said both were equally selfish, and though the mature Lemarchand could not dispute the superiority of Robin, who had been master of the golden-hued ringlets and bloom of earlier years, still the *foyer* was too comfortable to be imperilled by misplaced susceptibility, and,

Radegonde the kitchen divinity, too health-bringing to be lightly thought of—and somehow when he gazed at the portrait (in a magnificent frame) of the woman he had, in reality, never known, Monsieur Lemarchand grew to radically confound Past and Present, and to become penetrated with a dim conviction that he possessed a kind of co-proprietary right in the lady of the ringlets, who had after all gone to a better world definitely labelled with his name. And so, the two lived on for many months associated in their grief as in a *fonction publique*, going daily to Père Lachaise as to either of those domestic Meccas of Parisian life, their "Bureau" or their "Café," until one day the duty of doing homage to the deceased dawned upon them both, and visions of a *monument en cheveux* crossed the brain of one, as of the other, of the bereaved.

More than ever must one regret want of space, for the episode of M. Ducormier, the great capillary artist, is the crown of the entire story, and in the concise expression of its intense *vis comica* it has an undoubted right to complete reproduction. A few lines will prove this and we will leave the rest to the reader's imagination.

Both "relicts," having conceived the same plan, are together introduced into the genial presence of the inspired *artiste en cheveux* who, having no time to waste, when he has heard from Lemarchand hesitatingly that "nous sommes venus pour des cheveux," replies with brusquerie by an immediate demand for the "raw material," exclaiming: "Vous les avez sur vous? voyons-les tout de suite." But here, the melancholy inferiority of the later "partner" becomes manifest. While Robin takes from a silver paper, perfumed with patchouli, a long *living* tress of silky softness and tender *nuance*, cut (it is apparent to the *connoisseur*, whom nothing can deceive!) from an occiput full of the warmth of life, Lemarchand bashfully exhibits in the folds of *le Petit Journal* a very dusty-looking sample of a thin dry growth, uncommonly like flax, and evidently severed from a scalp beyond all power of resisting such excision. The great Ducormier spreads both the "tails" upon his palms, saying in a business-like way: "Composons-nous un *seul ouvrage?* ou en faut-il deux séparés? *Peut-on marier les deux nattes?*"

The *Inconsolables* look at each other blankly, for on this point neither had as yet come to any decision; Lemarchand, however, is preparing some kind of rejoinder, which prompts Ducormier to hint suggestively: "Votre femme, sans doute, monsieur?" and provokes Robin (who esteems that this *confrère* of his has been hitherto a trifle too self-assertive) to intervene in a tone of authority with the words: "Oui, Monsieur, vous l'avez dit: *nous sommes le mari!*" . . .

MME. BLAZE DE BURY.

LEPERS AND LEPROSY IN NORWAY.

THE disease now known as leprosy presents many curious, interesting, and melancholy features. From very early times down to the present day it has caused an amount of suffering and disability which is altogether incalculable. It depends upon a specific cause; it is decidedly contagious, and it prevails within certain countries and districts, to which it clings with obstinate tenacity. It seldom startles mankind by taking an epidemic form, and in this respect it differs from cholera, which, though never entirely absent from certain parts of the world, bursts out from time to time like a sudden conflagration, and carries off hundreds or thousands of victims. In a few weeks or months the scourge passes off; the depopulation of towns or districts, and the distress of the survivors being all the traces that remain of its visit. In the large majority of the sufferers, cholera proves fatal within a few days; more or less tardy restoration to health is the general result in those who recover from the onslaught of the disease. Such is the history of many epidemics in the East. Public sympathy is strongly excited; funds are collected for the relief of the sufferers and survivors, and in some countries every possible effort is made to stop the advance of the destroyer.

The case with regard to leprosy is altogether different. This disease is beyond doubt contagious; it is certainly communicable from person to person, but is less readily transferred than many other disorders of a similar type. Introduced among certain races and into certain countries, it spreads with greater or less rapidity; while among other peoples and in other lands it seems quite unable to gain a footing. It has, however, the malignant power of remaining fixed in the countries it selects for its ravages, and, what is perhaps sadder still, of infecting the inhabitants of such places with the notion that it is an evil which cannot be got rid of, and must consequently be borne with patience or indifference. There is therefore this marked contrast between leprosy and cholera. The latter breaks out occasionally, kills hundreds or perhaps thousands after severe but short suffering, and then disappears. Leprosy is always present, its ravages are unceasing; having once marked out a victim it clings to him for years, and seldom leaves him until, after manifold and terrible sufferings, death steps in to claim his prey. The one complaint is regarded as a foe to be combated; the other, as an evil to be tolerated.

Such, then, are some of the peculiar features of leprosy as seen in countries where nothing interferes with its spread. The equanimity

with which its ravages are tolerated is the result of several causes. In the East the fatalism of the inhabitants is fostered by the belief entertained by their rulers that mankind must passively submit to the terrible infliction. Even a viceroy of India is reported to have said that one might almost as readily undertake to rid India of its snakes as of its leprosy. A statement of this kind may be taken as a measure of the frequency of the complaint. It is, however, only fair to mention that until quite recently the balance of testimony was decidedly in favour of the non-contagiousness of the disease. Much weight has naturally been attached to a Report, issued by the College of Physicians (1867), stating that the most experienced observers in different parts of the world were of opinion that leprosy was not communicable by proximity or contact. It is not too much to say (with Mr. Macnamara) that this conclusion was based upon imperfect evidence, and that its authoritative promulgation has produced very mischievous results. There is reason to believe that Hindostan alone at the present day contains nearly a quarter of a million of lepers, and we know that these unfortunate sufferers are allowed to associate freely with the community. No sort of restraint is placed upon them. In the large cities they wander through the streets, and congregate at railway stations and other places of public resort; they squat around tanks, washing themselves and dressing their sores; and we are further informed that in Bombay, one of their favourite haunts is a spot close to large educational institutions. Knowing, as we now do, that leprosy is a contagious disease, we cannot be surprised at the enormous number of lepers in India.

I have referred to this blot upon our national reputation because I wish to draw attention to a country much nearer home and long infested with leprosy, but one in which the disease is now dealt with in a far different fashion. During several recent visits to Norway (thanks to the courtesy of the local physicians), I have had many opportunities of observing cases of leprosy. I have noticed with much satisfaction the gradual diminution in the number of lepers, as shown by trustworthy statistics, and I have made inquiry into the causes which have produced so desirable a result. In a little work, now preparing for publication, I have entered more fully into the whole subject; meanwhile I venture to hope that some account of my investigations in Norway will not be without interest.

We have no certain knowledge as to the manner in which leprosy was conveyed into Europe; but there is evidence to the effect, that in the last century B.C., the disease had established itself in the Roman Empire. Its subsequent spread throughout Europe can easily be accounted for; wherever the Roman eagles went, the germs of the disease would necessarily accompany them. From this source Spain, France, and Germany sooner or later became infected, and

although there are no records which enable us to trace the progress of the malady in Europe during several hundreds of years afterwards, the steps that were taken to check its spread in the seventh and following centuries, sufficiently indicate the alarming frequency of the disease and the virulent character it had assumed.

Leper hospitals would appear to have been established in Norway somewhat later than in other European countries. History tells us that in the Frankish kingdom, these institutions were founded in the eighth and ninth centuries; in Ireland, about the year 869; in Spain, in 1,007; in England, in the eleventh century; in Scotland and the Netherlands, in the twelfth, and, in Norway, in the thirteenth century. During and after the Crusades, leprosy spread with extraordinary rapidity, and leper hospitals were rapidly multiplied all over Europe. It is estimated that in the twelfth century there were 2,000 such hospitals in France alone, and 19,000 in the whole of Christendom. So terrible were the ravages of the disease, that it seemed as though some altogether new plague had been sent to punish mankind. Indeed some historians have asserted that the leprosy of the Middle Ages was introduced for the first time from the East by those who returned from the Crusades. As a matter of fact, however, leper hospitals existed in England some years before any of the Crusaders retraced their steps westwards. The Soldiers of the Cross doubtless brought with them many cases of severe leprosy, and an extremely virulent form thus became engrafted upon the disease already prevalent throughout Europe.

The founders of leper hospitals, and their contemporaries, were not harassed by any doubts as to the contagious nature of the malady, and the measures they adopted for checking its spread were at once simple and effectual. The hospitals or asylums were established for the purpose of receiving, and carefully isolating, infected persons; they were not, strictly speaking, medical institutions, for the disease was regarded as altogether incurable. The patients were engaged in religious duties, and subjected to rigorous discipline. They appear, however, to have been well cared for; they were supplied with good diet and proper clothing, and sanitary rules of various kinds were strictly enforced. In England, and in other European countries, lepers were classed as idiots or insane persons; they could not inherit any property, and were in fact regarded as though already dead. Burial rites were performed by the Church over a leper on his admission into a hospital. Sir J. Simpson tells us that in France not many decades ago, the ritual still contained the office for the separation of the leper from the outer world.

The gradual disappearance of leprosy from almost every country in Europe was due to no single cause: but the measures taken for isolating the sufferers must have largely contributed towards the